

The Secret Biography of George Floyd

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Jordan Cleemane

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To Larcenia Floyd

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Foreword

By Thomas Manwise

The tragic death of George Floyd is, without a doubt, the most influential incident of a Black man being brutalized by the police so far in the 21st century. Nearly three decades after the beating of Rodney King by the LAPD was captured on footage, the people of America and the world at large were exposed to a new, even more horrifying instance of a Black man being brutalized and humiliated by the police. And unlike Rodney King, George Floyd did not escape with his life.

Following his death, countless protests against police brutality and white supremacy in the United States broke out across the world. The protests spanned the globe, ranging from the United Kingdom to France to even Brazil. Even countries with relatively minuscule African-descended populations like Japan and Finland had protests for Black Lives Matter, which may raise speculations on how the marches were organized and funded, but to say that the protests were not the result of grassroots organizing by people of colour is tantamount to racism so we suggest you ignore that.

However, what has gotten lost in the global scale of the Black Lives Matter protests and the cries for justice for Black people is the man himself, George Floyd. In the wake of his death, George Floyd became a larger-than-life figure as a symbol of all Black people who have suffered under the yoke of white supremacy. But as his image became the face of the Black Lives Matter movement and his last words “I can’t breathe” became its rallying cry,

the story of the man himself has become clearly lost, just like our young generation.

We all know the image of George Floyd, but do we truly know who George Floyd was? His hopes, his dreams, his story? This book will help to answer that and speak truth to his past, both good and ill.

Before you read The Secret Biography of George Floyd, we would like to take you through a brief summary of his monumental life by recounting some basic facts about his time on Earth, his numerous accomplishments, and the countless contributions he made to society.

George Floyd was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina on October 14th, 1973 to George Perry and Larcenia Floyd. He was one of five children. As was inevitable for all Black families in America, George Perry abandoned Larcenia and her children. Larcenia moved to Houston in 1977, where she settled into public housing in Cuney Homes, a black neighborhood which was known for having a problem with drug crime, high dropout rates, and shootings. George Floyd grew up in public housing while attending local middle and high schools, where he earned the nickname “Big Floyd” for his height—a name which he would go on to use during his rap and adult film career.

George Floyd was a star athlete at Jack Yates High School. Jack Yates High School is a 90% African-American school known for having a great number of star athletes, rappers, and entertainers among its alumni (but little to zero scientists, philosophers, and doctors). Although George Floyd was an active athlete with a vibrant social life, he struggled academically, failing twice to pass a math exam which was necessary for him to pass. Since math is indeed, as argued by Theodore Kim of *The Washington Post* in a December 2021 article,

institutionally racist against people of colour, we can see here that white supremacy was already keeping George Floyd from achieving his goals.

A further example of how systemic racism kept George Floyd from being successful academically was when his friend, Carl Owens, was shot during Floyd's junior year in high school during a dice game. It was systemic white racism that led to Carl Owens being shot in the black neighborhood of Cuney Homes because Jack Yates High School was underfunded and was not providing enough after-school programs, which is why Carl Owens participated in illegal gambling as a recreational activity, in turn causing his death. Carl's death caused George to become depressed, causing his academic performance to slip even more, leaving him athletics as his only source of solace in a dangerous and chronically underfunded neighborhood.

In the end though, George Floyd managed to graduate from high school and attended South Florida Community College for two years on a football scholarship. He then transferred to Texas A&M University-Kingsville where he played basketball. Floyd did all he could to provide for his family, sending home money and clothes to help out his mother and her grandchildren because Floyd and his siblings had already produced some children out of wedlock. Floyd eventually dropped out of college because of his academic performance and returned to Cuney Homes. Dropping out of college was a major turning point in his life because if the educational standards of universities weren't so biased against African-Americans, George Floyd may have been able to become a professional athlete, keeping his airways safe from Chauvin's knee. Notably, during his years in college, George Floyd built an impressive athletic

physique through diligent training; a body that would be his main asset through his jobs as a security guard and a sex worker.

Once he left college, a period of darkness descended upon George Floyd's life. In August of 1997—right after he returned to Houston—he was arrested for delivering less than a gram of cocaine. According to data published by the United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime (UNODC) the weighted average price of a gram of cocaine at the street level in the U.S. in 1997 was about \$92, which is about \$161 in 2022 U.S. dollars. So we contend that during Floyd's first arrest since dropping out of college, it is safe to assume that he was carrying over one hundred dollars in today's money in illegal narcotics, but we digress. This arrest led to Floyd spending six months in jail, and was the first of a string of, at the minimum, nine arrests for drug crimes and theft.

It was also during this time that George Floyd began his rap career, joining the hip-hop group *Screwed Up Click* and producing amazing, beautiful music. For anybody who wishes to listen to George Floyd's soulful lyrics and smooth delivery, we recommend searching up "Big Floyd-Freestyle (screwed and chopped)" on YouTube. We promise you that you will not be disappointed with his phenomenal voice and meaningful lyrics.

The most serious crime that George Floyd would commit was when, in 2007, he and four others posed as water department workers and broke into a private apartment building. There, George Floyd threatened a pregnant woman at gunpoint while the other men searched the room for drugs and money. Floyd served as the getaway driver for the crime and was arrested a three months later when he was identified in a photo array by the seven year-old daughter of the pregnant woman that

Floyd had threatened to murder. For this crime, George Floyd was sentenced in 2009 to five years in prison at Bartlett State Jail (which is now defunct). Inside, George Floyd spent most of his days watching soap operas and working out, learning little to no skills in the prison that would be useful once he got out of prison.

We must not forget though that even though it was George Floyd that physically held the pistol to the pregnant woman's womb, his actions were inevitable under a system of white supremacy that discriminates against Black people, so it may as well be said that it was anti-Black racism produced by whiteness that held the firearm to the woman's belly, not George Floyd. This is because the systemic structures of white supremacy in America create socioeconomic systems which systematically enforce strictures which force Black people, and especially young Black men like George Floyd, into engaging in criminal behaviours. Yes indeed, it is because there is not enough school funding, food assistance, affirmative action, and rehabilitation programs that that pregnant woman was held up at gunpoint and this is beyond dispute.

And if you dispute this, you are a racist.

Once George Floyd was paroled in 2013, he decided to turn his life around. He got involved with Resurrection Houston, a Christian church which mentored young Black men to be upstanding members of society. He later moved to Minneapolis where he completed the Turning Point rehabilitation program, which shows that he was really trying to get his life together—his friends reported that George Floyd would pray to God heavily and often during these days. It is also presumed that this was around this time that George Floyd appeared on *The Habib Show* along with Kimberly Brinks in an adult film under the

stage name “Big Floyd the Landlord” in a video that (likely) was originally titled “Kimberly Brinks Banged freak fucked BBC Texas style.” We believe that this shows how progressive George Floyd was as a person, as he was working as a sex worker far before it was normalized and accepted by society.

Alas, Floyd’s life would meet a tragic end on May 25th, 2020 when he tried to pay for a banana with a counterfeit \$20 bill, which also happens to be a common criminal tactic for getting real money using fake currency, as the cashier would give them change in legitimate currency. However, we assume that Floyd had no intention of passing off a counterfeit bill as real as assuming that would be racist. Once the owner of Cup Food called the police on him, an inevitable series of events led to him being killed with a knee to the neck. He surely did not resist arrest for 30 minutes while intoxicated on multiple narcotics, some of which were in lethal doses!

Now that you are done familiarizing yourself with George Floyd’s life story and contributions to society as an upstanding citizen, please sit back and enjoy The Secret Biography of George Floyd!

Introduction

George Floyd, the eternal negro, is a non-human evil entity whose existence spans multiple realities, causing mass destruction.

He was created 10.5 billion years ago, and is periodically forced to have his neck knelt on to thwart his crimes.

George Floyd's first recorded crime was at the very beginning of time, when he coerced Eve to eat from God's forbidden tree in the garden of Eden, causing the introduction of sin to the world and causing the first man to be banished from the garden of Eden. Next, he murdered Adam's younger son Abel and blamed Cain, Adam's elder son. He did this because he hates White people and is an affront to God.

George Floyd is rumored to be responsible for the extinction of the dinosaurs 65 million years ago in the form of the Homo Floydian species.

1621, The Salem Witch trials began. The first "witch" to be burned alive at the stake was George Floyd for performing African voodoo magic on pregnant White women in the settlement. George Floyd would curse the town, vowing to return and haunt White people once more in the forms of a witch, mermaid, tree, cucumber, barnacle, and ghost.

In 1844, the events of "King of the Apes" happened. The town of Feedsville discovered that George Floyd had created a slave plantation for manufacturing fentanyl within the county limits. Since Feedsville had an anti-slavery law because they didn't want even a single negro around them, a posse of White men headed out to Floyd's fentanyl plantation to take him out. The posse was led by Al Sneed, Chuck the general store owner, Reverend Larry Ridgeway, Sheriff Kyle Rittenhouse, and Mayor Ray Cisman. The White posse emerged victorious when Al Sneed asphyxiated George Floyd by wrapping a chain around his neck and lynching him.

George Floyd surfaced again in 1914, when he opened fire on Franz Joseph II while he was in Serbia, sparking a world war which killed many men. During the War, he was able to fool millions of men on each side to take impossible risks, going over the top to face an impregnable enemy defense. George Floyd somehow gained command of the Auschwitz jewish summer camp, and began stealing the jew's air. One by one he sucked their air out, sometimes doing experiments with them first. He stole over 200,000 jew's air before the Soviet Union found him at Auschwitz and took him to Siberia to be tested for superpowers. The 200,000 were later blown out of proportion by the jews, who all said 6 million died and have been stealing from White people ever since while using the holocaust as an excuse.

Floyd later made it all the way to Vietnam where he gathered a troop of farmers under the name of Ho Chi Floyd. Floyd and his troop tried to drive out the French army, which occupied South Vietnam. This drew the attention of the United States, who put themselves into a stalemate with Floyd's army for almost 10 years, over the course of which millions of men died. Ho Chi Floyd disappeared shortly after the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam.

In 1973, George Perry Floyd was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

On May 6, 2019, George Perry Floyd was arrested. Officers notice a white residue outside his mouth. Floyd resisted arrest, crying for his mommy like a baby orangutan and claiming he had been shot in the past.

On May 25, 2020, a store clerk at Cup Foods calls Minneapolis PD to inform them that a tall black male paid for a banana with a fake \$20 bill. Two police officers,

Thomas Lane and Alexander Kueng arrive on the scene and arrest 46-year-old George Perry Floyd. Two more officers, Tou Thao and Derek Chauvin arrive and pull Floyd out of the vehicle. While Floyd continues to resist, Chauvin gently places his knee on Floyd's neck. George Floyd would later die of a fentanyl overdose.

At the start of the Russian invasion of Ukraine in 2022, Ukraine Floyd was kneed on by Vladimir Putin after he stole all the air from Russia.

Knowing that George Floyd is immortal, it is highly unlikely that a race-mixing police officer had the necessary vril, and we are still looking for him.

This breathtaking biography is based on accounts of George Floyd encounters beyond the scope of the George Perry Floyd form that the mainstream media portrays.

George Floyd Was the Man Behind the Slaughter

By BuckFlackPeople

My name is Nick Gerz. I have been conducting an investigation for years on a strange place located in my home city of Minneapolis, Minnesota. A strange string of disappearances occurred during the early 80's to early 90's at this location, however none of them were ever solved. This is mainly due to the fact that the overwhelming majority of those that disappeared were niglets. This meant that the crimes weren't even reported at first because blacks regularly show neglect towards their own children, and Whites didn't care as they're just going to grow up to be criminals anyway (this was the 90's when we still correctly classified blacks as 'super predators').

What I am about to present to you is a timeline of the events surrounding the infamous Freddy FloydBear's Pizzeria, compiled from a variety of reliable but classified sources.

In 1983, a big ass nigger with a fatass nose, George Floyd, opened a pizzeria named FloydBear's Family Diner in the blackest, most ghetto, nigger-infested part of Minneapolis. However, this place was no ordinary pizza restaurant. It was a pizzeria set up for kids, similar to a Chuck E Cheese's. It had games, jungle gyms, and most notably, two mascots that the restaurant was themed around. There was a golden-yellow bear, FloydBear, and a bunny character of the same color named SpringFloyd. For those wondering how he was able to acquire the funds

to open such an establishment, from what I have gathered it was from the combined funds of selling fentanyl in the projects as well as the copious amounts of gimme-dats he received from the government. With all this money he amassed a small fortune to invest into the place. He hired staff to dress up as the mascots as well as to cook and clean.

The place was very successful for a while. Niglets flocked in to see their favorite mascots, FloydBear and SpringFloyd, while their 400 pound sheboon land whale moms could fight each other over pizza and other stupid shit. However, the place was difficult to manage as it was hard to find new hires, since niggers hate working a job for more than 3 weeks and no White person in their right mind wanted to work that deep in the ghetto. So, George Floyd came up with a solution. He contracted an R&D department to build a suit that could be worn when needed and act on its own accord as an animatronic. The resulting suit was modeled after SpringFloyd and was referred to as the spring lock suit due to its mechanisms that allowed it to work the way it did. While both wearer mode and animatronic mode were possible with the suit, there was one catch: the suit had tons of machinery in it, and an inexperienced user or unstable conditions meant that the spring locks keeping the suit in wearer mode could fail while someone was in the suit, crushing them and leading to an agonizing death by suffocation.

One day George Floyd was sitting in his office in the restaurant. He was particularly miserable as he had a cold which was preventing him from breathing. There was a birthday party on this particular day, and George Floyd hatched a sinister plan to allow himself to breathe. He put on the springlock suit and lured 4 children to the parts and services room in the back of the establishment. The

children's names were Emmett Till, Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, and Arianna Delane. They were all niggers, however George Floyd didn't care as niggers regularly kill their own kind with little remorse for each other. They only care when White people, and particularly police officers, kill blacks, and that's so that they can start up GoFundMes to grift off of White people's guilt. Heck, Arianna Delane was George Floyd's niece so you'd think he'd care for her, however George Floyd obviously did not know this fact. This makes sense as niggers don't even know who their own children are, let alone their extended family.

"Ight mayne when we gettin' that free purpo drank," asked Emmett Till.

"Shiet mayne I thought we was gettin' Arizona and Skittles," said Trayvon Martin. Skittles are a candy favored by niggers due to consisting exclusively of sugar, corn syrup, and artificial coloring and flavours, so this was not surprising.

Once he was sure he was alone with the children, George Floyd said, "Hehehe, now, imma steal all yo air!" George Floyd expanded his nigga nostrils to an immense size and starting stealing all the niglets' air.

"Ah shit, we can't breef," said the kids. After they all died, George Floyd said, "Oh thank gawd, I can finally breathe again." George Floyd now needed a place to store all the bodies. He looked around the parts and services room and saw four prototype animatronics that the R&D division had recently been working on: the FloydBear, Bonzo The Bunny, Chequesha the Chicken, and Foxy the Furrybait Fox. George Floyd stuffed the bodies of the different children into the animatronic suits where nobody would find them.

Very little investigation was conducted into the disappearance of the children. This is because niggers under any circumstance will never seek help from police, mainly because if they do they themselves will get caught harboring fentanyl or cheap shitty weed. Obviously the parents never investigated their missing children either as blacks by far have some of the shittiest parents, which is why they grow up to be completely useless members of society. The parents of the kids definitely didn't care that they disappeared as they were most likely born to teenage parents who didn't know how to wear a condom.

The murders gave George Floyd a taste for both the blood and oxygen of children. He became even more focused on how he could get away with killing children, taking his attention off the restaurant. This was a bad move, however, as the restaurant started failing to attract customers after the missing children incident. Investors and sponsors pulled out and even the generous government contracts for black-owned businesses weren't renewed, so eventually FloydBear's Family Diner closed down. George Floyd sold the restaurant to a White soyboy named Ronnie McNutt, who rebranded the franchise to Friedrich FloydBear's Pizzeria. He changed the name to this as he wanted to distance himself from the previous establishment but still retain the customers. In addition, he retired the FloydBear animatronic, instead replacing him with a new animatronic, Friedrich FloydBear. The other 3 animatronics would still be used, however. Finally, and probably most importantly, Ronnie McNutt implemented a state-of-the-art security system into the animatronics. The animatronics could recognize any criminal in the city's database and report them upon sight. Unfortunately, this would mean George Floyd would be reported on sight as he robbed a pregnant woman at

gunpoint and also had multiple charges of fentanyl possession.

Although George Floyd was no longer the owner of the restaurant, he still was not done with his air stealing spree. George Floyd planned to strike again, and he knew the perfect tool to do it: the SpringFloyd suit, which he knew was still in the back of the restaurant. If he could get his hands on the springlock suit, the patrons would think he was part of the staff, and the animatronics would not recognize him as an intruder. One day, George Floyd managed to sneak in through the back door of the building and get to the parts and services room. He disguised himself as a security guard, and this is why to this day, when you Google "George Floyd," it says his occupation was a security guard.

He put on the springlock suit and went out to choose his victim. He was only going to kill one child this time, however he was going to kill a White kid, because even a dumb bonobo ape like George Floyd knew how superior a White child was to him in intelligence and felt extremely jealous upon seeing the child experiencing childhood joys that his single crack whore mother could never give him. George Floyd lured a White boy named Matt Evans to the back room.

George Floyd said, "You lil cracka, only good whyboy be a dead whyboy. Now, imma still all yo air mayne."

George Floyd then expanded his mouth to extreme proportions, as if he was opening his mouth to suck the dick of a blue whale. He sucked all the air in the room and all the air out of Matt Evans' lungs. George Floyd then stuffed Matt Evans' body in the Friedrich FloydBear animatronic suit, expecting nobody to find his body. However, he couldn't have been more wrong.

George Floyd miscalculated one thing: Matt Evans was White. This meant that his parents actually noticed that he was missing, and promptly contacted the police, who launched an investigation into the kid's disappearance. After a brief search, they found the kid's asphyxiated body in the Friedrich FloydBear suit. Now rose the problem of finding the murderer. Because George Floyd didn't murder Matt Evans via conventional means, it was hard to pinpoint the killer. In addition, the police didn't want to investigate George Floyd because they were worried if they arrested him all the niggers would chimp out for being held to the same law that White people are normally held to. This left Ronnie McNutt as the main suspect, as he had plenty of free time throughout the day to commit such an act. In addition, his alibi of visiting his girlfriend didn't check out because he was ugly as shit and everyone knew he couldn't pull in a girl. Ronnie McNutt went to trial, however he was eventually found not guilty. His reputation was still ruined though.

On the day the restaurant opened back up in 1987, things were looking hopeful for the future of the restaurant. However, things would take an unexpected turn for the worst. When Friedrich FloydBear was supposed to play his theme song, which is normally "Mo Bamba", he instead starting playing "Alabama Nigger" by Johnny Rebel. One black went into silverback mode as niggers typically do when someone they don't like uses the n-word.

He got up in the animatronic's face, saying "Yo pussy ass why boy, say it again bruh say it again on gah bruh I'll deadass beat yo ass yo, this ain't no game nigga!"

It is debated what happened at this point, however my source told me that Friedrich's eyes turned a bright red, and he said, "Fuck you nigger, go back to Africa,"

before biting him on the skull, causing his frontal lobe to be destroyed. Now you would think this would kill him, however he survived. This actually makes sense when you think about it as niggers have underdeveloped frontal lobes to begin with, so not much of value was lost. This incident was and is still known as "The Bite of '87".

The restaurant was immediately closed down for good. Ronnie McNutt took his own life shortly after, having lost his reputation and his livelihood. He said, "Hey guys, I guess that's it," and committed suicide by shotgun, making his face look like the exploded end of an old-timey comedian's cigar.

Many still ponder why Friedrich bit the nigger. I believe it is because Friedrich was possessed by the soul of Matt Evans, who, although a child, still had the basic instinct of hatred towards niggers, as children typically show signs of alignment with their own race from a very young age. I choose to believe that this shows that every White child is naturally born **based**, and it is only Jewish propaganda that corrupts them into becoming cringe soyboys or nigger-loving hoes. Matt Evans' violent death must have created a vengeful spirit, hell bent on taking his revenge on any nigger stupid enough to get close to him.

Years later, the restaurant still stood, rotting and abandoned, with the animatronics still inside. George Floyd knew the animatronics were the main and only sources of evidence against him, so he hatched one final plan to destroy the evidence once and for all. He would try to destroy the animatronics one by one until none were left. One by one he destroyed the first 4 animatronics; however he could not find Freddy.

Suddenly, George Floyd felt a presence near him. He saw the 4 ghosts of the niglets he had killed. Emmett

Till's ghost asked, "Yo nigga when we getting that purpo drank mayne, it's been years mayne please," while Trayvon Martin's ghost said, "Yo nigga can I have five dollas mayne I just want sum mafuggin arizona and skittles mayne please mayne."

George Floyd ran away in absolute horror, as niggers are absolutely terrified of ghosts despite touting themselves as being a macho and tough race. He ran into a back room and found the SpringFloyd suit he had committed the murders in. He got in it, feeling that for whatever reason it would keep him safe from the ghosts. Once he got in, he started laughing as he felt he had bested the ghosts. However, this was a fatal mistake. The moisture from his laughter set off the springlocks in the suit, which brutally dug into his body and started to kill him.

He said, "Ah shit mayne, these springlocks be puncturing my lungs and shiet! Mama! Mama! I can't breathe!" As he crumpled to the floor, he tried to crawl away to seek help. He saw a figure in the distance and tried crawling towards them. When he saw who it actually was, however, it was already too late. Friedrich FloydBear kneeled on George Floyd's neck, suffocating him while the spring locks punctured his body.

"Sheeeeet mayne please I'm not that type of guy mayne please mayne! I got plans mayne! I can't breathe! I can't breef!" George Floyd died under Freddy FloydBear's knee, ending his reign of terror once and for all, and taking the sad history of the restaurant with him to the grave.

Many may wonder how I know all about these things or who my sources are. I'm afraid that may be a story for another time. Soon, a horror attraction themed around the restaurant named "FloydBear's Fright: The

Horror Attraction” is opening up and I feel the work is not done. I will be in touch with more details as I feel George Floyd’s wretched mark on this world is not yet over. If I am to disappear, perhaps all this will lead you to me, and to the truth.

The Floyd Rooms

By Jordan Cleeman

Hello, my name is Chris Offtock, and I have a terrifying experience to tell you.

Many of you have probably seen that infamous George Floyd brick wall photo. The one people use frequently in memes. You know what I am talking about - one of the, if not the first picture that pops up when you Google "George Floyd" in Google images.

While the photo's origins will seem rather mysterious to most people who have viewed it, there is a dark context behind it. I myself know its background - because I was the one who took the photo. Discount me as a liar all you want since I don't need you Floyd lore deniers to buy into me because I am not writing this for attention. Rather, this text will only serve as guidance for awareness purposes; to help the potential innocents who may end up like me.

Now, my knowledge of whatever I encountered is still only scratching the surface, so there will not be specific directions on how to escape or conquer it. I can only say that I hope this will encourage you to be cautious. If you end up seeing the same thing that I saw that day, I can only wish you luck in escaping it.

It all started when I was walking in the streets of Minneapolis. Just an ordinary day with me picking up my weekly groceries before work. I was a broke person due to having been scammed out of a few thousand dollars by this pajeet, so my go-to store for food is Cup Foods, not those large scale supermarkets such as Superstore or

Save On Foods. It isn't an ideal place to go to, not because of the food quality, but because of all the black people who hang around there. Half of them are just broke poor ass coons with zero contributions to society who use it as shelter whenever it would rain heavily in Minneapolis. The other half are legitimate criminals with negative contributions to society, who rob the store and harass the cashier. Today was no different.

I entered Cup Foods, holding my list of groceries: a few dozen kilograms of red meat, pre-chopped vegetables, some fruit, and of course a cheap packet of fried chicken to use as my midnight nigger bear trap bait. Now before you libtards who are reading this judge me for buying such a great quantity of red meat, I need it to maintain my three hundred pound shredded physique, which is ten times better than your obese or skinny fat physique. I walked past the shelves, filling the shopping basket. I looked at all the unhealthy shit in disgust, such as the bags of spicy Cheetos. Fun fact about those: the spic who said that he invented Flamin' Hot Cheetos, a janitor named Richard Montañez, lied about creating them. It's all an urban legend which was used to promote them and to push pro-wetback sentiments in the U.S., but I digress. I could picture in my head all the Breonna Taylor-looking niggers who eat that garbage. Funnily enough, when I got in line to pay for my items, there was a group of three fat sheboons in front of me, each about to purchase those very bags of hot Cheetos. Well actually, purchase is a wrong choice of words, which I realized soon after.

"Sorry ma'ams, you ladies don't have enough money to buy these," the Arab cashier said, pretending to be apologetic when really I could tell he hated niggers from all the moments when those rats would give him a hard time.

“Naw, we gunna get dese foe free,” one of the fat sheboons chimped.

All three of the niggers grabbed their chip bags, and then tried to make a run for it.

Too bad for them, they were too fat to run fast, so I decided to help Cup Foods out by stopping them. I chased them down in only a matter of seconds, and then snatched the bags from all three of them.

“Oh oh ah ah, give those back,” the sheboon in the front of the pack said.

“No nigga, I will not let you nigger thieves take these,” I snapped back.

Just when I was about to walk to the shelves to return the bags of spicy Cheetos, all three of them began to attack me. One wrapped her twenty-two-inch fatceps around my neck, and another kicked me, allowing me to grasp how it felt being that Burger King man in the airplane after he got kicked by a nigger bitch. Niggers don’t know how to throw proper kicks and punches, as they really only rely on guns to fight, so it didn’t hurt me too badly. However, the last sheboon of the pack ran and tackled me. She probably weighed at least seven hundred pounds, almost none of it being muscle of course, but it still slammed me into the ground with her on top of me. Even though I am a three hundred pound shredded chad, it was impossible for me to get the fucking nigger whale off me since she unintentionally used a sumo wrestling tactic. As she sat on me, I could see the other two sheboons running to get their bags of hot Cheetos back, with my vision blurred due to the landwhale knocking my head against the ground, rattling my brain. With my eyesight being impaired, what happened next was a bit hazy, but I somehow... began to sink into the ground. My eyes were mostly shut, but I could feel this oddly painless

sensation within my flesh as if there were foreign objects merging with my flesh. Like my body was glitching through objects and textures in a video game. It reminded me of this moment when I was playing Black Lives Splatter and my character glitched through a nigger's house, which allowed me to break into it with ease and shoot down all the niggers inside.

The sensation didn't end there, however. It went from the outer edges of my frame to the marrow of my bone. After that, everything went blank all of a sudden. A split second passed. I opened my eyes to see I was now in a completely different place. I knew that because the floor was no longer solid concrete. I was now standing on a carpet that appeared to be stained by whatever fluid was spilled on it. I attempted to stretch, and weirdly, I didn't feel an ounce of pain, despite having been crushed by that Breonna Taylor look alike. I then looked directly to the front of me, to see that the walls were made of brick. The typical copper-colored clay rectangles, arranged in a staggered pattern that we see everyday. I did a quick 360 to glance around the rest of my surroundings. I was surprised to discover that I was not precisely in what we would call a "room." In actuality, I was in one of the branches of a seemingly endless hallway. There appeared to be no way out of the particular section, except walking through the other branches. After getting a grounding of where I was, I started to pay attention to the sounds. I could hear nothing except the humming noise coming from the blinking lights on the ceiling. It was unusually loud; it slightly stung my ear drums.

Next, I noticed the odor. Its smell was indescribable. I bent down towards the stained carpet since it was the only possible source of the aroma, and then I sniffed. Oh God, I regret doing that. As I inhaled, I

noticed this strange white powder fly from the carpet into my nasal cavity. As a result, I felt the worst pain in my life. It began with my nose bleeding and a sharp itchiness replicating the sensation of having spring allergies, but ten times worse. They were the symptoms of snorting fentanyl. I know this because I had to take a drug course in my years of high school, not because I am a nigger fentanyl addict. It took a few minutes for the affliction to subside to a tolerable level, and I was able to think straight again. With the haziness gone, I realized that I had to go to my job soon, and there was no time to waste. There were three different corridors extending from the current section of the mysterious building I was in, which all looked like they could be a plausible candidate for leading to the exit. I decided on going for the one I was facing because I figured that moving would be better than wasting my time stalling forever. As I walked through it, I could see more of the similar-looking brick wall segments emerging. It was literally all the building consisted of. No singular object or differing material, only the brick walls.

I continued to explore the place while trying not to breathe through my nose to avoid another accidental snort of fentanyl. As time went by, I noticed that it gradually got more difficult to breathe. Not the kind of breathing you get from congestion, but the distressing scarcity of oxygen in the air. The carbon dioxide levels were increasing. There were no vents or openings anywhere, meaning it was impossible for any new air to circulate in. I increasingly became lightheaded. *Is it because I'm actually dreaming?* I wondered. *Or is this a real, physical place?*

In addition to the oxygen deprivation, my stomach was growling in hunger, ready to eat all the red meat I was supposed to buy to maintain my racist chad physique.

In desperation, I started running forward. I navigated across each section, making sure I didn't run into any of the solid brick walls like how this one dumb nigga monkey in a TikTok video fell from his bike, breaking his teeth when he scraped his face onto a brick wall.

It was only after a couple seconds of running when I heard a loud screeching followed by a boom. It startled me and caused me to stop for a moment. Because of the cavernous nature of the building, I was easily able to tell where it came from – it was directly behind me. It did not sound human at all. Rather, a haunting blend of a chimpanzee's oh oh ah ahs and movie sound effects for skinwalkers. Its terrifying tone wasn't the main reason I was induced to continue running. My racism sense was tingling for whatever reason, the same feeling I get when I am near a nigger. Autopilot made me take off, and I didn't bother turning back to look at it at all.

The eerie chimping coming from the source eventually turned into panting, and thundering footsteps emerged. It was chasing after me. That wasn't good since I am by no means a fast person because of my robust build. What I mostly wanted was to get out of this place, to not be late for work. It was my only job so me getting fired would mean no income and no other job would accept me because of their shitty jew HR systems that could track my social media presence, which consists solely of me bullying trannies online.

After a minute, I was on the verge of running out of stamina, and the now significantly lower oxygen levels did not help at all, so I stopped. I decided that my only viable means of defense was brute force. I turned back to face whatever was chasing me. The entity that stood before my eyes will probably haunt me for the rest of my life.

Staring at its inconceivable proportions boggled my mind, figuratively shattering it into pieces like Ronnie McNutt's head was literally shattered in his Facebook livestream. The body of the being from hell was that of a stick person, but integrated from a drawing into reality. Speaking of Ronnie McNutt, its stick body was made out of thin fibers of flesh, only having been held together by twisted veins. I probably would have believed such biology could be possible if it weren't for what was supposed to be its head. At the top portion of the fleshy stick torso was a nigger's shoulders, the bulging buck negro muscles covered in a grey and black hoodie. It didn't make sense at all. How could this frail body support the wide shoulders coupled with the nigger head, with that abnormally large nose which was probably what took up half of its weight?

No scenario at any point in our evolutionary history could have generated such a thing. My best guess is that the extra shoulder appendage functioned as a space large enough to store its lungs. The more I looked at the nigga stick man, the less scared I got and the more I grew curious. I quickly grabbed my phone and then snapped a photo of it, with one of the brick walls behind it. The flash of my phone's camera startled it, which made it aggressive.

"Heyo main, you better not capture me like dat again," it said, its ebonic voice echoing throughout the building.

"No nigger," I said, refusing to accept the fate which this being wished to impose on me.

With all my strength, I tightened my fist and then punched the most central portion of the stick body. The force of my strike caused its abdomen to pivot and it easily bent like a foldable chair.

“Ouch mayne, that hurt,” the nigga stick man said. “But you should not underestimate the ability of me niggie.”

Suddenly, I could hear the sound of fibrous tears. The exact same noise as ripping a thick jacket would produce. I saw the stick portion of the nigga stick man begin to grow in length rapidly. It was mutating in the size department, length-wise. It eventually got so long, that it was no longer able to stand upright, so it instead went on all fours, now looking like a Chinese dragon, but with a nigger’s head and shoulders as its head.

“Hehehe. Ya will not leave the Floyd Rooms,” it cackled. “You will have a hard time breathing here with me forever!”

It was now the length of the entire room, and it looked like it could strangle me like a boa constrictor. I am done for, I thought. The now thirty-foot-long nigger stick man lashed around me, trapping me so that I had nowhere to go. It then rushed at me, attempting to hit me with its half nigger body head. However, the nigger monster missed. Of course the dumb nigger had to miss. Instead of hitting me, it hit the brick wall that was behind me. Its inaccuracy was my saving grace, because its force was strong enough to puncture a hole in the brick wall. Not a small hole. A massive one. Massive enough to ruin the structural integrity of the entire wall, which led to the cement between all the bricks on that side cracking. Ultimately, the wall collapsed, and all the bricks fell onto the serpentine body of the nigger stick man.

“Awe shieet main, bricks falling onto my lanky body, I can’t breathe!” it cried, as if it wasn’t already hard to breathe in the high levels of carbon dioxide.

It was completely immobilized by the bricks on it. I glanced at the large opening on the wall, to find out it led

to a staircase leading up, surrounded by a bright yellow light. As bright as a nigger's skin is dark. I was not able to tolerate the shitty air quality any longer—frankly I was at the point where I'd Ronnie McNutt myself. While the nigga stick man was still stuck under the large pile of bricks suffocating, I made the hot decision to walk up the mysterious set of stairs.

The trip up the stairs was rather unpleasant, as I saw a ton of distorted creatures with a similar face to the nigga stick man, but tried my best to ignore them.

Once I reached the top of the staircase, I found myself in a completely different place than where I was originally. Not in Cub Foods; not in the streets; not in Minneapolis; but in a completely different city. I looked up and recognized that I was now in California. It was confusing, but all that mattered was that I was no longer in that room with the nigga stick man.

The first thing I did was walk to the nearest McDonalds and use their public WIFI to use the internet. Curiously, I uploaded the picture I took of the nigga stick man into a reverse image search website, to see if anybody out there had encountered the same thing. However, the image results I got was not the creature, but a pornstar called Big Floyd the Landlord, whose face was creepily similar to the nigga stick man. Disappointed, I uploaded the nigga stick man picture to Imgur, and captioned it, "Has anyone seen this creature?"

This all happened five years ago, way before the kneeling of George Floyd when he died of a fentanyl overdose. The picture I posted on Imgur didn't get any direct comments or reactions. However, shortly after George Floyd's death, I noticed that the photo had gone viral, except its lower stick body had been cropped out. I was pretty sure it was the same photo, because when I

compared it with my original photo, the brick patterns, hoodie, and facial expression were perfectly aligned.

I am now typing this, to inform you all about the dark truth behind the George Floyd brick wall photo. The nigger, or should I say, the creature in the photo, was not the George Floyd that you all think it was.

The thing that still bothers me though is that the now circulating image has the stick body cropped out. My best guess is that perhaps the Jew media knows exactly what I encountered and are trying to hide it from the general public. This hypothesis of mine is the very reason why I am typing this. To warn you all not to go into the Floyd Rooms.

I Was Stalked by George Floyd

By Pepe McNutt

May 24th, 2020, 9:00 pm

I was walking to my small apartment in Minneapolis from the local university.

I only went to college in this nigger infested town because it was the only school that I could afford from 3 years of saving money. I was taking nigger studies, a secret class for **based** racists held by a professor named Dr. William Pierce.

As a cover, I wore Joe Biden merch so that niggers wouldn't think I was racist, and I sat through gender studies class, posting on 4chan on my laptop about the faggots I went to class with.

As I passed under a lamppost, I noticed the faint silhouettes of thousands of tents in a field behind a place called Cup Foods, which I detested after watching security footage of the disgusting nigger George Floyd trying to pass a counterfeit bill as real even though it said \$40,000 on it and had a picture of the disgusting nigger Rosa Parks on it instead of a US president. Also the store stank of cheap nigger weed, body odor, and cheap fruit flavored cigars, the butts of which lay all around the outside of the store.

As I walked farther down, past the tent city, I thought I heard a voice say "Ayo mayne can a nigga get a dolla fo da train an sheeit?"

The voice was too quiet to discern, so I ignored it, but soon I heard it again.

"Ayo nigga I be's talkin to you an sheeit yo wypipo mayo nigga," the voice said.

I turned around and didn't see anything at first. All of a sudden two eyes appeared at the corner of the Cup Foods building. Then a tall nigger stepped out onto the sidewalk.

"Did you hear me mayo nigga?" the nigger said.

"Go away nigger," I said.

"Yo wypipo be racits an sheeit," the nigger said, stepping into the light less than 6 feet in front of me.

I was horrified to see his face. He had lips that looked like two whoopie cushions that had been run over by cars and filled with dog shit. His nose looked like it belonged to a jew in blackface that had been put into a hydraulic press. His eyes were bloodshot and he had white powder on his nose and lips. I could clearly see that it was George Floyd. The nigger that the chad Derek Chauvin had killed by kneeling on his neck outside of Cup Foods.

"No way," I said in disbelief. "How are you alive?"

"Nigga if you don't gimme money an sheeit imma take that from yo White ass nigga," the monkey babbled.

I had a choice to make, to fight or to run. I chose to run.

I gunned it down an alley that bordered the field that the tent city was in.

The alley was pitch black like a nigger's skin, with no lights. By some miracle I found another alley that cut between an apartment complex and a nigger filled inner city school and turned into it.

I kept running until I got to my apartment, ran inside and locked the door with the chain and bolt.

All of a sudden I heard "I guess this is it!" and a gunshot through the paper thin walls of my apartment.

I knew the man next door. His girlfriend had tried to get me into their apartment alone with her many times before, but I refused as she was an ugly whore who loved niggers.

I took a guess that the man, whose name I couldn't remember but I swore had 'nut' in it, had shot himself, probably because he had found out that his girlfriend was a whore.

I loaded the old .22 magnum that was still illegal in this retarded libtard city and waited, still scared that George Floyd could have followed me home.

I heard a pounding on the next door over, and someone yelling out "Police, open up!"

I collected myself and went outside with the key the whore neighbor had given me and unlocked the door for the officer, who introduced himself as Officer Nate Higgers.

He went inside while I waited in the hallway as I didn't think seeing cuck brains on a wall would do anything good for me. I heard the cop say "Jesus, what the hell happened here?" from outside.

He came out 5 minutes later carrying a shotgun that was covered with blood.

"Whoa," I said, "What happened there?"

"He shot himself on a stream," Officer Higgers said, "Seems like there were some problems with his girlfriend."

"Yeah she was a nigger loving whore," I said, "She tried to seduce me, that's how I got the key."

Officer Higgers took out his notepad and scribbled something down. "Thanks for the help getting in," he said, "There will be some investigators coming by tomorrow. They'll be asking some questions about the incident, so don't go anywhere."

After the officer left, I went back into my apartment, not locking the door since I figured Floyd would have made himself known by now if he was here. I was wrong.

At around 11 pm I heard the bedroom door open. I immediately looked for my gun, but was horrified when I realized that I had left the gun in the living room.

There was nothing I could do about whoever had just come in.

"Ayo mayne I know you's bein here nigga," I heard from the living room, "Can a nigga get a dolla fo da train?"

I then realized who was in the house. Somehow, Floyd had followed me home.

"What do you want?" I screamed at Floyd.

"I want yo money yo mayo nigga cumskin," Floyd boomed.

I slowly left my room to go down the hallway to the bathroom, which had a window going down into some bushes.

All of a sudden, Floyd rounded the corner of the hallway in front of me and said, "Gimme yo bread nigga."

I had no choice but to go back into my room and get my wallet. I went into my room and pretended not to be able to find the wallet, but Floyd was growing increasingly angry.

At that moment, there was a voice from the living room.

"Police! Show yourself!" I recognized the voice of Officer Nate Higgers.

"Oh sheeit mayne, the popo be here an sheeit!" said Floyd, running towards the living room.

Officer Higgers yelled. "Let me see your hands, let me see your hands now!" but Floyd was determined to get out of the house, away from the officer.

Suddenly I heard BANG BANG BANG. Three gunshots rang out along with a string of curses from Officer Higgers, who immediately called for backup. "All units, there's a nigger on the loose! I repeat, there's a nigger on the loose! We need all units to a square mile radius around Cup Foods."

"What happened, Officer?" I asked.

"The nigger got away somehow," the officer said, "I'm gonna have an officer come by and stand guard for the night. Do you have a gun?"

"Yes but I left it in this room so I didn't have it when Floyd came in." I replied.

"Ok, if that nigger comes back shoot him and do the world a favor," the officer said as he walked out of the door.

I went to the table where I had put my gun but it wasn't there. I looked in the kitchen. Not there either. It wasn't anywhere in the apartment. Floyd had the gun, he knew where I lived, and he wanted my money. I tried calling the police but the phone line was cut. Floyd was still here, and he wasn't giving up. I decided to look next door to see if the late Ronnie McNutt had any more guns or anything that could help me.

As I walked in, I saw his body in front of a computer covered in gore. There were also pics of pregnant women and white powder everywhere. I didn't know it at the time, but these were calling cards of George Floyd. He had been here before Ronnie McNutt had blown his face off.

I left without looking any farther into the apartment and went back to my own apartment to find a half eaten

banana and mayonnaise sandwich sitting on the floor of the outside hallway. I cautiously went into the apartment, grabbing the longest knife from the kitchen on the way into the den of George Floyd. It was dead silent in the apartment, and I had an eerie feeling throughout my entire body.

Suddenly I heard the sound of rummaging from my bedroom, and the sound of my laptop powering on.

"I be needin' those pregnant wimins belly pics an sheeit," Floyd bellowed.

That was the last straw. I had a knife and I was angry.

I crouched in the hallway outside the room waiting for Floyd to be distracted. What I saw haunts me to this day. Floyd was on some virus ridden porn site, watching pregnant White women being chained up to walls and cut open by niggers that looked like silverback gorillas. This was too much for me. I became physically ill at the mentally scarring sight.

After I was finished spilling my guts into the toilet, I charged into the room with the knife from the kitchen, stabbing Floyd in the arm.

Floyd immediately pulled the gun he had taken earlier from my living room and fired at me, striking my leg and barely grazing the side of my left elbow. I returned by throwing the knife and hitting Floyd in the stomach. I then followed up by burying the knife up to the hilt.

Not even this stopped Floyd, who was still watching the laptop while bleeding out of his stomach. This only made me angrier, causing me to rush him again. This time I was able to grab him and pick him up. He was surprisingly light due to him being a drug addict.

I carried him all the way out to the outside of Cup Foods, laid him down on the pavement and knelt on his neck for 9 minutes and 47 seconds which killed him without the assistance of fentanyl because I have the 300 pound physique of the average racist chad who identifies with Patrick Bateman.

Out of nowhere, a crowd of niggers and jews appeared, carrying torches and cheap hi-point 9mm pistols and yelling about White supremacy and the holocaust and the reparations.

"We wuz kangz an sheeit," they chimped, "You wypipos needa be givin us out reparations an sheeit. We be runnin outta patience!"

I knew I didn't have enough vril for this challenge. I couldn't face all of these niggers alone.

As the niggers converged on me, I could smell fried chicken, body odor, cheap nigger weed, and moyelnaise from the hebrews in the crowd. I knew they were going to kill me.

Suddenly, I heard a sheboon screaming like the nigger monkey she was, alerting the rest of the pack. The crowd exploded into chaos because of some gunshots coming from a highrise building down the street which had killed 5 or 6 of the worthless welfare monkeys, saving me from an undeniably painful fate. I grabbed my gun back from George Floyd's dead body, shooting into the chaos. Me and the sniper fired shot after shot until the crowd was either dead or had dispersed. I put the last round in the gun into George Floyd's fat nigger nose.

Dr. Pierce, my nigger studies proffesor, walked out of the high rise, carrying a KAR98 sniper rifle with a high powered scope attached to it.

“That was very good neck kneeling.” Pierce said, “We showed those niggers who runs things around here, didn’t we.”

“That’s for sure,” I said.

“Congratulations,” said Pierce, “You’ve passed nigger studies. Go back home, kid.”

Its been a year since this story happened and I have since gone to Harvard for nigger studies and been awarded my PhD from Proffesor George Lincoln Rockwell since then, and I have been a nigger **[redacted]** officer since then, but nothing I have done or will ever do will compete with what happened that night.

Xeno Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

Some places in the universe are best left unexplored. As curious as we humans are, it is certainly possible for us to venture too far away from our domain. I am a NASA astronaut, and you may be surprised to hear me make such a statement, but believe me, a recent space mission that I regret participating in taught me this lesson.

The space mission began when one of our researchers found a planet in our galaxy that can support life, which we dubbed Planet Tomasso. It was a very revolutionary find since no other planet discovered so far has been confirmed to have living organisms inhabiting them. Large green islands surrounded by blue oceans could be seen, indicating an environment akin to Earth. The telescope used to discover Planet Tomasso was able to accurately measure the levels of chemicals contained within the atmosphere of the planet. 78 percent nitrogen and 21 percent oxygen, along with many other gases that also exist on earth. This ratio is analogous to that of on Earth.

We had an organization-wide celebration as a result and the researcher who found Planet Tomasso was given the employee of the year award. However, NASA is a company whose mission involves constant innovation, so not too long after our succinct ceremony, we initiated a follow-up mission: colonizing Planet Tomasso.

Considering we still barely colonized Mars so far, it was clearly going to be a daunting undertaking, but given how much more life Planet Tomasso conveys than Mars,

we decided to put Mars on the backburner and shifted our focus on strategizing our flight to the former. Planet Tomasso was estimated to be over 10,000 light-years away from Earth, far beyond the outskirts of the solar system. Fortunately though, one of our most technologically advanced innovations, the Wilcock model G-0Y1UM, powered by a newly discovered unstable atom that allows high energy propellants to travel at incredible speed, is capable of sending us to other galaxies in a matter of days.

Our selected method of colonizing the planet was to bring basic building materials with utilities, a greenhouse for food harvest, and a group of ten pregnant women, and then slowly build up a civilization. We wanted to bring already pregnant women because we weren't certain about the survivability of sperm on planets other than Earth. Other than that, a team of highly promoted astronauts, including myself, would be the ones to command and conduct the mission.

On the day of launch, I met up with the other mission leads, Brad Dmetruik, Dorian Trike, and Quinn Paterson. We gathered by the Wilcock model G-0Y1UM and waited for the warehouse assistants to fill the rocket with the proper cargo. During that, we saw the group of ten pregnant women begin to board the rocket. Five were White and the other half were niggers. I was pissed as fuck at the inclusion of the pregnant sheboons, because that would mean the existence of niggers in our newly colonized planet if we successfully thrive, which is unlikely anyway since if half of the population are niggers, they would already enough of a drain to the micro-society of Planet Tomasso to cause its downfall.

NASA is a jew run corporation, so it didn't surprise me. Luckily for me, Brad, Dorian, Quinn, and I all

happened to be the only racists in the NASA workplace, which would make this mission somewhat more bearable for me. This was no coincidence though. The higher-level employees of any organization tend to be racist, since racists on average have a higher IQ than the general population.

After the rocket was packed with everything we needed, us, along with a team of builders, mechanics, farmers, and chefs boarded and then initiated the launch. The rocket began making a very loud rumbling noise and soon after, we along with the pregnant passengers could already feel the force of gravity push against our faces.

“Ooga booga, fuck dis be too fast stop the rocket!” one of the pregnant sheboons in the back chimped.

“Shut the fuck up you dumb nigger, or else I will eject you off the rocket and into space!” Brad said aloud.

I was already getting annoyed by the pregnant negresses, and I was half tempted to crash the rocket, even though it would mean my death as well, but I kept my cool by fantasizing about the potential resources in Planet Tomasso that could probably be made into high tech nigger **[redacted]** machines.

In only a matter of seconds, we already made it to outer space. Now, many people actually underestimate the vastness of space. Sure, it may take a few minutes for the G-0Y1UM rocket to reach the moon, but it would take hours to reach the end of the solar system. Given that it would take literal days to get to Planet Tomasso, it is safe to say the universe is almost as massive as Breonna Taylor’s fat rolls, or George Floyd’s nose size. Some of the scientists at NASA are even conducting studies to test the possibility of the entire universe being inside an incomprehensibly colossal George Floyd titan nose nostril, which is actually quite likely.

After we finally surpassed the border of our solar system, it was time for us to eat for the first time. The warehouse assistants were supposed to provide us with freeze-dried bananas, beef, nuts, and water in sufficient quantities for every crewmate during the course of the entire trip and back. We all met up in the cramped dining room of the rocket, where I had to actually be in close proximity to the pregnant negroes. Just being around their revolting odors made me feel stuffy as fuck. If that doesn't sound bad enough, what they did next pales their already shitty static existence in comparison.

Once the chefs served all of us our plates, one of the sheboons, who was one of the fatter ones, who was called Claritza, began chimping for more freeze-dried banana slices on her plate. However, because the amount of total food that was packed in the rocket was the bare minimum, the chefs rightfully refused her more than she already had. That further elevated Claritza's anger. She slammed her plate on the chef's face, breaking both the plate and his teeth, and every bit of her food fell onto the floor. The resulting injuries of the assaulted chef undeniably constituted a violent crime from the offending negress. Since no confirmed violent crime has been reported in space prior to this, we can now assure the statistic that despite only less than 1 percent of people who have been to space are black, niggers commit one hundred percent of violent space crimes.

"What the fuck Claritza?" one of the assisting chefs exclaimed. "We will not serve you another meal, please don't do that again."

To me, it was absurd for us not to send her out into deep space for doing such a shitty thing and I tried my best not to scream, "Kick this nigger bitch off the rocket ship!" but I remembered that I worked too damn hard for

my astronaut position, so I resisted the racist urges that could get me fired.

I looked at the injured chef's face and-holy crap-his face almost looked like the softcore version of an exploded Ronnie McNutt face. His eyes gushed blood resulting from the broken plate shards piercing them, and his entire face was bruised. His facial injuries were so severe and he had already lost so much blood that we had to send a message request to the warehouse workers to send an additional cargo rocket to Planet Tomasso containing medical supplies, including a tank of deoxygenated blood in case the chef lost too much blood and ended up needing a blood transfusion. For those of you who don't know, it is impractical to send oxygenated blood through space since it will deoxygenate eventually in long trips. Once on Planet Tomasso, we could artificially oxygenate it for transfusion use.

When lunch was over, we headed back to our respective seats. Because only Brad, Dorian, and Quinn were in the room now, we were able to discuss what happened at lunch without any of the unbiased passengers overhearing us.

"I called it, bringing niggers with us was a huge mistake," I said.

"Same here," the other mission leads said in unison.

"An ideal situation would be if we were to force the niggers into the wilderness in Planet Tomasso for a day," Quinn said. "They would not survive for even an hour since their IQs are too low."

"Hell, if we brought livestock, they would most definitely be more helpful to the new civilization than them, both for food purposes and labour purposes," Dorian laughed.

For the rest of the trip, we discussed nothing but our hatred towards niggers. During the subsequent meal times, we made the sheboon that assaulted the chef eat in a separate room, so no other major issues occurred, except maybe when some of the other sheboons occasionally stole banana slices from the other members.

Six days and an additional six hours passed until I saw a large blue and green orb from a distance.

"Holy shit, there's Planet Tomasso right there!" I said excitedly.

"Finally, we will be away from those pregnant nigger bitches!" Brad said.

A few hours later, we crossed what would be the atmosphere of Planet Tomasso. Quickly, the surrounding sky phased into a purple hue, indicating the types of particles that abide in this mysterious planet's air. I didn't have much time to appreciate the flight through the skies though because of the faster-than-light speed of the rocket. I did manage to get a glimpse of one of the prettier clouds, which was coincidentally shaped like the phrase "Kill Kikes."

Once the rocket landed, at last, we all eagerly exited through the hatch frame at the bottom. Claritza was sadly the one closest to the trapdoor, making her the first in line, because her fatass took forever to go through it.

We were able to take off our astronaut suits because of how close Planet Tomasso's air is to Earth's. I took my first breath in this new environment, and I was surprised to find that it was even easier to breathe on this planet than on Earth, as if the oxygen was richer. This comfort induced me to look around. I noticed that we landed in an open grass meadow, which was near an ocean coast, so it was an ideal place to settle.

While the rest of the crew began adjustments, I strode around to explore. The grass was on the lighter side of green, indicating it was currently this planet's equivalent of the season fall. The trees were oak, typical of that in the open fields on earth. From having a general observation of the environment here, I thought it was going to be an almost perfect replica of Earth's conditions. However, what I saw next changed my mind completely.

I ventured around a few hundred feet away from the landing site, when I noticed a large slimy mass that consisted of a material that I could not identify. Its silhouette resembled that of a beaver dam, but at a much larger scale. Its diameter had to be at least the length of a football field. *What the fuck?* I thought. Nothing like this exists on Earth.

Contrasting the mysterious object with the rest of the environment was nothing short of outlandish. The more I looked at it, the more curious I got. I did not want to touch it because of how gross it looked, so I took a rock from the ground and then threw it at it. Upon physical contact, the rock stuck into the mass. It was as if the rock were a grain of sand and the slimy mass were a chunk of playdough.

Shortly after, the portion of the mass where the rock had landed began to shake, and at that moment, I realized that I had made one of the worst decisions in my life. It stretched vertically until it took the shape of a theropod dinosaur. I could make out what looked to be visible limbs stretching the mushy substance until whatever was inside of it tore its way out. What stood after the now misshapen gooey mass was a giant veiny monster that stood at a height of twenty feet tall. Its bodily proportions were unlike anything that I had ever seen in any organism on earth. It was as black as a void

and possessed multiple sharp appendages. Thorns and spikes protruded from almost every surface of its body. Tendrils moved around like the tentacles of an octopus on cocaine. Its tail was one of its most prominent features. On the end of it was a club that vaguely resembled the claw of a lobster. It was without a doubt its main mode of offense.

However, the body part that was by far the most striking was its face. It was the face of George Floyd. It made me laugh, seeing how such a funny-looking monkey's face could be a part of such a formidable beast. I could no longer take it seriously. However, that jovial feeling didn't last long; it came to an abrupt end when the creature let out a screech that sounded like a chimpanzee on a voice-deepening drug. Following its boisterous roar, it somehow began to speak in ebonic English, despite the alien being something that could never have existed on Earth at any given moment in time.

"Ooga booga, why you disturb mah nest main," it boomed. "Xeno Floyd be busy laying eggs and sheet."

It drooled a white liquid as it spoke, so I screamed and turned back to run away. I knew that Xeno Floyd would easily be able to catch up to me considering its long legs and nigger-esque physical features, so I mentally prepared for my death. However, I glanced back to see it running in a different direction than where I was running. It was instead running over to the landing site. I thought it was because it preferred to prey on a group of prey rather than I alone as a food source. I followed it as it ran closer to the rest of the crew.

They shortly noticed Xeno Floyd running at them, so they began to flee the area. The pregnant women were furthest away from it, while the working team that was setting up camp was closest to it. I expected the working

team to be the first ones to get eaten, however Xeno Floyd ran past the nonpregnant crewmembers, as if it didn't notice them at all. Xeno Floyd rather pursued the pregnant women. It extended its tail, and then one by one, used the tail's lobster claw-shaped end to perforate each of the five pregnant White women's stomachs. I could hear their blood curdling screams in pain.

After Xeno Floyd was finished, it said, "Hebeeneenee haha, y'all babies will now be us niggies," and then took off, running back to where I first found it. Interestingly, it only bothered to inject its tail into the stomachs of the pregnant White women, not the pregnant negresses.

Once Xeno Floyd was no longer in sight, the whole crew reunited.

Everyone began to chatter amongst themselves until one of the pregnant White women screamed in agony. We all looked at her, and I noticed that something inside her was digging its way out. It was a chestburster. I was expecting some infant creature with similar body proportions to Xeno Floyd to barrage out, but instead, a regular nigger baby was born.

Everybody groaned in disgust, as her internal organs were visible from her gaping wound that resulted from the niglet that ripped itself from her abdomen.

The first thing I did was curse that woman out for being a mud shark, because I thought that whatever the Xeno Floyd creature injected into her stomach was some hormone that speeds up pregnancy, so I thought she actually fucked a nigger back on earth. However, the other four pregnant White women suffered a similar sensation shortly after, and I watched as they each had chest-bursting niglets burroww their way out, then dropping to the ground. That was when everything started

to make sense. The reason why Xeno Floyd specifically targeted the White pregnant women was to turn their babies into niglets. There was no point for it to inject the pregnant sheboons, since they would already give birth to niglets anyway. Essentially, Xeno Floyd's biological instinct is to convert already existing fetuses into niglets, which I consider to be even worse than abortion since I'd rather die than be a nigger.

The fact that Xeno Floyd destroyed the lives of the babies that could have been White boiled my blood.

"We need to kill that thing," I said. "Now."

"I agree, but how would we?" Dorian questioned me. "That creature is way too quick for us and I cannot imagine how fast it could kill us all."

"Nah don't kill it please," one of the sheboons said. "It be our kind."

"Shut up you ugly monkey!" I shouted.

"In addition," Dorian continued. "Its skin appears to be made of a protective armor, so I don't know if we could even shoot it down."

"You're right, that will mean we will have to battle it smartly."

Right then, I could see what looked like space junk in the sky above us. I soon realized it wasn't actually space junk - it was the medical supply rocket that we called for earlier to treat the wounds of the injured chef. We eagerly waited for it to land, as the women who just gave birth to chestbursters were also in desperate need of medical treatment.

Once it landed, just an inch away from the main rocket, we made use of what was in it: bandages, alcohol wipes, and of course, the tank of deoxygenated blood.

It was then, I got an idea. Given how it is highly likely that Xeno Floyd injects venom through a hole in its

stinger, there could be some minor fluid backflow back into Xeno Floyd through the hole in its stinger where it injected venom.

Therefore, we could probably somehow trick it into injecting the tank of deoxygenated blood, causing it to ingest some of it. After some thought, I came up with a scheme where we could draw a picture of a pregnant lady on the oxygen tank, which would induce Xeno Floyd to inject it, thinking it was a real pregnant woman, since niggers and nigger creatures alike are dumb enough to fall for that kind of shit. I explained my plan to the rest of the crew, and they all agreed, at least except for the negresses. Despite the sheboons' resistance to my idea, even the unbiased crewmembers shut them up.

For the rest of the evening, I used a sharp piece of flint that I found near the seashore thanks to my Minecraft knowledge, to scratch out a shape on the metal tank of deoxygenated blood that vaguely resembled a pregnant woman. Despite my best efforts, it looked fucking horrible, but I was still certain Xeno Floyd wouldn't be able to distinguish it from a real pregnant lady.

I told the crew that I was going to be right back, and then went over to where I found Xeno Floyd's nest. I again was met with the gooey mass. Seeing how dangerous Xeno Floyd was, I was a bit hesitant to poke it again. *What if it has some kind of infertility ability in its tail as well?* I thought. So many questions regarding the abilities of the creature flooded my mind. Another thing that I considered was the enormousness of the nest. How many others of its species live inside there? My hesitation was soon cut off when I remembered how much I wanted to slay the creature that produced those niglet babies, so I repeated what I did last time: throwing a rock at it. This

time a greater distance away. Xeno Floyd quickly awakened and then snarled at me.

"Me be in mah beauty sleep, I better find moe of them pregnant White bitches like lass time," it said. "That shieet was mad good."

I pointed at the tank of deoxygenated blood that now had the hazy carving of the pregnant woman on it that looked like it was a crayon drawing made by a five-year-old.

"Oh yay, thanks mayne," Xeno Floyd said. "You help me locate yet anothah one."

It jogged toward the tank, looking like a dancing kangaroo, and made it there in a matter of seconds with its nigger speed. It used its sharp tail to stab through the metal casing of the tank with ease point-blank at the pregnant stomach carving, demonstrating how powerful and accurate its tail really is. Shortly after, I saw Xeno Floyd's black skin turn pale, now looking like one of those albino niggers in those YouTube documentaries, and then heard it howl, "Awe shieet, mah blood is becoming deoxygenized now, I can't breathe!"

Soon, Xeno Floyd dropped dead. Its armored shell turned as brittle as Beardson Beardsly's soyboy personality and then shattered like thin ice. Its inner flesh started to emit some kind of smelly white gas from its pores, presumably vaporized fentanyl. Its odor drove the witnessing crew away from Xeno Floyd's corpse. We didn't think much of it, at least for now anyway.

It had been a rough day for all of us, so we decided it was time to rest. We went back inside the rocket to sleep in our corresponding areas of the ship. Despite the deafening chimp-snoring that came from the sheboons, I was able to fall asleep relatively quickly. I was in the midst of dreaming about cutting off food aid to the

continent of Africa when we were awoken by the sound of loud footsteps coming from outside, accompanied by the feeling of the ground shaking.

I got up and peeked through the window next to me. What I saw outside extinguished my tiredness and filled me with horror. There was an army of Xeno Floyd's marching in our direction. Hundreds of them. They appeared to be hyper-focused on the corpse of the dead Xeno Floyd that we killed. However, they were not at all acknowledging the pregnant woman drawing on the deoxygenated blood tank. I also noticed that not a single one of them possessed that lobster claw tail. *Shit, those must be the queen's drones*, I thought. They were following the white pheromonal fentanyl gas which the queen's dead corpse released, similar to how bee colonies follow their queen.

I am now broadcasting this message through all radio channels to warn all of you on Earth. Do not come to Planet Tomasso. Moral of the story: do not associate with niggers and nigger creatures. Anyway, I gotta get going now, they are here.

I Sent My George Floyd Toy to Visit a George Floyd Creepypasta Denier

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Tayoss Rittenger, and I was watching some videos on YouTube one summer night. It was chill as fuck, bringing me back memories when I would stay up until 2 AM playing Minecraft while my whole family was sleeping; the simpler times when I was never so busy with school and work. I watched some epic content such as Bodybuilders Walking Around in Public, Dorian Yates Full Day of Eating, and more **based** chad videos. My favorite bodybuilders were Rich Piana because he had called his cheating ex a 'nigger-loving whore' and Dorian Yates because he didn't believe that the Holocaust happened. Their videos mentally boosted my testosterone levels by 1000% and made me feel powerful. But that was until I stumbled upon a video in the recommended section titled "The Internet Has No Chill." I wouldn't have clicked on it if it weren't for its thumbnail, which displayed another YouTube video thumbnail: the "My George Floyd Toy Came to Life" Creepypasta. I instantly knew it was going to be about some shitlib talking shit about the legendary George Floyd Creepypastas series, so I clicked on it to begin watching.

Sure enough, it was exactly what I imagined. There on the facecam was the YouTuber who uploaded the video, named Rigozen. He was this chubby Chris Chan-looking kid who looked like he hadn't showered in a week. He also probably hadn't left his room, which was decorated with hundreds of shitty LED gaming light units, in months. His

long, curly oily hair contained nasty-looking dandruff, and I would have hated for him to cook my food. He was wearing a pair of round shades to presumably hide his ugly goblin eyes. He was for sure one of those who needed to touch grass and hit the gym. Those were my first impressions of Rigozen. I played the video. The whole video was just poorly edited rant, with him being so triggered over every instance of the word 'nigger' that he had to censor it. He also mocked whoever is the creator of the George Floyd Creepypastas. I myself was triggered, because George Floyd Creepypastas are actually true events that are documented by **based** racists who are willing to expose the wrongdoings of the criminal chimp, whether he is in the form of a mermaid, or even a cucumber.

Even though Rigozen is probably a nobody in society who was trying overly hard through clickbait to become a famous normie YouTuber, I was steaming with rage, because there was something about him that boils my blood. Whether it was his spic appearance or attitude towards Floyd lore. Me being a strong George Floyd Creepypasta advocate, I suddenly developed a strong desire to prove him wrong; to convert him from a George Floyd Creepypasta denier to a Floyd lore enthusiast. At first, I didn't know how exactly I would execute such a thing, so I brainstormed a bit to formulate a plan.

Initially, I thought of sending him the Mega archive folder that contains all of the existing George Floyd Creepypastas which was built together by a dedicated Floyd lore fan named BananaOfficial. All of those breathtaking tales are unified in a way where if you listened to them all, you cannot say George Floyd Creepypastas are just edgy memes written by attention-seeking teens.

I started with shooting Rigozen a link to the Mega folder via discord direct messages. His status happened to be online, so it didn't take long for him to reply. I was disappointed at his retort, which read, "Stop being a racist troll, get out of my DMs."

Drats, I thought. I needed to come up with a better strategy. Next, I thought of performing the George Floyd toy ritual, and perhaps send Rigozen video footage of a living breathing George Floyd toy. However, it is nowadays easy as fuck to do video CGI with the right software, so I decided not to bother. That left me with the sole option to show him a George Floyd Creepypasta anomaly in person. It seemed like a crazy scheme, since I have no idea how I would come in contact with Rigozen in real life. Maybe there is a way to solve this problem, I thought to myself. After all, there are certain George Floyd Creepypasta antagonists are able to traverse at godly speeds. The living George Floyd toy is one of them. Now, there are actually dozens of different George Floyd toy rituals, so I had to pick the one most appropriate for the situation.

I needed a living George Floyd toy that is able to listen to my commands under any circumstance. I went on the website NiggerRituals.com and browsed through all of the **based** paranormal threads, until I came across the Human size George Floyd toy slave summoning procedure. It piqued my interest, so I clicked on it to read the full description. It was essentially a ritual to bring your George Floyd human size plush to life, which then it will be exactly the ritual name suggests; a nigger slave in the form of the humpty dumpty-looking plush.

The steps were simple. The first was to obtain a dosage of nigger semen. However, the semen couldn't be from bug blacks; it had to be sperm originating from buck

niggers. For those of you who don't know, bug blacks are niggers that are weak and effeminate; they are the niggers that become nigger trannies or watch shonen anime like Naruto. Buck niggers on the other hand are the niggers that like to work out a lot and are physically powerful, examples include niggers in the NFL and of course the late George Floyd. Then, the sperm had to be injected into the human sized George Floyd Toy's stomach. After that, the human sized George Floyd toy should come to life and it would be the servant of anybody who it first sees.

The procedure was as straightforward as breathing, so I got to work.

The next day, I took a trip to the local sperm bank. It was my first time here, and I first noticed that the facility was divided according to the available in stock sperm characteristics. The least busy section was the nigger sperm donor section, which wasn't surprising because-let's face it-nobody would voluntarily choose to have monkeys as babies. The non existent lineup was a nice bonus though, since the nigger sperm donor section was where I needed to go for the human size George Floyd toy slave ritual.

I went over to the counter where sperm requests were taken.

"Hello sir, I am interested in a sample of any kind of sperm that isn't from one of those scrawny Soundcloud rappers," I requested.

"Very well," the receptionist said.

Fortunately, he knew exactly what I was talking about, and so he went through the full shelves of nigger semen vials, and then retrieved one to the front counter, along with a printed image of the nigger who it came from.

I took a look at the picture and sure enough, the nigger who was in the photo looked like the stereotypical six-foot-nine prison monkey named Tyrone. It was perfect for the ritual.

"Thanks, this is exactly what I want," I said. "How much would it be?"

"I will let you have it for free," the receptionist said. "We haven't had anyone pick up African male sperm in almost two years and our current stock is going to expire very soon, so we might as well hand them out free."

"Okay awesome, have a good day."

I took the vial of nigger sperm home, and then used a syringe to withdraw it until the needle was full. I tried my best not to have direct skin contact with the fluid because touching anything that comes from a nigger dick is nasty as fuck. I then proceeded to inject the nigger sperm into my human size George Floyd toy. I was glad that I finally had some practical use for the humongous toy, because all it did after I got bored of kneeling on it was sit around taking up otherwise useful space in the house, just like how niggers are a waste of space on the planet.

Once I emptied the syringe, the human size George Floyd toy's torso instantly began vibrating in a twerking motion, looking like the talking George Floyd toy. It then got up and said, "Ayo main, what shall I do for you?"

Holy shit, I thought. The ritual was working.

Realizing how quickly the toy became submissive to me, I grabbed my phone and then scrolled through Rigozen's YouTube channel, until I found a video that clearly showed Rigozen's house from a clear outdoor view that revealed his home address. I then showed my now enslaved human size George Floyd toy the timestamp, and told him to pull up to the house.

“Okay main, you got it,” it said in a robotic tone.

“Oh, before you go, I need to give you a little something,” I said.

I remembered receiving a Go-Pro camera for my sixteenth birthday from my dad which I never used, and came up with a viable purpose for it. I quickly went to my room and unboxed it, then strapped it onto the human size George Floyd toy slave’s head. I figured that hooking a live cam feed in the perspective of the slave toy would enable me to see Rigozen’s reaction when he sees the giant George Floyd toy show up at his house.

“See ya laterz main,” my human size George Floyd toy slave said, as I walked him out my house’s front door.

Later, I ran up to the bedroom computer that I connected to the Go-Pro camera, in order to be able to watch the live feed. Once I opened the Go-Pro live program, I set the channel to the one and only camera I had connected, then began viewing the live feed. I first noticed the rapid pace at which the human sized George Floyd toy was running. It was already on the highway, easily surpassing every car scurrying in the road. It put the nigger sprinter, Usain Bolt, to shame. Amazed, I predicted that it would arrive at Rigozen’s house in a matter of a few hours at most, wherever he lives.

The human-size George Floyd toy slave dashed through numerous states, propelling itself so fast that it was able to walk on water, which would have easily been able to drown the nigger toy slave since niggers can’t swim.

It had only been around 45 minutes since I released it, when I saw this ordinary-looking bungalow through the Go-Pro. I was able to see gaming LED chroma lights through the windows even in the daylight, which immediately gave away that this house belonged to none

other than Rigozen. The human-size George Floyd toy slave went up to the front door, and attempted to knock. However, because its stubby limbs are so soft, the knock produced little to no sound.

"Ah fuck, I can't knock main," the human-size George Floyd toy slave said in disappointment.

Eventually, the bug-brained toy found the doorbell and pressed it. Luckily, it wasn't one of those hard-to-press buttons that are designed only for racist chads who can bench press over 300 pounds, so an audible jingle was produced.

Shortly after, Rigozen answered the front door. Upon the interior of the bungalow coming to view, I saw the messy interior of the house that looked so putrid that I could smell the putrid odor through the computer screen.

"What in tarnation are you?" Rigozen said, shocked.

It was just the reaction I wanted from him, so I continued to watch, excitedly.

"Aye, I see anothah main, what shall I do foe you sir?" the human size George Floyd toy replied. "I be doin anythin foe you mastah."

I was dazed at what it said. Why was he all of a sudden submitting to Rigozen? I questioned myself. It was then, I remembered one of the rules of the human size George Floyd toy slave ritual: the human size George Floyd toy should come to life and it will be the servant of anybody who it sees. Drats, I should have remembered that catch. There wasn't any rule that stated that it will view only a specific person as its sole slave owner.

"Hmm, I could use a nice foot rub," Rigozen said, although a bit nervously.

"Sure thing main, take off yo shoes and I will get right into it."

Through the live Go-Pro camera, I watched as Rigozen took off his sandals and socks, to reveal his bare feet, which were covered in dry fungus. I could see droplets of yellow pus leak from the undersides of his green-tinted toenails. I could not fathom the awful smell of Rigozen's hooves.

"Oh fuck, it be so hard to breathe in that stank feet air," the human size George Floyd toy said in a queasy voice. "But I shall listen to you mastah."

I looked away because I almost puked when the nigger slave toy landed its paws on Rigozen's feet. After about 5 minutes of the agonizing massage, Rigozen finally told the toy that he had enough.

"Okay then main," the human size George Floyd toy slave said. "What shall I do foe you next mastah?"

"Please tell me," Rigozen began. "Where the hell did you come from, and why did you come to me?"

"Oh that, I will tell you. Some racist cracka who was mah former slave owner sent me to your home to prove to you the existence of me, but I be the slave of anyone, so you mah niggie now."

"A racist you say?"

"Yes indeed."

"Oh you know what you should do next?" Rigozen grinned. "Bring me to that racist you speak of."

Rigozen's request made my heart skip a beat. Seeing how the human size George Floyd toy slave arrived to his house so fast, it will definitely not be impossible for it to come back.

"Okay main, as you wish," the nigger toy slave said. "Hop on mah back and I will take you."

I watched as Rigozen jumped onto the back of the human size George Floyd toy.

“Ah damn you be fat as fuck,” the now struggling toy said. “But I should manage it don’t worry main.”

It then started to propel itself forward, but this time at a slightly slower pace due to the weight of Rigozen on its back. It wasn’t a significant enough impediment for it to take only hours to arrive at my house though.

I prepared for what was to come. Foreseeing the possible home invasion, I barricaded every window and opening of my house with any furniture I could find. It took me around two hours to completely secure my perimeter.

I found myself in my upstairs washroom thinking it was going to be a foolproof defence, until I heard a loud crash from downstairs. Quickly, I ran to where I thought the noise came from, which was my living room, to meet eyes with Rigozen, who was mounted on the human size George Floyd toy slave’s back. Behind them was the broken couch that I dragged by the now shattered living room window.

“What the fuck?” I said, puzzled. “How did you break in?”

“You see, all dat acceleration allowed me to impose all dat force n’ shieet,” the toy slave said.

“Destroy that racist,” Rigozen commanded Floyd.

The gigantic plush rushed at me, committing to the failure of a Youtuber’s direction. Because it wasn’t able to build up sufficient acceleration in my confined living room, I was fast enough to dodge it. That isn’t to say it was slow though; its charge didn’t miss me by much. After it took half a second to regain its energy, it charged at me again, this time even closer to landing a hit on me. I knew that it could eventually tire me out, so I decided to attempt a counter-attack: enslave the toy once again to stop attacking me. After all, there wasn’t any rule in the ritual

that stated that it will willingly refuse to follow a specific person's commands.

"I command you to stop attacking me," I shouted at the plush.

As soon as I finished my sentence, it immediately stopped charging at me.

"What are you doing bro? Keep destroying that racist!" Rigozen yelled.

The confused toy then resumed charging at me. But right before it could arrive too close, I told it to stop. It listened to me again. Growing furious, Rigozen told it to follow his order, but I shortly countered his request. This process continued to repeat, at an increasing pace, until the human size George Floyd toy slave started to spin like a Beyblade as a result of overwhelming confusion.

Eventually, I saw the portion of the fabric that made up the nigger toy's face turn from poop-brown to jade-green, indicating it was starting to feel nauseous from the constant ballerina spinning. It didn't take long for the human-size George Floyd toy to begin puking out its stuffing. I could see the white beans being launched all over my living room, from its big-lipped mouth. In addition, I could see gobs of the nigger cum I injected into it earlier being released, some of it landing on Rigozen's glasses.

"I don't feel so good main, I can't breef from all dis puking, imma die!" the sick toy said.

As time passed, I noticed it shrinking in size, as its stuffing depleted. Eventually, it became nothing but a piece of blanket that resembled a nigger version of Flat Stanley.

With nothing to defend himself, Rigozen immediately begged me not to hurt him. I could tell he was intimidated by my racist chad physique, which his

liberal Mexican build could never hope to stand a chance against in a hand-to-hand fight, so Rigozen fled, jumping out my living room through the broken window.

With that libtard gone, I was relieved. I looked down to the now completely sagged human-size George Floyd toy. It was lifeless-as if no ritual had ever been performed on it. To be safe, I took the massive piece of cloth and tossed it in the garbage bin. It was in case a human-size George Floyd homunculus eventually awakens with the leftover nigger semen in it.

I am now typing this, partially bummed out that I had to end up getting rid of that expensive \$500 toy. The moral of the story, if you ever do the human-size George Floyd toy slave ritual, keep it away from anyone but yourself. It may turn on you at someone's command.

Note: The real-life Rigozen ended up reacting to this pasta on his YouTube channel. However, the retard forgot to bleep out 'nigger' when he posted the video, so it ended up getting him a community strike LOL. George Floyd Creepypastas remain undefeated.

The Black Wizard: A D&D Adventure

By KatBoxAssassin

Some people might say that Dungeons and Dragons is not a game for **based** racist gigachads, alphas, or even those with the enigmatic sigma male grindset. This is partially true. Many players of D&D are soyboys who buy jars with women's farts inside of them, and have never touched a lady before ever in their wasted lives. These are the wastes of sperm that the **based** nigger Jesse Lee Peterson would refer to as beta males, which is an accurate description of the average D&D enthusiast. But I am here to tell you that this is not always the case. I am a D&D player who also is a White nationalist chad of the highest Aryan order. I wake up in the morning already on my third set of bench presses while listening to the great composer and antisemite, Richard Wagner. I can bench a thousand now, but I digress.

I am here to tell you that dungeons and dragons is a **based** game that stimulates the mind and expands the imagination, which is something that all White people should do. You will never find a fithy kaballah reading, baby dick sucking kike at a D&D session because there is no money to be made, and you will most certainly never find a low IQ bootlipped nigger monkey either. A nigger does not have the capacity for abstract thought, or any kind of thought other than finding new ways to ruin every aspect of the White man's culture. For any South Africans out there, feel free to use the word kaffer instead of nigger if that elevates your Vrill, and raises your Hyperborean spirit.

Many people get stuck in the worlds they create while playing the game, but this is not a story about how losers retreat from their incel lives in the real world. Sometimes what happens in real life is stranger than fiction, as you well know, recently in 2022 a baboon bush boogy nigger is running for a U.S. senate seat while smoking nigger blunts in his campaign ad. My story begins here. I had some friends over at my house to play some D&D. I had homemade meade ready to drink, and some epic power metal on the stereo ready to go so I could get myself into the mood of my Viking warrior king character.

The doorbell rang, so I got up to open the door. Standing there was Varg Vikernes, Bill Bailey from the game show Cash Taxi, and Ronnie McNutt. I let them in and filled three meade horns because I knew that the real life blue haired wojak meme Ronnie McNutt was only going to have some sissy drink he brought with him. Varg burnt down a church in Norway, which I don't approve of, but his knowledge of D&D and fantasy lore, including George Floyd lore, is unmatched throughout the entire world, and he has experience with actually stabbing someone in the head to death. He is a wizard of the 1488th degree, and an expert on using this magic to kill orcs, or as we call them in the real world, violent nigger apes not worthy of a single breath of the White man's air. Bill Bailey is an assassin with amazing skills in camouflage, subtlety, and martial arts which give him the edge on ambush attacks. Sometimes killing the enemy with a single well placed blow to the vagus nerve. Ronnie McNutt, although a soyboy, is a masterful White wizard specializing in defense and healing magic, which is the only reason I play the game with this lowlife faggot retard. I am a Viking king warrior that cuts down my enemies in

large numbers—almost as high as the number of people that Somali pirate niggers waving knives around have killed in shopping malls in Minneapolis, albeit they do it in real life while I only do it in the game because I am a law abiding White man.

So before we sat down to get the game started, we turned off the lights, and lit the giant candles in the four corners of my family room, with one regular candle in the center of the table. I pulled out the twelve sided die we use to conduct the game from my personally signed Mel Gibson leather satchel, but it didn't feel right. I placed it down on the table and noticed that something was very wrong. The twelve sided die I had custom made by Ian Stuart Donaldson was carved out of White stone and enchanted with Vril. This one felt chalky, and I noticed it left a white powder on the table. I looked at my companions in sheer disbelief and confusion. Bill Bailey quickly jumped up and tasted it. It was fentanyl.

"We have to get the fuck out of here now!" Bill yelled.

Then all the windows in my house shattered at once when a giant thunderclap sounded off (not to be confused with a booty clap or twerk which sheboon nigger bitches often do to attract male nigger monkey boys). Then the candles were blown out, and we were shrouded in darkness. It was too late to run, and I still didn't understand what was happening.

That's when a blue light filled the room. I turned to Varg Vikernes only to see him dressed in a pointy grey wizard hat and cloak pondering an orb from where the blue light was emanating. Ronnie McNutt was now dressed in a white wizard robe, and carrying a staff with a sealed jar attached to the top of it. I don't know what it was for, but I'm sure it was filled with a fart from his

abomination of a girlfriend, or some OnlyFans whore that he simped for.

"We are going to have to fight. Are you ready?" said Bill Bailey, who was now dressed like an assassin from the video game Black Lives Splatter.

"What the fuck is going on?" I said as I realized I was holding a two handed broadsword, and wearing white enchanted plate armor that was pulsing with Vril.

Bill replied, "I am Bill Bailey of Cash Taxi as a disguise, and I pay my bills as Bill in this dimension. My real name is Derek Chauvin, and it has been my duty to kill the ape of all apes, the nigger George Floyd over and over and over. He has been brought back to life by the demon Remphan for thousands of years to destroy the Aryan spirit by ripping White babies out of White bellies, or by impregnating White women with his monkey ass watermelon seed which sucks the Vril out of the Aryan race. The three of us have chosen you because you have more Vril than any other, and are the most racist and **based** chad the world has ever known, quite possibly our last hope to destroy that black big nosed nigger for good. Are you ready?"

Yes I am ready. I hate niggers. I mean I really fucking hate niggers, and the only good nigger is a dead nigger. So let's go kill this nigger."

It was at that moment the entire wall of my living room was sucked into the outside sky. The deep fentanyl breath of that big ugly nigger Floyd ruined the house I've worked so hard to pay off. Just like every other nigger destroying what the White man's industry created.

"It's on, you ghetto cricket shitskin groid," I thought, as I felt my Vril fill my veins with something a nigger could never have. A purpose.

The nigger George Floyd was not alone, and as you

all know that's because niggers never fight alone. Along with him was Tyrone Woodley who Jake Paul dropped like a nigger's murder charge, Jussie Smollett who I have no idea why hat giant waste of oxygen George the nigger Floyd would bring a jewish nigger faggot to a fight, and that abominable tranny that has been fed the answers to the questions on that game show where you give the answers in a form of a question. I don't know the disgusting tranny's name, and I never will because I don't care.

"Aw sheeeit mayne. We gone fuck you up and sheeit. Me an ma nigguz don't be playin an sheeit mayne. By duh powuh of redfan black magic we gone kill you niggaz an sheeeit mayne," said the baboon big lipped George Floyd who had on a wizard hat and cloak that resembled the one that Varg Vikernes was wearing. I could tell that Varg was pissed the fuck off about this as he stopped pondering his orb, and began to cast a spell.

"I be dat black wizard and shit mayne," said George Floyd.

Varg replied, "You are no black wizard. Just a worthless black nigger!" It was then that lightning fell from the sky from Varg Vikernes's incantation, and struck Jussie Smollett right in the head. He finally got attacked by a White supremacist, but the nigger jew faggot died before he could tell the press.

"Oh fuck momma, you keeeled dat nigga, nigga. Take dis White boy!" George Floyd raised his big gorilla arms to the sky and chanted, "Sheeit mayne Sheeit!"

Suddenly what seemed to be snow began to fall, but it was no mere winter weather. It was fentanyl. We all could feel ourselves begin to overdose on the fentanyl snow, when Ronnie McNutt cast a powerful narcan shield spell that reversed the effect of the fentanyl on our whole

party.

This enraged the BLM monkey shill Tyrone Woodley, and he began to attack Ronnie McNutt with his monkey fists screaming, "Black Lives Matter" over and over and over. Derek Chauvin, formerly known as Bill Bailey from Cash Taxi, then ambushed that nigger Tyrone Woodley with a stun chop to the neck, rendering him paralyzed. Varg Vikernes then summoned the power of Jake Paul and a giant fist appeared out of nowhere, knocking the nigger's head right off his disgusting monkey body into the air, never to be seen again.

However, it was too late for Ronnie McNutt. I could see the soyboy White wizard was dying. He looked at me and said, "I guess that's it."

The nigger tyrone Woodley had beat him to death before he could cast a forcefield spell to deflect the gorilla attack because the narcan shield spell had drained his magical powers. But before he died he opened the jar on the end of his staff, and what I thought was a thot fart was actually the Vril Ronnie had given up to enchant my two handed broad sword, giving me the power to save the Aryan race from niggers, jews, spics, chinks, faggots, and trannies.

"Your sacrifice will not be in vain," I said to Ronnie's corpse as his dead body forced out a shit (which happens because the muscles holding in feces relax upon death) and stained his white robe. It was then that I saw that George Floyd's giant nostrils widened and that giant nigger nose got even bigger than a sheboon's swollen twerking monkey ass. "Ooga booga booga nigga he he he ha. I can't be dyin an sheeit. I gots ma nigga redfan gone fuck yall up n' sheeit mayne."

It was then I saw the darkness of the sky clear and the biggest nose I've ever seen in my life appeared.

"It's Remphan," both Derek Chauvin and Varg Vikernes said at the same time, and a look of pure terror came over their faces.

The giant hook nose of Remphan said, "Oy vey Goyim! I'm stealing your Vril, and making dollar bills." The nigger wizard George Floyd popped and locked and turned Varg Vikernes into a piece of giant fried chicken, and then ate him. Remphan blew its giant kvetching nose all over Derek Chauvin, which after covering him began to squeeze the life out of him as gold coins began to come out of his mouth.

"I can't breathe." Derek gasped.

"How dat feel White boy. Cracka ass cracka knee me out but I be back fo good an sheeit now mayne." said the gloating big lipped and nosed monkey nigger as he sucked in his breath and stole Derek Chauvin's last bit of Vril.

I didn't know if I could win this battle, but I wasn't going down without a fight. The nigger George Floyd began to cast a spell in conjunction with the giant hook nose of Remphan. I suddenly remembered that Ronnie McNutt had enchanted my sword.

I held it with two hands to my chest, and I screamed, "There was never a holocaust!" to which Remphan recoiled in horror babbling in Yiddish about things that I don't care about.

"Martin Luther King Jr's name is Michael King, and he was a piece of shit commie nigger who laughed at women who were being raped by other niggers!" this did not effect the nigger George Floyd in the least because he is down to rape women, and it is because of the jewish communists that he ever got a stimmy check, or an EBT card. It was worth a try, and bought me some time. It was then that I knew the purpose of my Vril, and all

those that have it in them, my people the Aryans, would lend me their Vril in a time of great need, so I threw my sword to the sky. Much like that BLM shill Tyrone the nigger Woodley's head I thought it would never be seen again. At that moment a great White light appeared in the sky and formed into what I thought was an angel, but it was the Queen of Vril, the angel of the Aryan race, Maria Orsic. I couldn't believe my eyes as she swooped down in glorious fashion with my sword and banished the jewish baby dick sucking demon with a stunning blow reminiscent of Michael the archangel slaying the dragon.

"Oh sheeit mayne. My nigga redfan dat nigga be in hell an sheeit mayne. Gonna kill you mayne," said the beast of big lips. "Imma get dat White bitch get her wit a nigga baby in dat pregant belly an sheeeit mayne fo real nigga what."

It was then Maria Orsic spoke to me inside my mind and said, "I've done my part in this and must return to Hyperborea to continue my work with the interdimensional Aryans to make sure that the Aryans of Earth have the Vril they need to overcome international jewry, niggers, and all the other degenerates of your world. You have been blessed with the ultimate sacrifice of Vril as Ronnie McNutt lived the life of a soyboy simp so that you could have the strength to do what you need to do. Now go kill that stupid greasy nigger monkey."

Maria Orsic then flew off into the cosmos leaving me with a great responsibility. One of which I was up to taking on for my people. The killing of worthless wizard niggers propped up by demonic kikes. I began to approach the big nose and lipped nigger George Floyd with confidence in my ability to destroy him once and for all. For the race. He was a big fucking nigger, but I am the most **based** most racist chad the

world has ever known. The low IQ nigger was still perplexed by the Aryan beauty of Maria Orsic that I was able to take him by surprise, also because George Floyd, as big as he is, is just a stupid fucking nigger.

I slapped his wizard hat off of his stupid nigger head, and I yelled, "That's for Varg Vikernes!"

The nigger George Floyd was taken aback, and he said to me, "Sheeit mayne where dat White woman go?"

I understood that he didn't even realize that I was going to slay him, and send him to hell because he is preoccupied with the beauty of White women, and can only think with his nigger dick. I began to beat the living shit out of the big nose nigger.

"That's for Ronnie McNutt," I said. Then I punched him in his grotesque nigger nose and he fell to the ground.

"Oh fuck momma," George Floyd cried, "Could dis really be duh end an sheeit mayne?"

I replied, "You better fucking believe it nigger. Give Remphan my regards in hell you stupid fucking worthless big lipped White women raping nigger."

It was then I focused my Vrill, jumped into the air like some nigger basketball player, and I came down on the shitskin groid's neck with a devastating blow with my knee, and said while looking right into his soulless jigaboo eyes, "And that is for Derek Chauvin, formally known as Bill Bailey from the gameshow Cash Taxi. He's not around to kill you anymore, but I will be waiting. Stay the fuck in hell you nigger monkey bastard, or I will skin you alive and wear it as a trophy!"

"Sheeit mayne. I can't breaff an sheeit," said the nigger with the biggest nigger lips, and the nose designed to steal the air from all decent White people all over the Earth.

The nigger George Floyd was dead. Hopefully for

good, but in the case that porch monkey boot lipped nigger comes back I'll be ready. It was then I realized that the degenerate tranny that was being fed answers to that game show where you put your answer in the form of a question was never defeated, but when I looked for the abomination of all that is holy I found the disgusting faggot ass tranny had killed itself. I was not surprised because it is a tranny's place to commit suicide because it has no purpose whatsoever, and suicide for a tranny is part of natural selection. Hopefully the rest of them will follow the lead of this worthless piece of subhuman garbage.

So next time you hear about some incel soyboys going to play some D&D, remember that they sacrificed their Aryan essence so you can be a mega **based** racist Aryan chad. Or if you are a mega **based** racist Aryan chad like myself they might be in need of your Vril to help exterminate those that would oppose our superiority, and you might have a chance to destroy niggerdom and jewry before it is too late.

I Know the Real Reason the US Lost in Afghanistan

By BuckFlackPeople

During the last days of August, 2021, the United States completed its withdrawal from Afghanistan. For 20 years, the United States remained in Afghanistan, despite having successfully assassinated Osama Bin Laden in 2011.

Osama was the main reason we were deployed to Afghanistan in the first place, so many wonder why American troops were deployed to Afghanistan for so long. Some will tell you it was to train the Afghani Army to protect themselves. This is false, as the Afghani military was made up of cowards who had no will to fight for their own nation. They regularly molested children, and only ever cared about securing funds from America to serve their own corrupt and decadent lifestyles (think of an international equivalent of the gimme-dats that niggers receive from the government). Those retarded shitskins you saw falling from C-130 aircraft at the Kabul Airport were not women and children. They were fighting age men who were perfectly capable of wielding a rifle, and thus their meeting their pathetic, retarded demise as a splatter of blood and shit on an airport runway is more than fitting for such cowards.

Another reason some say the United States stayed in Afghanistan so long is due to Jewish influence. Indeed, this is true. Jews, along with other scummy elites, stood to profit from the pointless sacrifice of troops in Afghanistan. Defense contractors, oil companies, and companies in many more industries all stood to profit from the war.

Another Jewish profiteer of the war was the nation of Israel. Israel has long since used the US military to destabilize and suppress countries in the Middle East, including but not limited to Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq, and Iran. Israel does this because it ensures its survival against its Arab neighbors, who rightfully want to **[redacted]** them as Jews are a plague on the entire planet, let alone any area of the Earth they inhabit. While this was a contributing factor to the start and failure of the War in Afghanistan, it was not the main factor behind both of those things. The main factor behind the cause of the War in Afghanistan was a terrorist so dangerous that he made Osama Bin Laden look tame. The terrorist's name was Mohammed George Floyd Al-Fentanyl, and I was the special forces commando sent to take him down.

Let me begin by introducing myself. My name is Jeff, and I was sent to Afghanistan in 2001 to search for a dangerous man who caused the deadliest attack on American soil in our history. Before I begin my story, I think it is important you know the context of why this man was so wanted by the government. It was a normal day on September 11th, 2001, but little did America know that Israel was plotting a catastrophic terrorist attack. They planned to destroy the World Trade Center. Many think that the terrorists hijacked planes and crashed them into the Twin Towers, however this is a lie. The planes were not hijacked, but they were steered into the towers. Allow me to explain: five Mossad agents sent by the state of Israel convinced an ugly nigger with enormous nostrils, George Floyd, to go to the top of the Twin Towers.

He couldn't take simple directions as he was completely braindead, so they simply told him that there were pregnant belly pics at the top of the South Tower.

He said, "Oo la la, there be pregnant bitches up deh n' shiet?" before racing to the top floor within seconds. Once George Floyd reached the top of the South Tower, he took in the beautiful view. He said, "Ah shit mayne, the air up here be so good and sheet. I'm gonna take it all in mayne." He then started to breathe in through his enormous nostrils. The force from him inhaling was so strong, that the vacuum he created was able to pull in American Airlines Flight 11 into the North Tower, creating a massive explosion and dooming many to their death. George Floyd did not even notice the plane hit the first tower. As the smoke from the North Tower started to reach him, he thought that someone was making barbecue.

He said, "Ah shit mayne, is that barbecue?!" George Floyd then took another deep breath through his fatass nigga nostrils, this time creating another vacuum that sucked in United Airlines Flight 175, which crashed into the South Tower. As the smoke started to reach George Floyd, he said, "Ah shit mayne, there be too much smoke. I can't breathe, I can't fucking breathe mayne, I'm boutta sneeze mayne *sniff sniff*."

He then sneezed, causing a doomsday scale shockwave that began the collapse of both towers, whose structural integrity was damaged already by the planes. He then used a wingsuit the Israelis gave him to get off the roof, propelling himself through the air using his nostril air, and landed in the Hudson River and was taken via boat into New Jersey, where Israeli Mossad agents who helped plan the attack were waiting to assist George Floyd in leaving the country. The Israelis gave George Floyd a plane ticket so he could escape the country to Israel along with unmarked bills, cheap weed, and purple drank as payment for his participation. Once Floyd left,

the Israelis began to celebrate by dancing wildly on top of a parking lot, where they were noticed by a woman and reported to the feds. They were eventually let go, most likely because America had prior knowledge the attack was going to happen and just wanted to use it as an excuse to expand its invasion of the Middle East. If you would like to read more on this, you can look up "The Dancing Israelis on 9/11," and try to find an article that doesn't call it a conspiracy.

Before George Floyd even touched down in Israel, the CIA had already identified him as the cause of the 9/11 attacks. However, they kept this info secret from the public, because if Whites found out a nigger had caused 9/11, it would certainly start a race war that Whites would 100% win. And while I'm **based** and want nothing else in the world but to see that happen, President Bush did not want this to happen as he thought it would jeopardize his re-election, as well as deprive America of a brainless consumer race. Soon after the attacks, a former Mujahideen leader and, at the time, current leader of Al-Qaeda, Osama Bin Laden, claimed responsibility for the 9/11 attacks to boost the profile of his group. Despite providing no evidence whatsoever, America convinced the public that it was Osama Bin Laden that committed the attack and not George Floyd. Upon Israel's request, America invaded Afghanistan to capture Osama.

While this was all happening, George Floyd touched down in Israel. He saw the way Palestinians were treated as second class citizens and soon felt sympathetic towards their cause and culture. This is of course despite the fact that blacks are not successful because they are barbaric ape-creatures which contribute nothing to society, and lack the ambition to create anything of value. This is in contrast to the Palestinians who are forced to live in

subhuman conditions in their own homeland. It is similar to what is happening to modern day working class White people . When George Floyd tried to join the Palestinians in their struggle against Israel, they rejected him as although they need help against Israel, they did not want a filthy nigger among their ranks. So, George Floyd grew out a beard, studied the Quran, and changed his name to Mohammad George Floyd Al Fentanyl. Still, the Palestinians rejected him, as their problems with him lied in the fact that he was a nigger and not a non-Muslim. So Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl, fled to Afghanistan to link up with Osama Bin Laden and join Al Qaeda, who were all over the news.

Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl found Osama Bin Laden in his cave hideout. He felt right at home as niggers still dwell in ancient structures like caves and mud huts in Africa, and he was accepted into Al-Qaeda as they were recruiting fighters from all over the world. However, Osama took a unique liking to George Floyd. You see, Arabs regularly go out of their way to fuck anything that is not a woman. They fuck things like goats and little boys, and if they do fuck a woman it is their own first cousin. So, Osama wanted to take the next step by having sex with a nigger. George Floyd, meanwhile, was interested in getting fucked in the ass as he had recently watched the movie *Buck Breaking* by Tariq Lasneed. For those of you who don't know, *Buck Breaking* is a two hour movie claiming black slaves got fucked in the ass by their White massah's. Obviously, this never happened, however Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl watched it and developed a humiliation fetish. From then on out, Bin Laden and Floyd were a gay secret couple within Al-Qaeda.

Ten years later, I walked into a briefing room for what would be one of the most important missions of my career as a Navy Seal. I would be leading the team that would kill George Floyd. I'm sure most of you know the story of how we assassinated Bin Laden. However, stories leave out one crucial detail, that the mission was not launched with the goal of assassinating Osama, but rather Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl. When I kicked down the door to Osama's room, I saw something that would haunt my dreams for the rest of my life. I saw Osama Bin Laden buck breaking Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl.

"Aw shit mayne, it be the infidels and sheet," said the nigger muslim Floyd. Floyd leaped off of Osama's cock and jumped through a window naked, leaving Osama to die. I mag dumped my M4 into Osama, as although he wasn't actually responsible for the 9/11 attacks, I just hate brown people and especially brown queers, so naturally I immediately wanted to kill him on sight. When we reported this story to the media, they either did not believe it, or wanted to cover it up, so they replaced the part where George Floyd was getting dogged by Osama with a part about him bodyshielding with a woman. In addition, the media claimed we gave Osama a traditional Muslim burial. This is not true, as we simply kicked his body over the side of a ship, where it was immediately ripped to pieces by sharks.

After the death of Osama Bin Laden, GMohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl became the leader of Al Qaeda. He was a beloved leader among the insurgents, as he showed even less mercy to his enemies than Osama. George Floyd was able to gain victory after victory over the Afghani military, who although were given countless resources for training and equipment by American

taxpayers, lacked any will to fight, This is because the average Afghani soldier's only plan in life was to migrate to the West to rape White women and collect welfare. America did little to stop it, as attention on the region decreased significantly after Bin Laden's death. I recently learned that Mohammad George Floyd Al-Fentanyl was conquering all this territory not to spite America or take the country back, but because he wanted to consolidate control of the country's many hash farms, as niggers love cheap weed.

In 2020, a video went viral of a nigger getting kneeled on by a police officer, causing one of if not the biggest nigger chimpout in human history. This nigger was none other than George Floyd, which should have been impossible as he was in Afghanistan at the time. My theory was that one of the George Floyds, either the one that ate shit or the terrorist one, was from some sort of alternate dimension. Regardless, I really didn't even think too much about it, as any time I saw that video of that dumb nigger under the boot of a White chad, I would crack up laughing.

In 2021, the fall of the Afghani puppet state began. American ambassadors and remaining soldiers began to evacuate the country en masse. I was waiting for a plane while listening to a radio, when I came across a Taliban propaganda broadcast. The man talking was spouting the usual propaganda, "We will eliminate the Great Satan, death to America, blah blah blah."

However, he said something that caught my attention. He said the Taliban would be banning all fast food locations, including McDonalds, Burger King, and most importantly, KFC. I laughed to myself, thinking that George Floyd would never survive in this new Afghanistan. Little did I know how right I truly was. When

I boarded my flight, I got the window seat, with a German Shepherd sitting next to me on my left. I was completely fine with this, as a dog deserved a flight out of Afghanistan far more than any Afghani. In front of me was a man with long hair, wearing a Burger King crown. As the plane started to take off, I looked to my right and noticed an odd shape on the landing gear of the plane. I then realized it was none other than George Floyd. He was trying to flee the country, as the Taliban which he had led for so many years were now banning KFC and hard drugs. My guess is that he wanted to go back to America to become a welfare dependent ape, similar to most niggers. However, this was not meant to be.

When I pointed him out, the man in front of me shouted, "Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!"

We started getting higher and higher. George Floyd said, "Ah shit mayne, the altitude is rising, which means the atmosphere is becoming less concentrated with oxygen and more with nitrogen, which is preventing me from breathing. I can't breathe."

George Floyd fell off the plane, plummeting to the ground where he almost certainly splattered into a gory mess reminiscent of Ronnie McNutt's exploded head.

I am writing this on the flight back to America. Unfortunately, the United States is taking in tons of refugees from Afghanistan, despite the fact that its collapse was completely the fault of the Afghani military. My advice to Americans is to not believe any stories the media touts. The media said George Floyd was a martyr, when in fact he was a dumb gorilla who overdosed on fentanyl. They also shifted the blame of 9/11 from Israel to the Arabs, who, although subhumans who contribute nothing to our society and follow a violent religion, were innocent of the 9/11 attacks. Finally, around blacks, never

relax, as they pose a threat to our society that Arabs could never dream. The legacy of the black parasite on America and the destruction it has caused is the equivalent to hundred September 11th's.

The George Floyd Anteater

By Jordan Cleeman

I am an avid ant farm enthusiast. I own twelve of them, each containing different species. One contains the badass bullet ants, which possess a formidable bite that feels like a gun wound. They are my favorite because I would occasionally release them into the protesting faggots downtown. It is funny as fuck seeing them bite off the fake penises of ""trans men"", who are of course women who are pretending to be men. The reason I keep so many ants is purely for personal satisfaction. Something about watching their lifecycle and day-to-day colony activities intrigue me almost as much as watching Ronnie McNutt's suicide. Maintaining them as pets is relatively low maintenance too. I only have to pour a few pints of food pellets in each ant farm, once a week. It is the polar opposite to having to keep a leashless nigger slave who constantly asks for banana sandwiches for its dinner.

Because of all that jazz, I never had to feel a bit of concern managing them all. However, that was until an absolutely terrifying event that still haunts me to this day. I will tell you about my encounter with the malevolent creature, the Floyd Anteater.

It was an ordinary day, soon after the beginning of spring; the start of the breeding season. I was preparing for the annual ritual of mating the ants with the queen for each of the ant farms. You see, I am a **based** racist, so I selected the lightest colored ant as the male; my goal is to eventually selectively breed them enough to create White

ants for each species since black ants remind me of niggers. Anyway, back to the story.

For each of the twelve species, I had a separate terrarium, which was used for breeding rooms. I put the respective species' queen in each of them, and then add the genetically superior ants - the lightest color ones. The breeding process is very fast. The queen lays hundreds of eggs each day, which allows for extremely efficient selective breeding. Cherry picking the lightest exoskeleton offspring is done en masse. After all of the mating couples were finished doing their thing, I placed the male studs back to their respective terrariums, and watched as the bellies of all the pregnant queens began to expand, indicating the growth of their egg sacs.

Along with that ant breeding project, I also do a bit of experimenting on the critters. I would mostly feed them copious amounts of drugs, such as trenbolone. So far, my results suggest that anabolic steroids increase the size of ants. Too much steroids, however, can instantly kill ants given an excess dosage, so for the past couple of months, I've been increasing the trenbolone dosage for the experimented ant, who I named Ronnie McColeman, by miniscule increments. Originally, Ronnie McColeman was actually one of the smaller ants in his colony, originally named Ronnie McNutt. However, after all those weeks of injecting him trenbolone, he is now almost nine times the size of the average ant of his species, now named after an eight time Mr. Olympia, Ronnie Coleman (who, despite being a nigger, isn't that awful).

After I administered his daily injection, I set him beside a large pile of food pellets, because even with steroids, a good diet is still necessary to achieve huge gains. It boils my blood to hear shitlibs advocating for anabolic-androgenic drugs to turn people (and especially

little girls) into trannies, yet are completely against steroids for bodybuilding purposes because they believe it is too cheaty and completely eliminates the need to train and eat to build muscle.

That was when I heard a knock on my front door. I quickly hid the vial of trenbolone in my fridge in case a group of officers were here to arrest me for suspected steroid possession, and then went to the door to answer.

"Hello," I greeted the mysterious guest, as I swung the door open.

Because I am a lonely man whose only network is online racist friends, I was expecting the voice to come from a person of a professional job position, such as a mail man or a police officer, rather than an in-real-life friend. However, the voice I heard was the total opposite of my assumption.

"Ooga booga, I aim here-a becuss I can smell some tasty pregnant aunt queens!" the voice said, in an extremely nasal tone.

When I looked at the man who stood on my porch, I gasped in shock at the appearance of his face. His skeletal anatomy was that of a regular six foot five nigger.

However, judging by his face alone would've led me to think that he was an animal. Even though the super fat noses of niggers are already inhuman enough, the facial feature where the nigger nose would have been was something alien-like. It was a strikingly odd combination of a mouth and a jew nose. It was a lengthy mass that protruded from in between his eyes. The tip of it, where its circular mouth was, hung about five inches below the nigger's chin. The nose-mouth face appendage's color has a minor contrast from the nigger's default skin color; it was grey, like an elephant or seal, with bits of whisker hair sticking out.

It was the trunk of a giant anteater.

"Who the fuck are you?" I said.

"I be George the Anteater main," he said, as his anteater trunk began to rise, similar to a growing boner. "I need to come in, so I can consume mah favourite snack, dem pregnant queens."

"No nigger, I don't even know you. No way in hell I am going to let you in my home."

I slammed the door on him. Because of his pure ugliness and my duty to protect my ant colonies, letting him in would be a disaster. I made sure to seal all the curtains around the house shut, to ensure he can't peek in. Niggers are always so hyperfocused towards committing violent crimes such as home invasions, rather than making positive contributions to society, so I wouldn't be surprised if he were to make subsequent attempts to get in my home.

I wanted to relax my mind after seeing that extraordinarily ugly nigger, so I decided to go on my gaming PC to play a few ranked games of Black Lives Splatter: Online First Person Shooter Edition. You may be wondering why I would play such a sweaty game, when I was trying to relax. You see, I am actually one of the best players globally, so I clap the enemies in the nigger team without any noticeable effort. This game's ranked queue to me is as relaxing as a fifty-year-old mom playing the fifth level of Wordscape.

My relaxation came to an end when I heard what sounded like nails scratching against blackboard. It seemed to be coming from the exterior wall of my house. It was so loud that it pierced my ears, even though I was wearing one of those heavy duty noise-canceling gaming headsets that plays surround sound. I quickly left the match to avoid messing up my 30 K/D, and then ran to the

back side of the house. What I saw staring back at me sent shivers down my spine. There he was - George the Anteater - right in the middle of my hallway.

"H-how did you manage to get in my house you stupid nigga monkey anteater?" I asked, confused.

"Hehehe, you shouldn't have built your house with wood main," George the Anteater cackled. "It be so easy to break in with mah nice banana size claws."

I looked at the long nose nigger's hands, to see his extremely long and sharp nails. If you didn't know, anteaters have some of the most formidable claws in the animal kingdom, as surprising as it sounds.

I was then distracted by the massive hole that George the Anteater tore. It was massive and I could not even begin to imagine the pain if the nigger were to use his claws on me. George the Anteater used that diversion to sprint to the direction of the room where I store all my ants - the garage. I started running in his direction in an attempt to chase him. Even though his claws are more than powerful enough to tear me to pieces, my ants are like my babies. I would protect them even at the cost of my own life. However, the fucking nigger was too fast. As retarded as niggers are, their speed at least helps them when it comes to being chased by cops after committing hefty crimes.

Once George the Anteater inevitably entered my garage, he began rubbing his stomach, looking like a US ex-prisoner who is about to eat his favourite pizza after decades of eating shitty prison food.

"Yum yum!" he beamed. "It gonna be a lit meal. Let's get dis party started But before I eat them pregnant queen, I shall save them for dessert and start with the little ones!"

He skipped to the nearest ant farm, and then stuck his Anteater trunk into the container. Once the tip of it was in the perfect position; perpendicular to the top, George the Anteater began sucking in all the ants.

"Ahahahah, nice breathing in all of them ants!" he said. "Ah feels so good main!"

After he consumed all the leafcutter ants, he went off to the next ant farm, and sucked them all in with his trunk. Even though I'd have wanted to protect all the ants, what I mostly cared about were the pregnant queen ants, since they are the most important aspect of preserving my breeding project's bloodlines. I slowly went between George the Anteater and my terrariums of queen ants. I could never be a challenge against his wolverine-like claws, but my life revolves around my ants, and I would McNutt myself if I lost my entire breeding stock anyway.

Once George the Anteater was all done consuming all of my worker ant colonies, he turned to face my direction.

"Care to get outta mah way so I can finally breathe in mah dessert?" he said smugly. "I am still hungry as fuck main!"

"No!" I said.

"Then so be it."

George the Anteater drew his right claw, and then pointed it to my neck, akin to when George Floyd pointed a gun to a pregnant woman's belly. His claws inched closer to my throat as seconds went by.

I suddenly came to the realization that George the Anteater only consumed the ants in the colony; he forgot to eat Ronnie McColeman the trenbolone ant. To buy myself time, I pointed it out to him.

“Hey George the Anteater, you forgot to eat that one,” I said, as I pointed at Ronnie McColeman, who was alone in his enclosed terrarium.

George the Anteater immediately noticed the size of that ant and began drooling.

“Main, I love pregnant queen ants, but dayum, dat ant be thick as fuck, so I shall consume it before I begin the pregnant queen dessert,” he said.

He rushed at the gigantic ant, and then used his circular lips to surround it, sucking it in like a bubble tea straw. However, because of Ronnie McColeman’s size, George the Anteater struggled to breathe it in.

“Ah fuck this ant be too big to suck in. I can’t breef!” he said.

George the Anteater’s face turned from dark brown to a blue hue, and then he shortly dropped to the ground, dead.

I was relieved that he didn’t get a chance to consume my queen ants. However, I wasn’t sure about the welfare of Ronnie McColeman, since he was stuck in the middle of George the Anteater’s trunk, so I fished him out. He was dead. Not going to lie, I had sentimental value for that particular ant even though I conducted dangerous experiments on him. I buried him under the sand of his respective colony container.

I knew that even though there is no way a sane human could ever consider George the Anteater a human being, as niggers are already not human, I decided to bury his body as well because if I get caught with that disgusting Anteater-nigger hybrid corpse in my house, I would most likely be accused of murdering the nigger by the nigger-loving authorities.

Moral of the story, if you own a home, make it as nigger proof as soon as possible. Niggers allocate all of

their little brain power towards breaking into homes whether it is to steal, murder, rape, and even devour the household members.

George Floyd Haunted My Clash Royale Game

By Jordan Cleeman

Clash Royale. One of the most addicting mobile games in the market. It all begins from the satisfying moment you open your first chest or your first three crown game, even if it is in the first arena. I remember the very moment I first downloaded it on my phone. Almost all of my classmates at school and coworkers have played the game at one point and I could not resist jumping into the trend and giving it a try. I was able to reach three thousand trophies with ease before all the trophy inflation craze that happened after countless niggers joined the game. This happened because a fundraising charity company donated a fuck ton of mobile devices to the poorest areas in Africa. As I played more, my addiction towards Clash Royale grew; it became continuously more difficult to pry myself off the game. I went out less and less, and my social life got fucked over. This vicious cycle repeated over and over, until one day, something terrifying happened that frightened me out of the addiction.

I had just gotten home after a stressful day at work. It was exhausting dealing with shitlib customers and annoying coworkers who nag at me practically the whole time. I was eager to hop online to relieve my stress, so I finally powered on my phone for the first time since my lunch break, and opened Clash Royale. The familiar Supercell logo along with the *bling!* sound effect was music to my ears, and I had heard the game intro music for probably the millionth time. Following that was the

screen which read my trophy count: 6969. I was only one or two matches away from breaking 7000 trophies, which marks the Champion League milestone. I was currently at my personal highest, so I was quite hesitant to play ranked matches for the past few days; I had been spending my game time on the casual 2v2 party modes.

I decided that today was the day I finally continue pushing trophies again. The season was ending in ten days, so I didn't have much more time. I slid the screen to the card panel to review my deck. My arsenal consisted of Executioner, Valkyrie, Tornado spell, Zap, Golem, Skeleton Army, Tombstone, and Mini Pekka. This has been my most successful deck in mid ladder because of how versatile it is. After I confirmed my equipped deck's contents, I slid the screen back to the battle menu, and then reluctantly tapped the battle button. Instantly, a match was found; it was a level eleven player. I was level fourteen, so I was quite confident that I was going to win.

Fast forward to the end of the match, I was disappointed to see that I lost the game. The player who was three levels below me three crowned me. I was dumbfounded and angry at my failure despite my glaring advantage. To put the cherry on the cake, he spammed the laugh emote like a faggot, so I rage quit.

To blow off some steam, I did this very **based** thing, where I joined random clans that are under names containing tag words such as "BLM" or "LGBTQ," and spammed the word "nigger" and the phrase "God hates fags" in the clan chats. Insulting niggers and faggots within Clash Royale is what keeps me away from throwing my phone across the room after a game loss. I joined clan after clan, bullying these subhumans to my heart's desire. Hell, I never had to bother leaving the clans manually. The

snowflakes would kick me out themselves almost immediately.

After I was satisfied with my dose of cyberbullying, I decided that I was ready to play another ranked match. I was a lot more mentally stable ever since the embarrassing loss, so I was sure I wouldn't tilt. I again tapped the battle button.

I was matched with a level fifteen player named Floyd Royale. He was under a clan called "The Niggies." I was surprised to see that it was one of the clans that I trolled, and I never noticed a player named Floyd Royale in it. I thought the clan turned out to be a group of **based** racists who are making fun of black niggers, so I began the match by giving the thumbs-up emote to pay my respect. In response, he gave me the laughing taunt emote. After the ten elixir mark was reached for both of us, I made the first move: placing an executioner at the back on the right side. In response, Floyd Royale placed a Hog Rider on the same side as my executioner. However, the Hog Rider seemed a bit different than normal. For one, instead of the iconic "HOG RIDERRR!" voice you hear every time a hog rider is deployed, I heard "FLOYD RIDERRR!"

Upon a close look at its sprite, I noticed that the so-called Hog Rider had a much larger nose than normal and lips that were even thicker than its beard. In addition, the hog sprite itself had the face of a fat five hundred pound sheboon instead, resembling Breonna Taylor. The Floyd Rider troop skipped across the battle arena, until he reached my Executioner and decimated him in a matter of seconds. The Floyd Rider had a ridiculously fast hit speed, rivaling that of the Lumberjack. He then made his way to my right princess tower and began chipping away at it. Next, I quickly deployed a Valkyrie. The moment she

landed on the battlefield, Floyd Rider instantly turned his attention to her, despite already targeting my tower. It was strange because Clash Royale troops never change their target, unless they get stunned by a Zap or Electro Wizard.

“Oh la la! I better smash dat Valkyrie pussy and get that bitch pregnant!” I heard the Floyd Rider say aloud.

It unsettled me to the core. In my line of Clash Royale experience, I’ve never heard an in-game troop say such an inappropriate phrase. The Floyd Rider dismounted off his ride, and then raped the Valkyrie from the back until she turned into elixir completely. The Floyd Rider then inhaled all the purple fluid, giving my opponent the elixir in question.

“NICE BREATHING IN ALL THAT VALKYRIE ELIXIR!” he cried, then remounted the hog and continued charging at my princess tower.

With Big Floyd now easily having the elixir advantage because his Floyd Rider troop has an elixir-breathing ability, he initiated a large push. I watched as he deployed a Mega Knight along with a Furnace building on his side. As most of us experienced Clash Royale players know, both the Mega Knight and The Furnace are some of the lowest skill cards in the game which only the lowest IQ nigger players overuse. Because I am a veteran who is using a deck specialized to counter those. I placed a tombstone at the center of my side of the area, and a Mini Pekka beside the Floyd Rider right before he was about to finish chipping my tower, and shortly, it finished it off. The Mini Pekka then slaughtered the Mega Knight in only five hits, while he was distracted by my tombstone. I prepared a counterpush by placing a golem a few blocks ahead of the Mini Pekka, and then an executioner. Because Big Floyd overcommitted his last push, I easily

eliminated all three of his towers, since he was unable to defend. I secured the three crown victory and spammed the *HEEHEEHEEHAW laughing king* emote. I could tell he was seething, because he spammed the *angry king emote* in response.

I left the match, happy that I beat an opponent who was using such an overpowered and low IQ deck. My celebration quickly turned into confusion when I realized how surreal it was to see the Floyd Rider card. I didn't remember that card being added, despite me having been playing the game since beta. *Maybe it was a card that was secretly added for the black history month update*, I thought. To test my hypothesis, I slid to the card menu and scrolled to the very bottom to view the list of cards I currently haven't obtained. Displayed were the three currently released champion cards: Golden Knight, Archer Queen, and Skeleton King. I didn't see the Floyd Rider card anywhere. Thereafter, my only rational explanation was that perhaps, the Floyd Rider was some **based** card that a George Floyd meming Supercell employee created, which was accidentally leaked to some users.

The intense match got me mentally exhausted, so I decided it was time to go to sleep. I tucked myself in my blanket then set my iPhone's alarm clock to seven AM tomorrow.

I was expecting to wake up to the super annoying default IOS alarm ring. However, I woke up to a sound that was completely different. I quickly checked my phone's time, which read 3:00 AM, so it couldn't be from my alarm clock. Instead, it was a loud shrill voice coming from outside my house, through my bedroom window. At first, I didn't discern what exactly the voice said, but then, it repeated itself.

"FLOYD RIDERRRR!" was what I heard.

I froze in place. My entire body began to sweat, soaking my bed sheets. *Why the fuck was I hearing the Floyd Rider in real life now?* I thought. Frankly, I had just woken up from a four-hour sleep episode, so I just shrugged it off to my imagination. However, when I jumped from my bed, and peeked out of my bedroom window, what I saw contradicted this. I observed my quiet neighborhood and saw that everyone else's lights were off, but I saw a peculiar silhouette scampering towards my home's direction on the sidewalk. Its shape wasn't like that of a standard human being; it was way too composite. I squinted to get a more focused look at it and analyze it beyond its contour. When I scanned its specific colors and details, I got a near heart attack. It was an actual Floyd Rider in real life. However, it no longer had a cartoon appearance. Instead, I saw a fat hideous nigger with the face of George Floyd holding a giant gun-shaped hammer, riding a giant ugly boar with Breonna Taylor's face. The duo was charging at my house as if it had one goal in mind: to destroy it.

Me being a hardcore Clash Royale fan, I grabbed my limited edition Princess bow and arrow and began shooting at the Breonna Taylor hog, since it was a much easier-to-hit target. However, even though I shot it twenty times, my metal arrows did nothing since the Breonna Taylor Hog's extremely thick fat rolls absorbed them all. I ran out of arrows, so I could no longer attempt shooting.

The Floyd Rider eventually made it next to my home's front wall and began banging his hammer against it. Shortly, I could hear cracks forming in my cement walls. It was only a matter of time before my entire home could collapse. With no means of physical defense, I needed a crafty way to prevent myself from having to pay a \$3 million dollar bill because I don't have home

insurance. Call me dumb for not having insurance, but I live in a nigger-free part of town, so I never thought I would ever need a plan.

Although, what I do have is a gas chamber of my own in my basement, which I plan to eventually use as a jew trap in the near future, so I decided that it was now my only source of stopping that nigger pig rider. As fast as I could, I went downstairs to my basement and extracted a sample of the gas into a vial, and then went back to my bedroom. I walked to the window and looked down. My front wall was now full of dents and holes; the Floyd Rider was now seconds away from demolishing it.

This better work, I thought, as I poured the gas onto the ground which the Floyd Rider stood on, and I watched as it quickly diffused into the air. A lot of it moved into the Floyd Rider's nostrils, and he began coughing up a viscous purple liquid.

"OH FUCK POISON SPELL I CAN'T BREATHE!" he choked.

"HEE HEE HEE HAW, positive elixir trade nigger!" I said.

The Floyd Rider along with the Breonna Taylor Hog soon liquified into more of that purple liquid. After the gas, or should I call it, poison spell, diluted enough, I went downstairs and exited my house through the front door to inspect the strange purple fluid. I was too afraid to touch it with my bare hands, so I scooped up a sample with my vial. Upon a closer look, I came to the realization that it was dark elixir.

I am now typing this as a copypasta for the Clash Royale subreddit. /r/nosleep sadly won't accept this as it goes against their writing guidelines, however, /r/ClashRoyale allows posts that contain the word *nigger*. Please use this as a warning: If you ever match with

George Floyd in a Clash Royale game, do not spam the laugh emote if you win, to avoid him sending a real Floyd Rider troop to destroy your house. Heck, just play it safe and let him win.

Always Follow the Big Floyd Twitter Page

By Jordan Cleeman

I was in my bedroom scrolling through Telegram one evening, chilling in a group chat called Fed Posting Crew, which was really just one of the Liberal Termination Crew's branch chats, which became more active after the Instagram ban wave. We were sending each other epic Ronnie McNutt edits and other gore memes when one of the members named Joshua Caviar sent a link to a Twitter page called "Big Floyd."

I clicked on it and was directed to the page through Telegram's shitty browser. It was essentially a person who was trying to pretend to be the infamous criminal monkey, George Floyd. Everything about it was hilarious, from the zoomed-in George Floyd face profile avatar; the bio which mimicked his nigger ebonic voice; and tweets recited from his well-known quotes, such as "Our young generation is clearly lost, mayne."

Now, I am one of those chads who loves pissing off shi libs all the time even on mainstream social media sites, so I was on my last Twitter account for my IP address. That meant that if this one got banned, I would never be able to use Twitter again. Therefore, it was my personal that I didn't plan on using for anything related to racism or fag-hating. Mainly, I use it for business school purposes, since we frequently have to use it for group assignments, as required by the faculty of my college. Stupid rule, I know.

I closed the Telegram browser to return to the Fed Posting Crew group chat. A new message popped up from Joshua Caviar.

“Follow this page,” he joked.

I laughed a bit. It was like a void’s call type scenario; part of me was tempted to go back to the Big Floyd profile and click follow for giggles, but at the same time, I was aware that it could put my personal life in jeopardy. A lot of my classmates are liberals and I’ve always had to mask my racism in all class interactions, so I feared that some of them could stalk my following list and then report it to the dean. After some thinking, I decided to just save the Big Floyd Twitter page as a bookmark on my laptop so that I could easily access it as if I were following it.

I shut off my phone and spent the rest of the night doing homework that was due in a few hours, which I was forced to leave till the last second since I was just recently able to afford the retarded \$200 online textbook access code, which is required to turn in assignments. It is a greedy kike system that colleges implement; it’s as if I never paid the five-figure tuition amount. The assignment that I had to complete was for my human resource management class; a set of questions regarding workplace diversity. Me being racist, I was tempted as fuck to answer the questions in a fashion which favors organizations that reject minority applicants, but I knew that it would result in a low mark, so I had to answer it according to what the jew curriculum wants. I know for myself all of the assignment’s correct answers are not true, given how rare it is for niggers to take on high-caliber job positions that require any sort of intellectual skill.

After I turned in my assignment, my brain was all foggy from being forced to be a retard for the few hours to answer all those factually incorrect questions, so I decided to take a break and browse memes. As I scrolled through iFunny, I received a Windows notification at the bottom right corner of my screen. It read "Twitter: Big Floyd posted a new tweet."

After reading it about five times, I was shocked. *I never followed the account, why did I get a notification for it?* I thought.

I chalked it off to a new, yet somewhat creepy, Twitter feature that can detect all the Twitter pages you bookmarked. I clicked on the notification, no longer thinking much of it. The new tweet that was posted on the Big Floyd profile was a couple of sentences: "Give me a follow please, I need some follow action."

Even though it was such a plain post, it made me laugh nonetheless because it sounded like something that the real George Floyd would say.

During my laughter, I swore I noticed the sound of swooping coming from outside through my slightly open window. It wasn't the kind of swooping noise that would come from a strong wind. Instead, it was more like a set of paired flaps that occurred every half second. It could have been a kind of bird, but judging by its volume and heaviness, it sounded like it would come from the world's largest bird. My brain was still foggy at this point, so I just shrugged it off to my mind playing tricks on me. Once I was finished looking at Big Floyd's new tweet, I yawned, tired. It was 11:55 PM, which meant I had to go to bed in five minutes. I have to wake up at seven o'clock, so staying up any longer would mean a morning as exhausting as being around black people.

I jumped into bed and slept beside my teddy bear which I made from fried chicken. Yeah, you heard me right, chicken. Call me weird, but it was some fun project I had to do in foods class back in my high school senior year. All the students were supposed to eat the chicken teddy bear after it was marked by the teacher, Mrs. (((Ellenberg))), but I found it to have sentimental value for whatever reason, so I have slept with it every night since. It is around twelve inches tall and eight inches wide, so it is larger than most ordinary teddy bears. As you've probably guessed, the chicken which the teddy bear was made out of had been long spoiled, with green mold all over it, but I had gotten used to the putrid smell by now from being around it so much. It tremendously helps me fall asleep since I am one who has an overactive imagination in the dark and the fried chicken teddy bear gives me the peace of mind that I am safe. Now, I am not some autistic who thinks some stuffed animal made out of rotten food is alive, so it's not like I have this imaginary friend. It is just nice to cuddle with.

Shortly, I dozed off.

I woke up, finding myself in a completely different room. Hell, it was definitely not my house, because it was a room completely made out of what looked like tree twigs, with a seemingly endless pile of said twigs on the ground. Goosebumps began to pop in my skin due to the cool air; it was not an insulated space at all. I was lying down on my back, so I immediately saw that the room was ceilingless. From my perspective, all there was is the blue sky, surrounded by a circle of twigs. I noticed that I awakened laying on not a bed nor mattress, but right on the pile of twigs. I looked at both my sides and found my fried chicken teddy bear, laying cozy on my extended right arm. I was relieved that it was still here with me, in the

mysterious place that I woke up to. I got up, with the meat bear still hugged in between my forearm and upper arm. I hesitantly walked around, having a subtle feeling that danger was near. Obviously, I would have to. Why am I not in my bedroom? Who brought me here?

The walls of twigs were around twenty feet tall, with not a single sign of a door, so I wondered how it would be possible to leave. Climbing the walls was a plausible option, since the twigs were assembled together in a way where there were graspable ridges every few inches. However, I pondered the risk that I could fall to my death if I reach the other side. That left me with the choice of breaking out. It didn't seem like a super-strong structure, with all the twigs bundled up like they were. The slivers of visible space made it obvious it had to be much easier to break through than, for example, a solid block of wood.

I started at it by giving a casual kick at it once, just to test the waters. The group of twigs that the front of my foot struck vibrated, causing the rest of the neighboring twigs to do the same, like a set of dominoes. Because of my intentionally light attack, the twigs all eventually returned stationary, at the exact same position they were in as before, with no noticeable dent made. I tried again, this time as hard as I could. To my disappointment, it just caused the direct twigs to vibrate at a higher amplification, repeating the same domino effect, breaking nothing. However, I noticed that because I put in more force, the entire wall of twigs vibrated. Though it took much longer this time, the twigs again went still in their initial position. That was when I heard the swooping noise that I remembered hearing last night. Accompanying it were gusts of wind coming from above, in the same pattern as the swooping sound's melody. I looked up to

what would otherwise be a ceiling, to see a large airborne blue article just hovering above the highest point of the twig walls. The intense glare of the sun made it a bit hard to see, so I squinted. What was above me was a giant bird that had a wingspan of about twenty-five feet. Its color was a pure ocean blue, making it one of the prettiest birds that I have ever seen. I realized that the giant structure I was in was essentially its nest. The bird's immense beauty distracted me from its abnormal size. The reflection of the sunlight enhanced its delicacy. It was almost hypnotizing. The giant blue bird soon started to descend towards the ground that I was standing on. As it did, the walls of twigs began to block the sunlight, allowing me to have a more accurate depiction of it. The well-known quote, "Sometimes looks can kill" is something I learned the hard way that day.

Once the super bright sunlight no longer shone on its face, I discovered that the giant blue bird was no longer the beauty that I thought it was. Its face was hideous. I was expecting a set of round, golden elegant eyes, but instead saw soulless primate-like ones that lacked any semblance of intelligence. I was expecting the bright yellow beak of an eagle, but what reinstated my extrapolation was a brown mushroom-shaped bill that had overgrown nostril flaps on each side.

The enhanced view of it also enabled me to see its long crooked neck, indicating it was some kind of vulture, the ugliest bird species in existence. It was the animal equivalent of whenever a big booty bitch turns around to look at you with her ugly ogre face.

"Oh oh chirp chirp ah ah," the giant blue bird chirped. "I see you have finally woken up main."

It was a talking bird for crying out loud. I was so confused, that I could not articulate a response to it.

“Chirp, I am Big Floyd the Twitter bird and I captured you coz you did not follow mah page, chirp,” it said angrily. “You know what I said main, I needed some follow action.”

Again, I remained silent.

Big Floyd the Twitter bird grew mad at my lack of responses, so it started to fly at me, with its claws positioned at the front, ready to attack me. I ducked, leading to its sharp talons missing me by a hair. I needed to defend myself, so the first thing I thought of was to throw anything in hand at it; my fried chicken teddy bear. I took it out of my elbow and took aim, then threw it at Big Floyd the Twitter bird. However, my blood ran cold as I watched the nigga vulture catch it with its mouth with ease, then started to swallow it. I could see the shape of the fried chicken teddy bear protrude through its neck, as it traversed through its esophagus. After it made it through, Big Floyd the Twitter bird spoke again.

“Ah phew, I couldn’t breathe for a moment from swallowing that,” it said. “Thank you for that big chunk of rotten fried chicken main, it finna be a good meal for mah babies.”

I am so stupid, I thought. I thought back to this one class in biology when we learned about scavengers. Vultures are scavengers, meaning they are able to safely eat rotten meat, so of course, the overgrown blue nigga vulture in front of me would see my intentional weapon as food.

“I shall now feed the little ones,” Big Floyd the Twitter bird said.

It landed with its calfless stubby legs onto the ground and then started digging at the pile of twigs like sand. After going through a sufficient depth, I saw a group of colorful oval-shaped objects lying in the dug pit, along

with a group of baby blue vultures that each exhibited the same ugly faces as their parent. They were its babies. Big Floyd the Twitter bird teased its face close to them and then began to do this weird heaving motion. It was then, I knew exactly what it was trying to do. If you didn't know, mother birds would feed their babies by first eating first-hand food, and then regurgitating it into each of their baby's mouths. Gross, isn't it? However, as unpleasant as it was to see, it was what saved my life.

Big Floyd the Twitter bird seemed to have a very hard time getting the regurgitated meal out to its offspring. I could see the lump of retch, stuck in the middle of its esophagus.

"Ah fuck, I can't completely regurgitate all that food, I can't breathe!" Big Floyd the Twitter bird choked.

After two minutes of failing to let it all out, the giant nigger bird dropped dead.

I was curious about how it was successfully able to swallow my chicken bear, yet could not regurgitate it back out. With my strength, I ripped its candace-like neck in half to find out why that nigga bird couldn't breathe. There I saw, a mushy version of my chicken meat bear, in its throat, except it was sitting inside Big Floyd the Twitter bird's throat in a vertical position, instead of horizontal. That was why. The dumb bird couldn't control the way in which it puked out its food. Though my lifeless meat teddy bear was seemingly nothing but a false sense of security, it saved my life in this situation.

After that, I stomped on the baby nidget baby birds because of how ugly they were and then used one of their corpses as a tool to break out of the giant nest with its beak. I found myself on top of a medium-sized brick building in the middle of a familiar-looking street. There

was a Speedway station across the street. The nest was resting on the roof of Cup Foods, I figured.

I am now typing this on my phone, while the firefighters are on their way to help me down. Please use this as a warning to follow the Big Floyd Twitter page as soon as you stumble upon it, or else the George Floyd Twitter bird will feed you to its babies.

Beware of the George Floyd Volatile

By Fentanyl Man

My name is Nilly Kiggerson. It is 2023 and I am currently 18 years old. For most of my life, I was addicted to video games. Every morning or rather, afternoon, I would wake up to a routine that went something like this: get out of bed, pull out my chair, turn on my computer, and game until the sun rose the next morning. Occasionally, I would pause my gaming to go to the bathroom or heat up some frozen junk from the freezer to eat. After this, I would rush back to my computer, not wanting to let a single minute of my gaming go to waste. My bedtime would typically range anywhere from 6 to 8 A.M.

Although my lifestyle was similar to the life of the average soy boy, I was by no means a cuck soy faggot. You see, I have a seething hatred for niggers and jews. I hated jews because of their tendency to flood White nations with non-whites and their promotion of degeneracy such as porn and faggotry. I hated niggers because, well...that should be self explanatory.

Deep down, I hated living this way. I hated living a life devoid of meaning. A life that left me feeling empty and sick all the time. A life that only a soulless soy loser could only enjoy. I tried everything to stop gaming. I tried going to the gym, eating healthier, and going to bed at a reasonable hour. But no matter how hard I struggled against this disease, I just couldn't stop. Like an addict drawn to a dirty heroin needle, I would always end up crawling back to my computer for that quick rush of instant gratification.

I justified my addiction, telling myself that "I needed video games, that playing for an hour a day would not hurt." But that hour always turned to hours, then days, then weeks, and then months. On some of my games, I had over two thousand hours on record. To put that into perspective, that is the average amount of time it takes to become proficient in a new language.

I felt hopeless in my endeavor. I thought that I would never break free from the bondage of my addiction. I truly believed that. Of course, that was until I encountered "it".

What I experienced was so horrifying, so frightening, so sickening, so atrocious, that I vowed never again to play another video game. What I am about to reveal to you is one hundred percent truth. Let anyone reading this heed the warning about playing video games. As if you do, you may just encounter the George Floyd Volatile.

February 4th, 2022. I was extremely excited to hop onto my computer as the heavily anticipated video game, Dying Light 2 had just been released. I was a fan of the original and looked forward to playing the sequel. If you are unaware of what Dying Light is, it is a zombie game where you travel mainly using parkour. Think of it as Assassin's Creed mixed with Resident Evil. The main catch of the game is that the zombies only come out at night, as they are vulnerable to ultraviolet light.

One of these zombies, the volatile, was basically a super zombie who could do everything. It was extremely fast, strong, and durable. It had a very grotesque appearance. Its skin was a pale gray, devoid of any pigmentation. Its ribs protrude from its abdomen and its lower jaw was bisected, giving it the appearance of the

vampires from the movie Blade. The only thing that could save a player caught in its grasp was ultraviolet light.

Upon starting the game, I was immediately disappointed to see that the main character was friends with a nigger. This really upset me as the setting of this game was supposed to be in central Europe, a place that is overwhelmingly White. Now the last game had niggers in it, but there it actually made sense as it took place in a third world shithole country. I tried to ignore it and continued playing. The prologue was literally two hours long and it was filled with some of the worst voice acting and writing ever in a game of this size. The only thing I could praise was the voice acting of Jonah Scott, the man who plays the main character. He did a very good job at making his lines believable. That is the only good thing I can say about Jonah Scott as he is a cuck, soy boy, furry faggot loser who supports BLM.

After sitting through hours of shit, I was finally able to experience the open world of the game. Since I was playing on the hardest difficulty, I decided that I needed to upgrade my character. To get more health and stamina in this game, you need to find inhibitors which are special drugs that strengthen your character. The best place to find inhibitors is in hospitals. Unfortunately, hospitals are filled with zombies during the day, especially volatiles. So that meant that I would have to go to a hospital at night. As I set out to find the nearest bed to sleep in to fast forward to night, I noticed a nigger NPC out of the corner of my eye. I, of course, walked over to him and promptly chopped his head off with a machete I had picked up earlier. I then continued on my journey to find a bed.

Once my character awoke from the slumber, I began to make my way to the nearest hospital. Since it

was now night time, I had to stick to the rooftops as the streets were flooded with zombies. After I arrived at the hospital, I made my way inside through the roof. Although the zombies come out of their hiding spots at night, there are still a considerable amount of zombies that remain indoors. This meant I had to sneak through the hospital without alerting any zombies. I carefully crawled around several sleeping zombies and made my way into the room containing the first inhibitor. I opened the box containing the drug and then injected it into my character's body. I upgraded my strength and continued on to the next inhibitor. As I left the room I was spotted by a zombie. Thinking quickly, I dispatched him by snapping his neck. Unfortunately, I wasn't fast enough as the rest of the zombies soon noticed me and began to attack. I had to fight my way through the horde, slicing their limbs off and bashing their skulls in.

After the intense struggle, I emerged victorious. I felt a rush of satisfaction flow through my body. The second inhibitor container was left unopposed and I walked over to it, ready to claim my prize. Opening the container, I was confused to see that there was no inhibitor, but rather an object that I had never seen before in game. I crouched closer to examine it. It was a rusty hypodermic needle filled with a strange white substance. I then saw that I could pick up the item. In the game, when you are able to pick up an item, there is text that will inform you what it is. When I saw the text for the object, I was intrigued to see that it read "Fentanyl".

Fentanyl? I thought. *Why would fentanyl be an item in the game?* Curious as to what effects it would have, I picked up the fentanyl. The second my character's fingers touched the syringe, I knew I had made a grievous mistake. Suddenly, an emphatic roar pierced my

eardrums, causing me to jump. I almost fell out of my chair as I had to quickly throw my headphones off. The scream was a sound that was completely alien to my ears. Nowhere had I ever before heard a more vexatious noise. The screech sounded almost as if it had come from a creature that was half human and half chimpanzee. Reclaiming my composure, I put my headphones back on just in time to hear the voice shriek again.

"OOGA BOOGA MAYNE WHO BE TOUCHIN MA FENTANYL AND SHIET!"

I was shocked to hear such words. Hospitals only ever contain zombies, not humans. And as far as I was aware, the zombies in the Dying Light universe were not able to speak. So how was it that I was able to hear one of them vocalize in English, albeit rather broken english?

I peaked my character's head out into the main hall of the hospital and that was when I saw "it". In the main hall stood a massive figure. It had the physical appearance of a volatile except it was even more monstrous. Its' skin was dark brown with a similar color to that of fecal matter. It stood at the very least six feet tall, with enormous muscles that bulged from its leathery, dark skin. Worst of all were its facial features. Volatiles are already ugly creatures but this being was on an entirely different level of hideous. It had an enormous upper lip that bulged out in inhuman proportions. It reminded me of what a fat maggot wriggling around would like if maggots came in nigger variants. The upper lip was so fat and swollen, that if the creature's nostrils were human sized, it would certainly be blocked by it. The key word being "if" because the creature's nose fared no better. The nostrils were enormous, almost pizza-like in diameter. They were so big that one could fit their entire hand into it and still have room for the other. Worst of all were the beast's

eyes. While regular volatiles have orange eyes that glow in the dark, this thing's beady eyes were as black as its skin. Despite this, I could still see the hateful and animalistic desires that shone within them, lusting for the slaughter of innocent beings. The strangest part of its face though, was the fact that I could faintly recognize it from somewhere. I just couldn't put my finger on whose it was.

The creature noticed me. It glared its soulless eyes directly toward the screen. It then spoke. "So you be da cracka dat be takin ma fetanyl and sheeit? Damn nigga now Imma have to steal all yo air mayne."

The creature bolted towards my character at an inhuman speed. I had no time to react as the creature caught me within less than a second. He picked up my character by the throat using one hand. I could hear him struggling to breathe. The creature then opened his bisected lower jaw and clamped it onto my character's face. I heard the cracking of my character's ribs as the creature began sucking. I watched helplessly as my character's health drained. Once it hit zero, my character's body fell lifelessly to the ground. The last thing I heard as the screen faded to black was the creature say, "Dayum mayne, dat oxygen be sum good shiet."

I stared at the black screen, completely flabbergasted at what had just occurred. I sat there for a good ten, fifteen minutes, trying to comprehend what I had just experienced. After coming back to reality, I tried to respawn but found that I was not allowed to. I then attempted to go back to the main menu but discovered that I was unable to pause the game. I then tried pressing Alt and F4 in an attempt to close the game entirely.

Nothing. Sick of it all, I unplugged my computer from the wall and watched as the screen shut off completely.

I was shaken up over what had happened. I knew that it was just a videogame and that I shouldn't get so worked up over it but I couldn't shake the feeling of dread and the idea that what I had gone through was just the beginning.

Trying to take my mind off the game, I gazed out my window and observed as the sun set below the horizon. I decided that now would be a good time to get some rest and that I would try playing the game tomorrow. I crawled into my bed and laid my head upon my pillow. As I slowly drifted off, I rationed that maybe what I had experienced was simply a dream, a figment of my imagination. I fell asleep, just a little more at ease.

I jolted awake to the sound of a glass window shattering. Startled, I jumped out of bed and ran into my closet to hide. I was home alone that night as my parents had gone out of town for the weekend so I knew that someone had broken into the house. I knew that if I didn't act soon, the intruder would make their way into my room. It was then that I realized that I needed to call the police. Quietly leaving my closet, I crept over to my desk to grab my phone. I searched over the entire thing as quickly and discreetly as possible. I opened my drawers looking for my phone. I found nothing. It was at that moment that I realized that I had left my phone in the kitchen as I brought it with me earlier to get food. A wave of dread flushed over me as I came to the realization that if I wanted to live, I would have to fight my way out of the house. I glanced back into my drawer and noticed a shiny metal object laying there. It was a pair of knuckle dusters my father had gifted to me on my sixteenth birthday. I put them on and then made my way over to my bedroom door.

I placed my hand upon the door handle and then slowly creaked it open. The second I did, my nostrils were assaulted by an odor so putrid, so rancid, so vile, that I immediately vomited on the floor. No amount of words could ever be sufficient to accurately describe the foul stench of what wafted through my respiratory system. Imagine mixing feces, banana mayonnaise sandwiches, and the bodily discharges of a tranny's neo-vagina into a plastic container and then leaving that container to ferment in a hot car for a week. That is the best analogy I can think of to describe the smell.

Bearing through the stench, I snuck out into the hallway and began approaching the living room. All of the lights were off, so it was pitch black. I anxiously crept along, moving little by little in an effort to avoid being heard. At about the halfway mark through the hallway, I noticed a strange sound coming from the living room. As I approached, it became louder and louder. As I reached the end of the corridor and peered into the living room, I could make out what the noise was. It was someone or something breathing heavily. The inhaling sounded human but the exhaling sounded like that of a fat hog. At this point, I was shitting myself in fear over what was in the living room. Reaching my knuckle dusters, I carefully slid my hand along the wall to my left until I felt the light switch. I then flipped it.

When I saw exactly what stood before me, my heart sank into my stomach. It was the creature from the game. This time I could see every detail in person. And boy, my original observation of the creature in the game doesn't compare to the sight of it before one's own eyes. As it stood tall in the light, I managed to get a good look at its face. It was then that I realized why I felt that I saw the

creature's face before somewhere. The volatile creature had the face of the criminal nigger George Floyd.

I stood frozen in fright over the creature's fetid appearance. It stared right at me with its soulless eyes. I noticed its fat lip contort at multiple angles. It was grinning at me.

"Little cracka you really dought dat I wood be satisfied takin a little air. Mayne, you took ma dayum fentanyl. I needs all yo air now so gibbs me dat nigga."

The George Floyd Volatile then rushed towards me. I wish this was the part of the story that I could say that I was a 300 pound chad and that I beat the shit out of the nigger monster but remember that I was addicted to video games, and thus, and the physcial ability of a 97 year old man. I cowered back, accepting the fact that I was about to have the air sucked from my lungs by the George Floyd Volatile.

That's when I noticed that the George Floyd Volatile ran past me and began staring at a wall of mounted picture frames. Confused, I got up and peaked at what the creature was looking at. It was pictures of me and my family as I grew up. I wondered why the creature was distracted by the photos.

"OOH LA LA mayne, dat pregnant bitch be so fine and shieet," the creature moaned.

It hit me. On that wall were a few pictures of my mom when she was pregnant with me. The George Floyd Volatile was sexually aroused by pregnant bellies. This made sense as the real criminal ape did rob a pregnant woman at gunpoint.

Taking a hold of the opportunity, I ran out of the house while Floyd was distracted. I decided to go to my neighbor's house. As I rushed across the street, I heard

the George Floyd Volatile screech, "NIGGA, I NEED ALL DAT AIR MAYNE."

I ran up my neighbor's porch and began pounding my fists on his door. A few seconds later, the door opened and I was greeted by a cucky looking man with a bushy beard and glasses. He wore a black leather jacket and blue jeans. It was my neighbor, Ronnie McNutt. I explained everything to him, begging him to let me in and for him to get his shotgun. He looked at me like I was fucking with him and told me to "fuck off." He tried to close the door on me when the George Floyd Volatile began sprinting across the street.

"HAY MAYNE. YOU LITTLE CRACKAS ARE PISSIN BIG FLOYD OFF. NOW INSTEAD OF JUST TAKIN YO AIR, IM UH RAPE YO ASSES TOO," the George Floyd Volatile screamed out.

Getting raped by a George Floyd monster was not something I would have liked to have gone through so I shoved Ronnie out of the way and slammed his door shut. Since Ronnie was a weak, soy, faggot, he crumpled to the ground. I held my body against the door as the George Floyd Volatile leapt into the door. It shook violently, nearly popping off the hinges. I held on for dear life as I heard chimpanzee noises come from behind the door. After a while it went silent.

"What wha wha.....what was that thing?" Ronnie said in his soy boy voice.

"Shut up faggot," I responded, "Just go and get your shotgun."

Ronnie scurried away to his room upstairs and then came back with a shotgun. Him and I then devised a plan to survive the George Floyd Volatile's assault as we both knew he wouldn't give up that easily.

"Okay , here is the plan. You stay here with your shotgun while I phone the police," I told Ronnie.

Ronnie reluctantly agreed. Although I was scared shitless, Ronnie seemed like he was on the verge of fainting. I found this especially strange as Ronnie was a veteran of the Iraq War. You would think an ex soldier like that would man up and fight. I ran to Ronnie's phone and called nine one one.

"9-1-1, what is your emergency?" the operator asked.

"Help please, we are being attacked by a nigger beast!" I responded.

"Alright sir please tell me the ad-"

Just then, the power went out, causing the lights and the phone to turn off. I swore out loud as I slammed the phone down.

"Why did it go dark?" Ronnie yelled out like a little bitch.

"That fucking nigger must have cut the power," I responded.

"I know we are in a bad situation but could you please not use hateful words like that."

"Shut the fuck up Ronnie you nigger loving faggot."

I have to admit, I was actually impressed by the George Floyd Volatile's plan to cut the power. After all, you would think a dumb nigger ape like George Floyd wouldn't have the intellectual capacity to think of a plan like that.

"Hey uuhh I got.. I gotta flashlight on the kitchen counter," Ronnie stammered.

Knowing that Ronnie was too much of a scared pussy to move in the dark, I went into the kitchen and found the flashlight. Turning on the flashlight, I shone the light on Ronnie to see that Ronnie had actually pissed

himself in fear. Unfortunately, the light also revealed that the George Floyd Volatile was in the house and was standing behind Ronnie McNutt.

"Ronnie behind you!" I yelled but it was too late.

Ronnie turned around and then screamed like a little girl, dropping the shotgun to the ground.

"Hee hee heee nigga, I snuck up on yall crackas," the George Floyd Volatile cackled. It grabbed Ronnie McNutt's throat with its left hand and lifted him into the air. It then began to wind its right hand as if it was preparing to punch.

Ronnie began crying like a baby that didn't get its candy.

"Please oh God man please this can't be it this can't be it please please don't do it." Ronnie cried out.

Ronnie's whining was cut short when the George Floyd Volatile punched a hole through Ronnie's head. Blood, skull fragments, and brain matter showered the room, with some getting on my clothes. I guess you could say that was it for Ronnie.

"Oh fuck!" I screamed out

Ronnie's head was completely destroyed. What was left of it was just a bloody mess of skull and brain. The stump where Ronnie's head was began to gurgle, with blood bubbles foaming up through his throat.

The George Floyd Volatile noticed this and said, "Dayum mayne dat be sum good air right dere. Imma suck all dis air up. After dat, imma steal all yo air cracka."

The George Floyd Volatile began to suck on the bloody stump, slurping up blood and oxygen bubbles.

I ran as fast as I could up the stairs as fast as I could and made a beeline for Ronnie's bedroom. I rushed in and slammed the door behind me. I could hear the heavy footsteps of the monster approaching. I was almost

out of ideas at this point when I remembered I still had my knuckle dusters with me. I prepared to fight the George Floyd Volatile and emerge victorious. As the footsteps approaching the door became louder, I began preparing to throw a punch at the nigger creature. The George Floyd Volatile burst through the door, beating its chest like a silverback gorilla.

I took my swing without hesitation. It landed square in the middle of the nigger monsters nose. I returned to my starting position to see the effects of my attack but I was horrified when I saw that the George Floyd Volatile remained standing. It stared into my eyes with its beady orbs. It grinned yet again at me as it swung its right arm back and swatted me across the room. I flew over the bed and smashed into several shelves, causing their contents to fall to the floor.

As I lay there, the wind knocked from my lungs, the George Floyd Volatile menacingly approached. "Hee hee heee mayne, I got yo cracka ass. Now it be rapin time and den it be air stealin time. Aany last words nigga?" the George Floyd creature asked.

At this point, I was ready to give up. Tears welled in my eyes as I tried to mentally prepare myself for the agony I was about to experience. Still holding onto some glimmer of hope, I craned my head to the left and saw my last chance for salvation. Laying next to a giant black dildo which presumably belonged to Ronnie McNutt was an ultraviolet flashlight. Without hesitation, I grabbed the light and shined it right into the George Floyd Volatile's face.

It shrieked in pain and jumped back, covering its face with its hands. "Aww shit, these ultraviolet rays be burnin' ma skin and shiet," it cried out.

The George Floyd Volatile crumpled to its knees in pain. Seeing the opportunity, I swung my foot back as far as I could, and with all my might, sent it flying back at nigger's skull.

"Ouchie Mayne!" the George Floyd Volatile yelped as my foot collided with its head, sending it tumbling onto its stomach. While keeping the flashlight shined on the creature, I ran up to it and dropped my knee onto its neck.

"Ahhh shit, that knee on my neck be crushin ma windpipe and shit stoppin me from inhaling, please mayne please momma momma please," the creature cried out.

Ignoring its pleas, I continued holding my knee on its neck. The George Floyd Volatile began violently thrashing around and screaming like a rabid chimpanzee.

I began to lose control of it, so I took my knuckle dusters and began beating on the back of its skull. I pummeled it over and over and over. With every punch, I felt more adrenaline rush through my veins. I began to scream obscenities at the nigger creature.

"Fuck you Nigger!" I screamed out, over and over and over.

Suddenly, I was pulled away from the creature. It was then that I realized that I could see flashing lights from outside and I could hear police sirens as well. I looked back to see a middle aged police officer with a shaved head holding my arms. I looked down at myself to see that I was covered in blood. The officer pulled me up and made sure that I wasn't hurt. After handing me a blanket, the officer introduced himself as Derek Chauvin.

As I was escorted out of the house, the realization came over me that it was all over. I collapsed in Ronnie's yard, crying over everything that had happened. Derek Chauvin comforted me, telling me that I was one brave individual for bearing what I did. I saw the bodies of

Ronnie McNutt and the George Floyd Volatile being taken away in body bags.

I was a complete wreck for weeks after the incident. I couldn't sleep at all. I barely had an appetite, and I couldn't find enjoyment in the things that I once did. I tried my hardest to comprehend why I went through what I did. So many questions ran through my mind like *How was George Floyd in the game* and *How did he escape the game*. My only guess as to the origins of the George Floyd Volatile is that the spirit of George Floyd possessed my copy Dying Light 2. Then, after I unplugged my computer, the George Floyd Volatile manifested itself in real life. After all, I did hate niggers.

As months went on, I began to heal from the experience but I also noticed significant changes. I no longer felt the need to play video games and I quit them entirely. I stopped eating junk food and began going to the gym regularly. I started to focus on the things that truly mattered in life such as art and my passions. I stopped caring about carnal desires and began to live a disciplined life.

A year has passed since the incident and my life has been completely transformed. Because of my dedication to improving my body, mind, and spirit, I now have the body of a built, 300-pound, racist chad. In addition I am now free from all addictions and I now have a purpose in life other than just consuming media. I can't pinpoint exactly why my encounter with George Floyd Volatile caused these changes but I suppose one reason was how much easier it would have been to kick that nigger's ass if I had been a built chad.

Still though, not everything is sunshine and rainbows. I still often have nightmares about the George Floyd Volatile. Nightmares where I am back in my

helpless body, fleeing from the monster. I am powerless against it. Sometimes, when I exit a door, for a brief second I swear I can smell rotten banana sandwiches. The thing that troubles me most, however, are the whispers. Every night I lay my head upon my pillow, I hear a faint whisper. I can't tell if it comes from inside my head, or flows in from the wind down the street. All I know is that it says the same thing every time.

"Ooga booga mayne, ooga booga."

Do Not Touch the George Floyd Fly

By Fortnite Balls

This is my encounter with the scary George Floyd fly, but first I need to provide some context. My name is Truck Frannies, and if you did not know, I have a powerful hatred towards niggers. This will be important later in the story. Anyways there is this shithole country named Haiti, this place is literally the cumdump of all the nations, but it is not only the cumdump of all developed nations, it is also the cumdump of evolution. This is obvious because of the massive number of niggers and parasitic animals.

Anyways this country has a legend of a horrified parasite known as the nigger fly, or the George Floyd fly. It is described to have a giant nigger nose and lips, but the scariest part about the George Floyd fly is its similarity to the botfly, a fly that lays its larvae inside a living host. However, the parasite that the George Floyd injects into its host is different in the way that it steals your air, causing asphyxiation and infertility. The parasite is also said to eat the stem cells of fetuses. Anyways to the story.

I was part of a scientific team trying to prove the existence of the nigger fly. We as scientists have lots of experience in documenting new Floyd hybrids such as the nigger whale and the nigger cucumber but something so small and similar to another animal would be a challenge. We had to take a airplane to the shithole Haiti and since nobody wants to go to nigger land, we had to take a shitty pajeet airline. Everything about the plane sucked, the plane for one thing reeked of cheap chicken curry and it looked like the plane couldn't even fly.

The retard curry pilot said, "Hello we welcome to my humble plane, wow you like to try some of my chicken curry?"

This fucking pajeeb had such a distinct Indian accent, it was so hard listening to him that I screamed "Shut the fuck up Hindu fag , you are no worse than a dirty nigger," even though I know this is not true because niggers are the lowest species on Earth, even algae contribute more to society than niggers.

When we got to Haiti we saw a bunch of niggers waiting for us outside the plane.

"Who the fuck are these nigger retards, and why would niggers be able to help us on our trip? Are you aware that niggers have an average IQ of five?" I asked my fellow scientists angrily.

I did not want any niggers helping us on our research trip, as it is objective fact that niggers are the dumbest beings on our planet.

"Dr. Kigger said that they are helping us navigate," one of my coworkers said.

I replied saying that niggers shouldn't help us because all they will do is chimp out and eat cookies made of literal mud.

"Stop being racist mayne," one of the niggers who could speak English said, then he proceeded to take a bite out of a mud cookie.

"That shit is fucking disgusting, you chimpanzees should have stayed in Africa," I exclaimed, "We all know that niggers contribute nothing to society and are actually 99 percent chimpanzee, therefore they should be treated as such."

Anyways we got on a boat and headed down the main river to one of the smaller nigger villages. But while

we were going to the village, a small black cloud emerged from the trees and a low buzzing sound could be heard.

"Ooga Booga give us your air," an ominous voice droned. "OOGA BOOGA give us Your air, or we 'bout to put a fat cap in your ass cracka!"

Our crew had a horrifying realization. It was the cloud, yet it was not a cloud; it was a swarm of the George Floyd fly.

"Ooga Booga we want pregnant belly pics and fentanyl or we will steal your air," the George Floyd flies all said in unison.

"No, we will not give you belly pics you fat niggers," I replied angrily.

"Ooga booga we will lay eggs in you so we can feed on your White women's pregnant bellies yo," the George Floyd flies said.

The George Floyd flies swooped down towards our boat, then I could feel little pricks on my arms and legs as the George Floyd flies bit me, then a white substance started to fog up the boat. It was fentanyl, I got knocked unconscious by the fentanyl gas.

When I woke up all the crew was dead with giant gaping holes inside their bellies, maggots were eating their insides, but these were not any usual maggots, they were George Floyd maggots complete with fat nigger noses very disproportionately large. I saw a little movement in my stomach and heard a very muffled voice.

"Ah man, mama mama, I can't breathe inside of an Aryan chad's super, nigger killing physique," one of the voices said,

I then realized that it was the George Floyd larvae dying because I was an Aryan racist chad whose immune system is designed to fight off nigger diseases. I punched

myself in the belly which hurt a lot, but it was worth it to get rid of those George Floyd worms.

When I reached the town there were lots of niggers there, but there were no pregnant women. This is strange because niggers are known to reproduce faster than rabbits, that is why the **based** business Golden Nigger Corp calls them the worst invasive species. Anyways I had a brilliant idea, I would go to the town and conduct the Derek Chauvin toy ritual which I saw in a George Floyd creepypasta once. It must work since all George Floyd creepypastas are true. The ritual involved me putting the Derek Chauvin toy on a cross, lighting it on fire, and putting the blood of niggers on the cross. So, I made a cross and I put the Derek Chauvin toy that I always have with me on the cross, then I threw the corpses of a couple of niglets who had died of AIDS into the fire. The Derek Chauvin toy sprang to life due to my racist-ness and my epic 100% Aryan build.

"Hello Master, how may I serve you," the Derek Chauvin toy said.

"I want you to defend me against any George Floyd flies," I said, then I waited for the George Floyd flies to come back.

After a couple of hours, I got tired of waiting, so I took a fly zapper from a nearby nigger shop and I put a picture of KFC on it. Immediately the black swarm of nigger flies appeared.

"Ooga booga, is that KFC we see?" the George Floyd flies all said in a loud voice.

But the plan was shortly ruined by a niglet who ran to the KFC picture and electrocuted himself, thus burning the picture. The George Floyd flies then began to attack, but I was immune to their attacks because I am a **based**

racist Chad. The Derek Chauvin toy then used its laser eyes to kill off lots of the flies.

“Oh shieet mayne, laser produces smoke therefore I am unable to breathe in smoke,” the George Floyd flies said.

The George Floyd flies then retreated into the forest. I knew what I had to do, since I knew that my blood was toxic to the George Floyd flies. I could devise a plan to reproduce my blood, then I would burn it, making the fumes go up into the air and kill all the George Floyd flies. Since Monster Energy and raw egg yolks stimulate the growth of Aryan cells I cut a little piece of my skin and put it in a vial. Then I poured the drink inside of the vials and sure enough my blood cells inside the vile were multiplying. I then poured the substance in a fire, the George Floyd flies immediately started to scream along with some of the nigga monkeys in the tribe.

“Ooga booga, we can’t breathe mayne, mama, mama, I can’t breathe.”

The plan had worked and the nigga flies were retreating back into the tree line.

I am writing this on my phone on my way back to America. I am now celebrated as a hero and I even got a job offer from Golden Nigger Corp after this. In the aftermath, of this incident, we have discovered hundreds of nigger George Floyd species in the jungles of Haiti. This proves my point that niggers are the lowest species on the planet, even lower than amoeba, and that George Floyd’s death was righteous and that all niggers deserve to die **[in Animal Crossing]**. I recommend to the person reading this to go outside and watch for anything with a large nigger nose and fat lips, because it could be a George Floyd species, and if you do see one, call Golden Nigger Corp at 776-fuck-niggers.

The moral of this story is fuck trannies, niggers, spics, jews, pajeeps, towel heads, and niggers. And if you see a George Floyd fly, run immediately for your life. Also, if you ever come across a nigger that is 6 feet 7 inches tall, you should also run because the nigger could be the reincarnation of George Floyd, or it could just be a stupid nigger who wants to steal your stuff.

Anyways I am ready now to be celebrated as the most **based** racist Aryan chad in the world, so remember guys, always kill niggers **[in Grand Theft Auto]** and hit the gym, because if you grind enough you can achieve chad-like nigger killing **[in Among Us]** status. This is Truck Frannies, signing off.

Doctor Floyd in the Monkeyverse of Fentanyl

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Sneed Feed and I am a world renowned neurosurgeon. I am renowned as the only **based** racist neurosurgeon currently living. I only treat **based** White people. If a nigger, tranny or spic shows up to my hospital, I chase them out with my Ronnie McNutt replica shotgun. Anyways, enough of my hatred of useless subhumans and onto the story.

One day, I was driving home from work in my lamborghini. I stopped by a Burger King and bought out their entire stock of Burger King crowns as well as the Floyd Burger meal. Before I could head home, I drove to the projects to flex my lamborghini to those poor homeless niggers. Its always funny as fuck when those drug monkeys chimp out. I was on my way to the projects, driving while drinking the fentanyl simulating soda that came with the Floyd meal. After taking a few sips, my throat felt very hoarse and heavy.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!”

I began coughing which made me take my eyes off the road. I noticed a Dodge Charger with big chrome wheels up ahead blasting music from that deceased monkey Juice WRLD which made my ears bleed. The Dodge Charger bumped into my lambo knocking it off the road causing the windows to shatter. My lambo fell into a ditch which caused the glass shards to impale my hands. I somehow managed to stay conscious, just barely hanging on to dear life. I looked down at my hands to only see a

bloody mess. The rest was a blur, but when I woke up, I was in the hospital.

"Where, where am I?" I mumbled.

"You got into an accident, but the doctor did what he could to help you," the hot nurse who I had a crush on, Brenda said. I looked down to see my hands wrapped up in bandages.

"What happened to my hands?"

"I'm sorry but they were crushed and this was all the doctor was able to do to save them," Brenda said.

"What?"

"Who was the doctor that operated on my hands?" I asked.

"It was Doctor Floyd," Brenda said.

"Why, how, why'd you let that dumb ape operate on me?!" I yelled.

"He's a fucking nigger who doesn't even know the first thing when it comes to surgery and despite knowing that, you let that bonobo operate on me, on my hands?! My hands are what got me to where I am today, I wouldn't be the renowned surgeon that I am today without my hands, how the fuck am I supposed to do anything now?!" I looked over at Brenda and noticed that she was crying.

"Oh shit, I didn't mean to chimp out at you, Brenda," I said trying to comfort her.

But it was too late as Brenda walked out of the room without saying a word to me. Fuck, my life is completely ruined, I thought. There was nothing I could do but yell 'nigger' at the top of my lungs to vent. After I was done letting off steam, I decided to get some rest. I was discharged from the hospital three weeks later. I had a renowned French surgeon named PeePee Farts operate on my hands to fix the damage that Doctor Floyd had done, however there wasn't much he could do—my hands

were permanently crippled for the rest of my life. I spent the next few years spending all of my millions on experimental treatment, trying to find a cure for myself. However, each new attempt proved more unsuccessful than the last. I had no more money afterwards. Now I had no money, no home, no girlfriend and no ability to use my hands which once helped me beat the shit out of niggers. I couldn't even type on instagram and Jewtube to troll niggers and trannies. The only things of value that I had now were my Ronnie McNutt replica shotgun and a bus ticket to Minneapolis.

I was contemplating McNutting myself as I thought there was nothing worse that could happen to me now as I was at the absolute rock bottom of my life. However, I thought to myself that I must get revenge before I kill myself. I had to find the man who was responsible for the way things turned out. I had to kill Doctor Floyd. I packed my Ronnie McNutt replica shotgun and boarded a bus to Minneapolis to find Doctor Floyd. I arrived at Cup Foods, Minneapolis, a little corner store which was where Doctor Floyd worked. I grabbed my shotgun firmly and walked in.

"Where's Doctor Floyd?!" I demanded, pointing my shotgun at the one nigger employee.

"Shiet mayne, don't do me like dat n' shit," the nigger employee cried.

I noticed that the chimp had peed his pants while crying like a baby.

"Doctor Floyd be in the basement n' shit just don't kill me mayne, I ain't dat typa guy mayne."

I ignored the nigger and headed down the basement. It was dimly lit, there were multiple large rooms which looked like they once held something in them. I walked over to a third room that had its door closed and opened

it. I found Doctor George Floyd naked while jacking off to pregnant porn.

"Ah shit mayne, what the fuck you be doing here?" Doctor Floyd said angrily.

"You fucking nigger, you destroyed my hands, you destroyed my career!" I yelled, gun drawn.

"Ah shit, don't be doing dat shit mayne, I'm not dat typa guy mayne, in fact you should be thanking me n' shit," Doctor Floyd said.

"What?"

"I fixed your hands n' shit, I made them able to perform the fentanyl arts, watch n' see."

I watched as Doctor Floyd was instantly clothed in a robe and cape despite being buck naked just seconds ago. Doctor Floyd twirled his hands which formed these white circles that had ruins inscribed on them as well as blm fists in the centre.

"See mayne, dat be the fentanyl arts and I be the master of dem, I protect our reality n' shit from dangerous invaders," Doctor Floyd said.

"Nigger, you think those special effects will save you from being McNuttled?" I said pointing the shotgun at Doctor Floyd.

"Das how it always be n' shit, no one believe me at first until dis," Doctor Floyd said while walking towards me. He placed his ape like hand on my forehead which caused me to fly into the air at supersonic speeds. I looked down to see the Earth. That meant I was somehow in space, which was strange because I could still breathe.

"You see mayne, dis universe just one of many n' shit, there be an infinite number of dem," a voice said in my head.

"How the fuck are you doing this, what kind of drug did you slip me?!"

My body once again began to move as I was teleported through time and space until I landed on a familiar street. I looked around to see I was outside of Cup Foods. I noticed a police car by the sidewalk as well as a group of niggers and nigger lovers shouting.

"Momma, I love you, tell ma kids I love dem, I'm dead!" An ape-like voice yelled.

I walked over to the front of the vehicle to see a police officer kneeling on the neck of a nigger. The nigger bore many resemblances to Doctor Floyd from the nose and lips.

"Ah I can't breathe, please officer, please somebody help me!" The nigger yelled once more.

"Dat be George Floyd," the voice of Doctor Floyd said in my head.

"Dat be a variant of me who were killed by dat racist cracka."

"Dat be why all dis be happenin, the death of George Floyd became a nexus point that shattered reality causing all other universes with some exceptions to all have their variants of George Floyd die of asphyxiation!"

"Ok so why are you showing me all this?" I asked.

"Cuz mayne I want you to help me n' shit and reverse all dis, so dat all George Floyd variants never needed to die," Doctor Floyd said.

My body moved again, this time taking me to different realities that had George Floyd variants. I saw a George Floyd twitter bird, a George Floyd anteater, George Floyd getting buck broken by Osama Bin Laden as well as a giant lizard with the face of Ronnie McNutt kneeling on the neck of a giant ape with the face of George Floyd.

"Is this enough now?" Doctor Floyd asked.

My body was now in the basement of Cup Foods like nothing had happened.

"Alright nigger, I've seen enough but how will I learn the fentanyl arts?" I asked.

Doctor Floyd tossed me a plastic bag that had white powder inside.

"What's this?"

"Fentanyl, you gotta take da good shit to learn n' shit," Doctor Floyd said.

"Fuck no nigga, the last time I took fentanyl, it almost cost me my life."

"Ah shiet, alright mayne, den you will help me with ma work n' shit," Doctor Floyd said.

"I need you to retrieve da inter-dimensional teleporter currently kept by a company called Golden Nigger Corp," Doctor Floyd said.

"Golden Nigger Corp?"

"I've never heard of a company by that name," I said.

"That's because it's not in this reality," Doctor Floyd said. Doctor Floyd put on a ring and opened a golden portal by spinning his hand.

"Walk on through it mayne."

Doctor Floyd and I walked through the portal and walked into a highly secure facility. I noticed a lot of advanced weaponry that I had never seen before. One was labelled the "Nigger Destroyer 3000."

"There it be!" Doctor Floyd exclaimed.

Upfront I saw a device that was incomprehensible to the human mind. Doctor Floyd and I ran up to the device. Floyd opened another golden portal back to the basement of Cup Foods and we pushed the device in.

"By the way, what do you need this inter-dimensional teleporter anyways if you can just teleport to different realities at will with that ring?!" I asked.

"Dis device be the reason why the Monkeyverse is in madness," Doctor Floyd said.

"Monkeyverse be ma name for da multiverse n' shit, you know what I'm saying but anyways, all I know about the device is dat it were built by a man named Darius who built it from the blueprint of Die Glocke. Darius then separated the realities of the Monkeyverse from other realities that don't contain a George Floyd variant.

"In cracka layman's terms, it mean dat the multiverse is a lot smaller den we think since we are separated off from all the other realities that don't contain a Floyd variant," Doctor Floyd said.

"Ok so how can we fix that?" I asked.

"Mayne we gots to travel the Monkeyverse and find Darius, only his pale ass know how to reverse da effect n' shiet."

"So where is Darius?"

"Don't know mayne, I've spent most of ma short life looking for that cracka in different realities but I haven't found a trace of him," Doctor Floyd said.

"Wait you dumb nigger, if Darius was the one who built the inter-dimensional teleporter then that means he'd be in the reality that housed the device and we were just there," I said.

"Shit you be right n' shit mayne, this racist ass education system don't be teaching black folk this shit mayne, gotta be kidding me mayne."

Doctor Floyd opened another portal and we were once again back in the same reality but this time we were outside of Cup Foods. I noticed the TV inside Cup Foods, it

was broadcasting something that caught my interest. When I got a closer look at the headline, my eyes widened.

Breaking News: Golden Nigger Corp robbed, suspects still at large, please call the authorities if you see these two individuals.

Below was footage of Doctor Floyd and I stealing the teleporter from the Golden Nigger Corp facility.

"Oh fuck mayne they be here!" Doctor Floyd yelled. I turned around to see a group of armed men pointing nigger destroyer 3000s at the two of us. Two well dressed men walked up to us. One of them, I immediately recognized to be Ronnie McNutt.

"I'm Agent Nate Higgers and this is my partner Agent Ronnie McNutt," the man standing next to Ronnie said.

"You and your nigger partner stole some valuable technology from our warehouse," Ronnie McNutt said in his southern accent.

I giggled a bit hearing Ronnie open his mouth, his voice was even funnier sounding in person.

"Look mayne you got da wrong guys n' shit," Doctor Floyd said.

I noticed Nate Higgers eyes become bloodshot at the sight of Doctor Floyd.

"Nigger, I thought I killed you ages ago, how the fuck are you still alive, George Floyd?!" Nate Higgers yelled.

"See mayne dat be why you mistaken n' shit, I'm not this reality's George Floyd cmon mayne."

Nate Higgers grabbed a nigger destroyer 3000 and aimed it at us but I was the quicker drawer having shot Nate Higgers in the face with my replica Ronnie McNutt shotgun before he could even react despite having crippled hands. Doctor Floyd then conjured a fentanyl

lasso and choked all the other Golden Nigger Corp officers to death. The only person left alive was Ronnie McNutt who ran away crying like a baby.

"We gotta find Darius now or else more of these guys will show up," I said to Doctor Floyd.

"Find Darius," Doctor Floyd said as he conjured a portal.

"He be there!"

The two of us were teleported to a strange looking room.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"This was where Die Glocke was constructed all those years ago," a voice said.

"Who's there?!" I yelled drawing my shotgun.

A man in a lab coat came into view.

"Sneed Feed, why'd you betray your own kin?" The man said.

"What?" I said.

But before the man could say another word, he dropped to the floor dead.

"Hehehe mayne, it worked n' shit!" Doctor Floyd said.

"What, what did you do Floyd?!"

"I killed that ma fuggin cracka who tried to interfere with ma plans!"

"What plans, I thought we needed him to merge the Monkeyverse with the rest of the multiverse, why kill him?!" I said.

"Shiet cracka I don't gotta listen to yo unbearable voice any longer mayne!" Doctor Floyd laughed.

"You fucking ape, tell me what's going on!"

"You see mayne, that man Darius interfered with my plan. "He be the one who separated the Monkeyverse from all other realities."

"He be the one stopping me from getting the infinite belly pics mayne, gotta be kidding me mayne, ruining ma day mayne," Doctor Floyd chimped.

My blood boiled with anger and hatred towards niggers and specifically the nigger George Floyd. Enough anger and hatred boiled my blood to the point where it could cremate 6 million bodies.

"You fucking nigger, you made me betray my own kind, I will fucking kill you!" I yelled.

"You were fated to do so mayne, you don't know how long I spent trying to reverse what Darius had done, I came into possession of a powerful object known as the Breonna Taylor stone which controls all aspects of time through Breonna Taylor's fat rolls because that bitch too thick mayne, anyways I used the stone to see into countless future timelines where I reversed Darius's effect." Doctor Floyd said while pointing to a necklace around his neck.

"Everything I did failed cuz yo racist ass education system never taught a nigga how to read and write, the only timeline where I won was because of you mayne, I needed you to lead me to Darius so I called up my nigga Tyrone to run you off the road with his Dodge Charger, I'd then operated on yo hands fucking them up like Equinox Autumn's face which then led you to finding me in the basement of Cup Foods!" Doctor Floyd said.

I pointed my shotgun at Doctor Floyd, hands trembling with hatred and fear. Hatred being directed towards him and all niggers for being useless subhumans who contribute nothing to society, fear for now knowing that Doctor Floyd had planned this all out from the start meaning that he clearly knew the endgame and outcome of this.

"Yo hands be trembling mayne, you know you can't stop me n' shit, I be too powerful for you mayne," the nigger said.

"I don't care, I'll die stopping you then, it is the Aryan spirit to never back down from a challenge," I said. Doctor Floyd conjured a gun out of thin air and pointed it at my belly.

"You sure 'bout dat mayne?"

But before the nigger could do anything, I jumped and pulled at the necklace that contained the Breonna Taylor stone.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with the necklace chain constricting ma neck mama!"

The chain broke and the necklace fell into my hand. I then shot Doctor Floyd's hand with my shotgun causing the ring that could open portals to different realities to fall from his monkey like hand. I used the ring to open a portal and got away. The portal opened to a strange place, the air was much denser and I noticed plants that I had never seen before. I appeared to be in some kind of rainforest. Looking up ahead, my eyes widened. There were dinosaurs, Edomontosaurus to be exact. I was somehow teleported back 70 million years in the past.

"OOGA BOOGA!"

A bloodcurdling shout came from behind me. I turned around to see these Homo Erectus looking creatures however their noses were even bigger than Homo Erectus. The ape-like creatures charged at a pregnant Edmontosaurus, throwing rocks at its belly until it died. I knew that I had to get the fuck out of here so I opened another portal. I needed to return back to my original reality far far away from Doctor Floyd. I knew that I had gotten some distance and time from Doctor Floyd since the nigger had nothing to open portals with. I

travelled to hundreds of different realities all of which weren't mine. I saw George Floyd 123 times, Derek Chauvin 93 times, Ronnie McNutt 76 times, Arianna Delane 69 times, Barack Obama 51 times, Heather Wilcock 43 times, Equinox Autumn 20 times, Dakota Xenia 12 times and even the nigger Jessie Lloyd 4 times. By now I was going insane and thought all hope was lost and I desperately wanted to use the shotgun on myself. I came to what I wished was my last reality so I could finally McNutt myself but before I did, I needed to hide the Breonna Taylor stone somewhere where Doctor Floyd won't find it. I came to a facility called the Tomasso Institute of Planetary Defence.

"Hey what are you doing here, this is a government facility," a voice said.

I looked up and sighed, the man standing in front of me was a face now very familiar, the man wore stupidly big glasses, with a beard and had a streak of purple hair on his head which made him look like a tranny or at the very least, a soy boy. It was Ronnie McNutt.

"Hey um, you might not understand what's going on but I want you to protect this item that's currently in my possession-."

But I was quickly cut off by the arrival of a golden portal that opened just a few feet away from Ronnie and I.

"I finally found you cracka!"

It was Doctor Floyd and he wasn't alone.

"I've gathered ma homies from different realities while looking fo you, nigga meet Doctor Floydopus, Electro Floyd, Black Goblin, Rhino Floyd, Nigga Venom and Mysterio Floyd."

"They call themselves the Fentanyl Six!"

The Origin of Fentanyl

By BuckFlackPeople

Niggers have an inseperable relationship with drugs in our modern world, whether it be the smell of cheap shitty weed emanating from the projects, the numerous gang wars raging over who gets to sell heroin on a run down street corner, or the massive amount of hard drugs that pour into America from East Africa, like a tidal wave of filth. One drug in particular has been very popular among blacks. The drug is called fentanyl, and it is arguably one of the most dangerous drugs ever made. According to the DEA, a measly 2 milligrams of pure fentanyl is enough to kill someone. It is used orally, smoked, snorted, or injected. It can also be used as a component of other hard drugs, such as cocaine. On fentanyl's wikipedia page, there is a list of notable deaths as a result of fentanyl overdose. Among the names are Prince, Lil Peep, and Mac Miller. However, there is one name that is omitted from the list.

It is the name of a man who had one of, if not the most influential drug overdose of all time. His name was George Floyd, and he, according to Joe Biden at least, is the most important nigger in the history of the United States, even moreso than Martin Looter Coon Jr.

My name is Nixplode Eggers. There is a misconception in the academic circle that claims fentanyl was invented in 1960, aka 8 B.F., or "Before Fentanyl", by Paul Janssen as a pain medication and anesthetic. I am here to tell the true story of how fentanyl was invented. In late 1960, I was one of the leading professors at Harvard's

School of Science, having doctorates in both chemistry and biology.

I was giving a lecture to one of my classes about how niggers have a lower intelligence overall due to their smaller cranial capacity on average compared to other races. This was before the widespread adoption of affirmative action, so my class was almost exclusively White. However, there was one bad apple in the class.

A jewess named (((Kate Blumenstein))) raised her hand and said, "Mr Eggers, didn't God create all men equal though? This seems very racist."

I told her "No, niggers are God's clowns. They have a lower overall intelligence due to a smaller cranial capacity, which is restricted by their skull shape. If you interrupt me again, I will give you a grade so bad in this class the only way you will be able to pass it is if you suck my cock."

Suddenly, a group of men in suits walked into the classroom. They whispered into my ear that my presence was being requested by the government immediately. Not wanting to get mag dumped by feds in front of my class, I told them what the homework was and dismissed them early.

I was escorted via a limo to a secret research facility a few hours away from Harvard, where I was briefed on the current situation. A new element had been found at the site of an African temple, which was designated as "Element 115". I was shown the element, which was present in the form of a powdery substance within a case with two glove ports on it. It just looked like salt or baby powder. The scientists told me it had a profound effect on each of the human test subjects they tried it on, forcing them into a violent rage as well a hallucinogenic trance. Upon glancing at the test subjects,

I saw they were all niggers handcuffed to beds. When I asked why all the test subjects were black, I was told that the government couldn't convince many White people to be experimented on, so they promised some blacks malt liquor and today's equivalent to about a hundred dollars.

I could hear them screaming from inside their chambers, "GIMMIE STIMMY CHECKS, GIMMIE DEM WHITE WOMEN NIGGA!" I asked the scientists where the blacks that were exposed to the element were, as the blacks I was observing were acting no differently than how I regularly observed niggers during the day.

"Keep watching," said one of the scientists.

Suddenly, the blacks broke out of their chains and started brutally beating the shit out of each other. They bashed each other's heads in with superhuman-like strength, until only one was left standing. The last one turned towards us and started running at the glass, when a scientist thought quickly and pressed a button on the side of the door, gassing the last one.

"Ah shit nigga, I can't breathe," said the last nigger. I was then escorted to a room, labeled "Patient Zero". I looked through the glass, which revealed quite possibly the ugliest nigger I had ever had the displeasure of seeing. He was tweaking out, although he was restrained to the wall by numerous chains on each limb.

"Please man, lemme outta hea!! I can't breef mayne!" he said.

"What the fuck happened to this guy?" I asked, completely shocked.

One of the scientists stated, "That's George Floyd. He was the first negro exposed to fentanyl. He has reverted to the most primitive state out of all the test subjects, and it doesn't seem he responds to any stimuli anymore."

“Okay, but that wasn’t what I meant. I meant why the fuck is he so ugly. His nose looks like an autistic mushroom, for Christ’s sake,” I said.

“Oh, I don’t know, I think he’s just black,” said the scientist. “Allow us to show you the White test subjects.”

When we walked a room over to the test chamber of White test subjects, they were simply a few people sitting down and engaging in casual small talk. They showed no signs the niggers were exhibiting.

I said, “Interesting, it seems Whites aren’t affected by it. Where was this stuff found, Mister...I’m sorry, what is your name sir?”

“Paul. Paul Janssen. I’m the lead scientist here,” he said. “And as for the place where we found this substance, we found it in a cave in Africa. The temple had drawing on the walls of what looked to be a negro with a large and misshaped head, however none of us could identify this figure, and since the negro peoples of Africa never developed a written language, it is almost impossible to identify it.”

Suddenly, George Floyd began to call out to us, despite the fact that the chamber should have been preventing him from hearing us.

He said, “Shiet mayne, the fentanyl, it be the work of ancient one, Yakub. It’s his essence nigga, I can feel it. He the one with that big ass head mayne.”

I got on the intercom and said, “Who the fuck is Yakub, you dumb nigger I mean fine gentleman.”

George Floyd said, “Yakub be the creator of whypipo nigga. The nigga Nation of Islam believe dat Yakub wanted to punish the world because niggas made fun of his bean ass head, so he make da whypipo to punish all the niggies despite the fact he was a niggy himself.

This white stuff be his essence, and it be giving me da power nigga."

"Wow, what a stupid fucking story," I said. "Do people actually believe that?"

"Yes," said Paul Janssen. "The Nation of Islam, a Muslim-negro organization, unironically believes that."

Suddenly a large band of armed Secret Service agents bursted through the main door of the facility. They fanned out, and from among the middle of them came an ugly, scrawny old man. He had a jewish nose, almost like one of those "Squidward in real life" pictures. I recognized him to be Lyndon B. Johnson, the newly elected Vice President of the United States. For those who don't know, Lyndon B. Johnson would go on to be one of the worst presidents in the history of the US, as he would go on to end segregation as well as heavily push the war in Vietnam, where many good White men died for nothing. His economic policies also boiled down to "gimmie dats" for niggers. It is beyond safe to say he was a Jew in all but birthright, as he was a White man from the great state of Texas who betrayed his home.

"Hello everyone, my name is Lyndon Johnson, and I am the future pres- I mean current Vice President of the United States. I am here on behalf of the department of defense. We would like to oversee this operation, as the United States would like to look into the applications of this weapon," he said. "We are prepared to pay handsomely for the transfer of the project."

"Cool, but why the fuck would a bunch of rampaging niggers be useful for the military?" I asked, displaying my **based** chad energy right in front of the faggot Vice President.

"No, not for the military, for the CIA," said LBJ. "We are going to use it as a weapon to empower blacks against

the shackles of racism and White people, so they may rise up and claim their true place in society. Hand over the project and we shall award you each 20 million dollars. Mr Paul Janssen, you can take credit for the project as well."

I felt my heart stop for a second and a burst of uncontrolled rage shoot through my spine as Paul Jansen said, "Deal."

"You son of a bitch!" I shouted as I went to punch Doctor Janssen in the face. Before I could even land the punch, one of the Secret Service agents shot me, knocking me to the ground. The last thing I saw before I blacked out was LBJ looking at George Floyd's chamber, rubbing his hands like a Jew.

I woke up on the bottom bunk of a bed in a prison cell. I got up and started pulling at the bars, yelling for someone to help me.

"Bruh, deadass shut the fuck up bruh. I be trying to sleep." I turned around to see there was a small Puerto Rican man on the top bunk. "My name's Beano, what're you in for bruh."

Although I could barely understand him, I responded, "The feds threw me in here because I knew a secret I wasn't supposed to. You?"

Beano said, "This dude was talking shit on me so I fucked his father. It wasn't consensual though so they threw me in here. I don't know why they put me in here, I deadass said "No homo" after I did it."

"Dude, you're a fucking weirdo, as well as a complete retard," I said. "But, fuck it, we're gonna have to get along to get by in here. Where are we by the way?"

"Minnesota State Penitentiary bruh," said Beano.

Almost eight long years passed. Over the years, I grew to be on decent terms with Beano, mainly because I did not want this dude fucking me in the ass while I slept.

I would protect him from getting raped by niggers in the showers, and in return he would use his connections with the other Hispanics in prison to get me books I wanted, particularly *Mein Kampf* and *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. It was in the early summer of 1968 when I was able to finally make my escape. I was getting ready for bed one evening when suddenly the prison alarm started to blare. I thought it was some kind of drill so I simply got in my bed and sat there, waiting for a guard to show up. That's when I saw a white gas start slowly building up near the floor. I got scared thinking I was going to die like one of those fictional Holocaust stories, until I realized the gas wasn't affecting me whatsoever. A guard soon came over, and I was relieved until I realized the guard was a nigger. He started chimping out in a rage trying to frantically reach through the cell bars.

He screamed, "OOGA BOOGA, IM BOUTTA KILL WHITEY NIGGA." Suddenly, he got hit in the head with a trash can lid, knocking him out. It was Beano, who reached into the guard's pockets and pulled out the keys. He let me out of my cell and said, "Bruh, we out bruh!" We ran to the parking lot and managed to hijack a police car, unseen throughout all the chaos.

"Bruh, what the fuck was that shit bruh," asked Beano.

"Years ago, I was thrown in jail for having knowledge of a potent drug that could make any negro chimp out on contact. I think that was some form of gaseous form of the drug," I said. As we drove into the nearest city, I realized we were in Minneapolis, Minnesota. We drove through the streets, burning buildings flanking both sides of the street. The fentanyl gas was everywhere in the city, which looked like a salvo of inter-continental ballistic missiles had hit it. It was

clearly the doing of LBJ. A group of nigs noticed us in an intersection, and immediately rushed our car from the right since they thought we were police. They started smashing in the windows, and I thought for sure we were done for. Suddenly, a powerful stream of water knocked all the niggers down the street, away from the car. I looked to my left and saw a fireman holding a hose, screaming "Come with me if you want to live!" We followed him into a nearby firehouse, which was heavily fortified.

I thanked the fireman for taking us in, as I knew he risked a lot by taking in two escaped convicts. He said, "No problem, at least you're still White. My name is Boon Goon, and my troop and I are trying to save what's left of the city, but it's looking pretty grim for us. The blacks started rioting right after this new drug called fentanyl got legalized. These niggers are led by some sort of supernigger with a giant ass head. He seems to be controlling all of the niggers somehow. He's been calling himself Big Floyd the Landlord."

"Don't worry Mr. Goon, I fucking despise niggers, so if we combine our racism we can stop this madness, right Beano?" I said, turning around to realize Beano was no longer there. He had run away because he was a pussy bitch.

"Oh well, just you and me I guess," said Boon Goon. We went out looking for George Floyd in one of the fire trucks. We found a pack of niggers, who immediately began throwing bricks at us even though we had not done anything yet. Since the truck had an open cab, we had to jump and take cover as the bricks could cause some serious damage. Fun fact, this is actually why fire trucks have closed off cabs to this day, because niggers, during the 1968 riots, would throw bricks at firemen just doing

their job. Boon Goon grabbed the fire hose and started washing all the groids down the road with it. As this was all happening, heavyweight champion boxer Cassius Clay, better known as Muhammad Ali, came out of the crowd to confront Boon Goon.

He said, "You honkey son of a bitch! Yakub tryna lead us to greatness, why you be doing this to our peaceful protest?!"

Boon Goon said, "Your race's state of "peace" is incessant, violent, and destructive unrest. Oh, and since you're such a good boxer, block this, asshole." Boon Goon let the hose rip at full strength on Muhammad Ali, who like a complete retard actually went into a blocking stance in an attempt to withstand it. The stream knocked him down the street until he faded into the horizon.

Suddenly, we heard a voice from nearby. It sounded like the horrid offspring of a demon and a niggers, AKA two demons. "Ooga Booga! You bitch ass snow monkey! Gimmie White women right fucking now mayne!" George Floyd emerged from around a corner, who now resembled some kind of horrid cross between himself and Yakub. Boon Goon started shooting George Floyd with the hose, who stood in place, saying "A shit mayne, stop that, it be making it hard for me to breathe."

I noticed a burning pharmacy down the street. I called to Boon Goon, "You said that fentanyl stuff was approved for sale right?"

"Yeah," he said while keeping the hose steady. "But what good is that gonna do now?"

"Just hold him off, I got this," I said. With little regard for my own safety, I ran into the flaming pharmacy, and found a bottle of fentanyl based opioids on the shelf. I quickly ran out of the building unscathed, just as the hose was beginning to lose pressure. I whipped the bottle as

hard as I could right at George Floyd's face, who swallowed the entire bottle in one gulp, smacking his fat, whale-like nigga lips after he did so.

George Floyd said, "Yum yum mayne, thanks for the fentanyl. No I'm finna do a lil sumn and- ah shit mayne, my chest hurting mayne, fuck mayne, too much fentanyl, I can't breathe! I can't fucking breathe..."

George Floyd died and collapsed, landing in the Family Guy death pose. Immediately, all the niggers in the city collapsed and died. I was able to escape the city without getting detected by the police, and afterwards I fled to an undisclosed South American country to live out the rest of my days away from the shitty and corrupt American judicial system. In 2020, or to me, 52 AF (After Fentanyl), George Floyd's reincarnation overdosed on fentanyl a second time, so I thought I should share my experience with him with the world. Moral of the story is, niggers operate on a connected hive mind controlled by the ancient Yakub, and can burst into violence with little to no provocation. If you are White, always roll with a group to avoid and/or win physical confrontations with niggers.

The Ancient World of Floyd

By Gorg Floydson

Hey guys, it's Pussy farts back again with another bone chilling story. For those who don't remember, I was drugged by George Floyd at Ronnie McNutt's thanksgiving dinner. Luckily, Ronnie's dad kneed that criminal monkey to death. He is quite a **based** man even though he has such a cuckold son. Anyways, I was able to be treated at the hospital and recovered quickly thanks to my chad build. After the breathtaking Thanksgiving event, I have since been back working as a historian at the Smithsonian Institution. I've recently come into possession of an ancient tablet that could change the course of history as we know it but before I begin, I must provide some context.

I had recently become interested in Ancient Mesopotamia and Sumer to be exact. For those who don't know, Sumer is the oldest civilization in the world, predating Egypt, Indus and China. It is located in what is now south-central Iraq. Despite being a historian, I had not made any groundbreaking discoveries. I was super jealous of a journalist who worked for the Daily Crusade named Geminiah who made a groundbreaking revelation of an ancient civilization in Niger dubbed Ancient Floydgypt. At the time, I was only known for my papers published on famous nigger cryptids such as Gorilla Floyd and the Jewish Moth Man but I digress. I decided to go on a trip to Iraq to make my own revelation. Accompanying me on this trip was Ronnie McNutt along with an Iraqi guide named Ramzi. We boarded my private jet which I

only managed to get from writing the world renowned book on the Wilcock Ness monster.

The flight was about 10 hours long so I kept myself entertained by playing some Black Lives Splatter: Fortnite Edition. It was a very laggy session as Ronnie and Ramzi were both watching BLACKED.com porn throughout the entire flight which slowed the wi-fi down significantly because they are beta cucks. Once we landed in Iraq, I caught a whiff of a putrid stench, I looked around to see muslims raping goats and children just like their prophet before them. We had to rent some land cruisers to traverse the desert which contained an ancient Sumerian tomb that was half buried beneath the sand which meant whatever was below couldn't breathe. When we arrived at the site, I noticed some people digging up the tomb.

They were grave robbers who were trying to sell whatever was underneath instead of using it to further expand the knowledge of the ancient world, goes to show how retarded muslims really are. I grabbed Ronnie's shotgun and jumped off the cruiser which scared off the grave robbers. I fired a warning shot just to get those sand niggers to never return to the site. The grave robbers had done us a favour as they had nearly unearthed the entire tomb before I scared them away. I grabbed a shovel each for Ramzi and Ronnie and we began to dig the rest. Since I am a 300 pound shredded chad, I single handedly unearthed the tomb as well as finding the entrance. We each grabbed a flashlight and headed into the tomb. I was taken aback at the images all around the walls of the tomb. They looked identical to the famous Standard of Ur wall art, however the main figure seated at the end who is meant to be the King was changed. Instead of looking like the other figures, the king's head looked like what I could only describe as a

nigger head. The massive nose and lips on the figure were undoubtedly the features of a nigger and I might even go as far as to say the nose and lips were even big among nigger standards. The nose itself took up the majority of the wall art.

Underneath the artwork was a scribble of text which Ramzi translated to be "Tomb of King Floyd." However this didn't add up as Sumerians were not black and instead looked like modern day Iranians. Adding on to that, Sumerians would never have allowed niggers into their civilization let alone letting one become king. Ronnie snapped some photos and we continued our way deeper into the tomb. We walked into what appeared to be the main chamber of the tomb which housed a golden tablet along with a golden gorilla toy. I carefully made my way to the tablet and toy avoiding the booby traps which only a dumb nigger would fall for.

"Alright let's make our way out of here," I said pointing to the exit.

However Ronnie being the beta that he was tripped over a wire causing the door to shut. I chastised Ronnie for being such a waste of space just like trannies and niggers. Knowing that I could easily dig my way out of here with my bare hands, I decided we could just set up camp inside the tomb. I handed the golden tablet to Ramzi so he could translate it. Unfortunately, Ramzi could not translate the tablet, stating it was in a language he didn't understand in his unbearable towel head accent.

"Wait then how were you able to translate what was written below the wall art?" I asked.

"Those specific characters were modern Arabic letters," Ramzi said.

“But I thought we were the first ones in this tomb since it was buried under the sand until now,” Ronnie chimed in.

My blood ran cold and my heart began to beat rapidly as if it was going to pop out. This meant that we were not the first people in the tomb. My head was spinning trying to figure this out. There’s no way someone else could have entered the tomb without taking the valuables within it or setting off the booby traps and then burying the entrance sealing themselves in the tomb. I looked down at my right hand which was still holding the golden gorilla toy which I now knew was in fact a golden George Floyd toy.

“We need to get the fuck out of.” But before I could finish, I was caught off by a blood curdling scream.

“OOGA BOOGA, who be disrupting ma beauty sleep n' shit?!” A voice said.

The voice had no semblance of intelligence as it spoke Ebonics. Suddenly, our flashlights died which shouldn’t have been possible as they were brand new. I couldn’t see anything in the pitch darkness but I did hear Ronnie who grabbed his shotgun.

“Hey guys, I guess that’s it!” Ronnie said before the deafening sound of a shotgun blast rang out followed by what sounded like blood splattering to the ground. I knew it was time to get the fuck out of the tomb so I grabbed my shovel and began to dig out of the tomb like a mole. In a matter of seconds, I was hit by sunlight which meant that I was close to freeing myself from whatever was in the tomb. Once I had dug out the entrance, I turned around to see Ramzi a few feet behind me covered in blood and holding the golden tablet and behind him was Ronnie McNutt or at least what was left of him. He had blown off most of his face with his shotgun. I noticed there

was blood on my boots which must have been Ronnie's. Just when I thought it was all fine, a massive hand grabbed Ronnie's corpse. The creature revealed itself, it had dark poop skin and stood at 10 feet with freakishly long arms which drooped to the ground.

"I be King Floyd n' shit and y'all motherfuckers be interrupting ma slumber n' shiet!" The creature roared like a chimp.

I told Ramzi to hurry the fuck up as King Floyd began to charge at us. Once Ramzi and I were fully out of the tomb, I used my shovel to strike the top of the entrance which crumbled when King Floyd made his way to the entrance. The entrance to the tomb collapsed which trapped the creature however its large fat mushroom shaped nose protruded out from the wall of sand.

"Ah fuck, I can't ma fuggin breathe with sand in ma nose mama!" King Floyd cried like a baby gorilla.

Just to be sure we were safe, I used my shovel and smacked King Floyd's nose flattening it like a pancake. "Shiet mayne, why you gotta do me like dat, I wuz a kang n' shiet mayne," King Floyd said.

Ramzi and I ran out of the desert shortly afterward. We boarded my private jet back to America, however that's not where this breathtaking story ends. I sent the golden tablet off to Oxford University as they had a department able to translate ancient Sumerian. Fast forward a month, I received a fully translated transcript of the tablet, what was written on it shook me to my core.

My name is Gilgamesh the King of Uruk! During my rule as king, my people prospered, we were blessed with fertile land by the gods and our city state saw massive growth. However this all changed one day when a dark figure came from the desert. My patrolmen informed me

of the figure. As King and protector of my kingdom, I took action immediately to face this stranger who could potentially pose a threat to my great kingdom. I came face to face with the figure. He stood about a head taller than me but what shocked me the most was the colour of his skin. It was as black as the feces of our cattle. The figure also had a monstrously large nose as big as the wall of Babylon itself.

"Wassup mayne, I be George Floyd n' shiet and I'm here to take over yo kingdom n' shit, you know what I'm saying?"

The words that came out of his large lips were incomprehensible. I had never heard such a strange language nor have I ever seen a man with skin as black as night. As the protector of my great kingdom, I couldn't back down from any threat so I charged at the poop golem of a man only to be pushed back by the force of 100 bulls.

"Hehehe mayne, you be weak n' shit!" The giant poop golem said.

There was no way this mere dark man could pose such a threat, I am Gilgamesh who led a revolt against the Aga of Kish, the man who defeated the giant Huwawa and the man who killed the Bull of Heaven and yet this nigga monkey outclassed them all!

"You better surrender while you can mayne or else yo kingdom be burned to the ground n' shit," the nigger man said while pointing up.

I turned around to see smoke rising from the south end. How could my great kingdom be attacked like this? I thought. I then realized that this nigger man was simply a distraction while his army snuck pass the fortress and entered my great kingdom. I immediately returned to my kingdom only to see death everywhere. There were these scrawny little men with long noses who entered from the

south wall. My soldiers were fending them off quite well until these hulking niggers who towered over both the long nose men and my soldiers entered. They looked identical to the same nigger I faced. In a matter of seconds, the giant niggers wiped out my entire army and then proceeded to rape the women. My heart sank seeing my great kingdom being destroyed. I couldn't do anything but watch. My sadness soon turned to anger. I screamed at the top of my lungs, "FUCK NIGGERS!" Which caused a shockwave. The Gods answered my cry for help as a massive sandstorm formed over the centre of the city burying it under sand. I watched as the large nigger George Floyd was lifted up into the air.

"Ah shit mayne, the air be thin up here and shit, I can't breathe!" The nigger yelped before being buried by the sandstorm.

There was no trace of my great kingdom afterwards, all that remained was a cage, a tomb of sand which now housed the Devil of all Earth, George Floyd. The only thing I had to remind me of my once great kingdom was my golden chainmail armour. I traversed the sands to a smelter, asking him to smelt the armour into a golden tablet as well as a toy of the nigger George Floyd. I began recording my thoughts and the events that transpired that fateful day on the tablet.

That was the end of the transcript, I read over the contents at least three times just to make sense of what I had read. This was world changing, not only does this prove that the translated Epic of Gilgamesh by George Smith was just made up bullshit possibly by the Jews. I am now typing this on my computer. It was a mistake sending the tablet to Oxford as the university was mysteriously bombed the following day. And now I believe the

Smithsonian institution is next. I am certain these are the works of the Zionist Jews trying to cover up their evil deeds committed against the Sumerians. Please spread the word, below is a word document of the translated golden tablet. You must expose the evil of the Jews. White power!

George Floyd Caused the Sinking of the Titanic

By Jordan Cleeman

The Sinking of the Titanic is one of the most tragic moments in history; a major event that sparked some controversy on how exactly it happened. It is also the cause of many deaths of family and loved ones. I am writing this because I know the true cause of the Sinking of the Titanic. There are many movies, books, and plays out there depicting the incident, presenting various different perspectives and fictional scenarios regarding the sunken behemoth. This piece of writing, however, is different from those bogus interpretations. I am bold enough to say that even all the so-called credible sources out there are inaccurate. Contrary to the popular belief that inadequate communication signals were the main reason the Titanic hit the iceberg, that wasn't the case at all. To this day, I am extremely hazy about what it was due to my old age, but I will do my best to tell my account of the sad-yet absolutely terrifying-event.

My name is Toad Lilliebridge, and I was the communications manager of the Titanic voyage in question. My job was to sit in the radio room all day to listen in for telecommunicated signals. It was a very simple responsibility, the majority of the day consisted of me talking to fellow crewmates since our received messages are usually straightforward if we do get any.

On a voyage from New York City in the Atlantic ocean, I was chatting with one of my mates, Captain Crawford. It is not uncommon for boat trips to last for

weeks, and Captain Crawford was the one who helped me maintain my sanity while I am out and away from family and friends at home.

"So Captain Crawford," I said. "How has your day been going? Did you remember to take a poop this morning?"

"Haha, yeah I did," Captain Crawford chuckled. "I will not let that shit happen again."

I laughed at his pun.

Captain Crawford has a weird African bowel disease that causes him to have random uncontrollable diarrhea if he doesn't let out his shit early in the day. The day before, he forgot to take his morning poop, so he accidentally sharted in front of his date at last night's banquet. It stank up the entire room, and he had to rush to the washroom. I felt a shit ton of second-hand embarrassment for him, and I cursed out the fucking disease-ridden niggers who passed the bowel disease to him.

Whenever Captain Crawford would take his morning diarrhea, they were no smaller than his otherwise diarrhea episodes. When discussing the size of his feces, he said they looked like they came out of a 300-pound racist chad who had just eaten ten thousand calories in one day. We have been on the voyage for a couple of weeks, so I could imagine the insane amounts of diarrhea stored in the ship's internal excrement container.

"I hope she didn't leave you after the date," I said.

"She is well aware of my illness, so she didn't seem too concerned," Captain Crawford said.

Even though we both felt our share of embarrassment, it shortly became one of those experiences in life that you can look back to and laugh at. We both laughed amongst each other when I heard a

sudden alarm coming from the speakers. It was a notification that we received a telecommunicated message from another ship, the HMS Wilcock.

“Attention, there is a cluster of icebergs headed your way. Let Captain Smith know immediately.”

It wasn't a big deal. Icebergs are very common and almost never damage ships. We received six warnings earlier of drifting ice that day, which we put in the backburner, but not completely out of the radar. I ran to the office of Captain Smith and notified him of the icebergs. Immediately, we went to the front of the boat and foresaw groups of the cold frosted masses floating in the icy water. They were a bit hard to see though since it was foggy. They were in a direction slightly favoring the right, which meant we would have to steer the tiller to port—meaning to the left. On the other hand, starboard refers to the right, which was what we had to avoid. Quartermaster Robert Hichens was ordered to change the ship's route. Shortly, the Titanic began to stride away from the direction of the icebergs.

After we successfully passed the obstacles, I returned to the telecommunications room to meet with Captain Crawford again. For the rest of the day, we rambled about our similar hatred towards dirty niggers.

When night hit, it was only an hour before somebody else would take over my job so that I could finally rest. Captain Crawford was already sound asleep in his room, probably having nightmares about last night's incident, replaying it in more horrifying versions. Looking out the window, the night sky was already as dark as a nigger whose entire body got a second-degree burn, not that it would make their skin much darker. The darkness along with the fog increasingly made it difficult to foresee what was ahead of the Titanic, but it wasn't too big of a

deal since we could still see five-hundred feet ahead of us. It is more than enough time for us to react to incoming icebergs or landmasses unless a nigger is the one commanding the boat. Just when I thought there were not going to be any more calls for the shift, I heard the familiar alarm a second time. It was once again a message from another ship. Not one different from HMS Wilcock.

“Extremely large iceberg up ahead within an hour.”

Yawning, I went upstairs to notify Captain Smith of this.

“We are going to have to move close enough to see it,” Captain Smith said. “We won’t know which way to maneuver the ship until we see the iceberg ourselves.”

Little did we know, doing that was a huge mistake.

Around fifteen minutes passed when I noticed something particularly strange about the Titanic’s direction. Normally, the boat moves directly forward, with its length parallel to its direction. However, from all my years of experience riding ships, it came to my attention that the Titanic was moving slightly diagonally. At first, I thought it was due to slow turning. However, after waiting a few minutes, it persisted. It was as if something external was moving the Titanic. Just then, an announcement played.

“Attention, do not go to the deck. There is colossal wind outdoors, and it is unsafe to stay outside.”

That was why. The strong wind must be pulling the Titanic in some unintentional direction. I quickly went to Captain Smith’s office to talk to him about it.

“Is there a way we can counteract the wind blowing us?” I asked.

“We’ve already tried everything,” Captain Smith said. “No matter how much we pulled the tiller in either direction, we were still unable to steer.”

“Hopefully it doesn’t cause us to directly slam into the large iceberg we were warned about.”

I then returned to the communications room. But when I looked through the window, I got a near heart attack. There I saw one of the largest icebergs I’ve ever seen. The thing that shocked me though was our direction. The Titanic was being pulled in the exact direction as the iceberg’s center of mass. What are the odds? I thought to myself.

That was when one of the lookouts, Frederick Fleet, barged into the room and took over the microphone.

“Attention everyone,” he began. “The wind is taking us to the iceberg right ahead! We need to do whatever it takes to avoid it!”

The message was primarily directed to Robert, the only quartermaster on duty at the time. Quickly, all the crewmates gathered around the tiller and we began working it in an attempt to steer away from the iceberg, trying both directions port and starboard. However, no amount of our exertion impacted the Titanic’s direction. I turned to face the iceberg to grasp how near it was. We were now only about 5 minutes away from physical contact with it. Looking closely at the specific characteristics of the iceberg, I noticed a very peculiar-looking snow structure at the peak of it. I put on my monocle and came to the realization that there was a giant crater-like hole dead in the center of the peak of the iceberg. The thing as a whole looked like a miniature volcano but made out of ice. The interesting thing about the crater, however, was the way the snow was being flown into it by the wind. The velocity was absurd; it looked like the particles of snow were being sucked into a giant vacuum. *Why the hell was there so much wind going into the hole of that iceberg?* I questioned myself. My

wonders went away when I started to feel an upward force.

My hair completely stood up, as a result, looking like Ninjago Zane's hairstyle. The wind was now moving up, still at the unrealistically incredible force. It slammed one of the crewmates into the railing, breaking a few of his bones, so we got the queue that we needed to evacuate the boat. Either way, remaining in the ship while it inevitably crashes into the iceberg is equally as dangerous, since the flooding will likely drown us. We quickly prepared lifeboats for us all, and I got ready to jump off the Titanic. The water was obviously going to be as cold as the nigger with the least developed frontal lobe. I dove into the ocean, anticipating the most uncomfortable experience in my life.

The shock of the freezing water stunned me momentarily, and I lost the ability to swim. As a result, I sank underwater. I opened my eyes, which stunk a bit from the saltwater. Eventually, they adjusted and I took a good look at what was the underwater portion of the iceberg. It looked nothing like how I would expect it. I thought I was going to see a generic spiky bottom, like for all icebergs. However, I was instead met with a giant upside-down face. I call it a face, and not just a large piece of ice resembling one, because I swear I saw its eyes blinking. Not only that, but it resembled precisely what the ugliest possible nigger could look like. To put into perspective, the iceberg was about three hundred feet in length. The nose that was planted right smack in the middle of the face was so fucking big, that its width took up half of the length of the entire iceberg. I was able to visualize a dozen blue whales fitting inside the nostrils right in that instant.

Let's not ignore the lips-underwater, they perfectly resembled two Kraken tentacles rested upon each other. Even though this was all made out of ice, the niggeresque facial silhouette was enough to make me vomit a bit into the water. It was that ugly. My suspicion that it was a real living face was confirmed, when it began to speak.

"Heyo main, I can breathe underwater with mah big ole tunnel out of the water up there."

Its ebonics combined with the effects that water has on sound travel made it almost impossible to hear, but I am pretty sure that was what it said.

I was not able to respond to it, since I was too busy holding my breath.

"Hehehe, you cracka has to hold yo breath underwater," the nigger iceberg laughed. "Look at me niggie, yo cracka ass should be jealous n' shieet!"

That was when everything made sense. The wind that forced the Titanic into the nigger iceberg was due to the nigger iceberg breathing it in through its gargantuan crater.

I had been holding my breath for almost two minutes at this point, so I decided to resurface. I swam up to see lifeboats being set up already. Behind them was the sinking Titanic. I swam over, and boarded onto the lifeboat that was closest. As the Titanic continued to sink, I saw a peculiar-looking brown fluid leak out of its side. It was in an extremely large quantity, dispersing into the ocean in all directions. Once some of it got near our lifeboat, I dipped my finger into the water to try to identify it. It was slightly viscous and extremely warm, considering how cold the ocean is here. I sniffed the bit that stuck to my fingertip and immediately recoiled. It was diarrhea. Specifically, it was the feces of Captain Crawford.

Eventually, floating diarrhea went in contact with the nigger iceberg, and I could hear a loud booming voice from under the water.

“Awe fuck! It be dat hot ass diarrhea!” the nigger iceberg said. “George Floyd be melting n' shieet!”

Suddenly, there was no longer any wind flowing into the nigger iceberg's crater. It stopped all at once, and I felt a refreshing sense of relief. However, it was too late. Half of the Titanic was submerged and there was no way of bringing it back.

We managed to get 20 lifeboats out before that all became impossible.

A couple of hours later, we were at last rescued and eventually made it back to the mainland. As expected, there was a lot of outrage towards the operators of the Titanic, blaming them for the lack of care for the incoming icebergs. Nobody but me knows that it wasn't at all their fault. The iceberg itself was what forced us to crash into it. So far, I have always kept my mouth shut about it and will probably always will (except for this written document) because I am sure nobody would believe me. The backlash I would receive would end up with me being worse off, as I was technically responsible for the ship's control to a degree.

It's been twenty years since that all happened and I am now typing this. The main purpose of this document is to inform you of the real reason why the Sinking of the Titanic happened. However, there is another reason why I plan to distribute this. I recalled the moment the nigger iceberg revealed its name: George Floyd. I heard that name numerous times in legends, depicting some eternal nigger who takes the form of a variety of different lifeforms. Could the Sinking of the Titanic be one of those?

The Reason Why There Is No Air in Space

By Gorg Floydson and Thomas Manwise

I handle extra-terrestrial objects at NASA. Up until now I've been analyzing various rocks and materials from space with my next big project being analyzing soil samples from Mars. Over the years, the excitement of handling items from space had worn off due to how boring examining space rocks really is and my job was simply reduced to a simple routine of studying, examining space dirt, chilling, and bullying faggots and fatherless women online.

Recently I was given a smooth piece of metal that had apparently been found floating in orbit by the folks over at the International Space Station. When I first examined this hunk of metal, I was intrigued by its seemingly man-made shape, as if it were deliberately created by someone and launched into space. It was no bigger than a small, sleek iPhone charging brick, which is about the same size as a nigger's brain. The object was also about as smooth as the brain of a nigger, too.

It was an interesting find and I was excited for the first time in a while to examine an object from space since this piece of metal was something different and not just the usual space rocks. I was surprised that no one had considered this was probably launched into space by someone, because there's a very low chance that the hunk of metal was naturally created.

I was turning it over in my gloved hands when I first realized that it had a small slit on the left side. My heart rate began to quicken as I found it. The location and size

of the slit was too unnatural to have been created through a natural process. Gently, I slipped a piece of paper into the slit to probe further. Suddenly, the entire hunk of metal started morphing before my very eyes. The metal began to melt away like chocolate and moulded into a different shape entirely. Now there was a simple circular hole on the side that upon inspection seemed to be as long and endless as a nigger's criminal record. I only saw a dark pit no matter how hard I looked inside. I backed away from the device as I realized that I was working with technology so advanced, it was way beyond our understanding of physics and chemistry itself.

Somehow through the whole process of getting this out of space and onto my desk, no one had realized that this metal exterior hid technological components inside. It also explained why this hadn't yet been taken away by shadowy jew government organizations like the CIA and FBI.

After a few minutes, the device stopped moving and lay still on my table. It now resembled a standard USB drive albeit fancier and more advanced. On one hand, I knew this was well beyond what I could deal with. On the other, a strange, deadly curiosity urged me to investigate it just a little further. Perhaps I could find out what it did.

It took me hours to get beyond that development. Every time I pushed something through that slit in the side of the device, it would whirr for a few moments, taking on the shape of the USB, and then spit it out completely with the metal reshaping into the same original brick-shape. I was getting more and more worried as the clock ticked. My face felt hot and my hands clammy.

I was about to call my boss Wernher von Braun to hand this over to the higher ups before I got in trouble

when I got a crazy idea. After pushing everything from pens to gorilla dildos (don't ask me how I had those) into that hole, I decided to just plug the device when it was in USB form into my computer to see what would happen, which was a stupid idea in hindsight as it was a foreign object and I had no idea what it would do.

The device began to contort its shape and whirr once more. A loud beep filled my entire office. The USB stick didn't reject the computer and instead kept its place. My heart began to beat in anticipation as I turned on my computer. I jumped when the computer identified the device as a hard-drive.

I opened the drive and inside I found one file and a folder. The file was a simple PNG image which depicted the logo of GNC and under it revealed what that acronym stood for. Golden Nigger Corp.

I didn't have time to ponder over the existence of this organization and instead backed out of the image to click into the other folder, fuelled by curiosity. It took me a moment to register the size of that folder.

The entire folder was 6000 petabytes. Chills ran down my spine. I quickly called Wernher von Brauh and explained what I had on me. He didn't seem to buy it but promised he'd come as soon as possible and take the device off me. Somehow the fact that I was about to lose this device made me want to dig in just a little further before I gave it back. I knew I was digging my grave but an urge to know what was inside had overtaken me.

I clicked back and quickly checked the hard drive's capacity: 10000 petabytes. My stomach twisted into knots as I realized that this small hard-drive had a capacity greater than the entire modern internet. Only curiosity lured me in and enticed me. My desire to explore this device overtook the growing fear and anxiety that was

building up in the back of my mind. I should've handed the drive to the higher ups and let them deal with it.

Much of the folders inside the main folder contained thousands and thousands of files that were all unrecognizable file types. My computer was unable to open or process any of them and as far as I knew these file formats did not exist. I found more images of various devices, vehicles and weapons that seemed impossible to build and defied the laws of matter.

Inside I found a document that details a disturbing and horrific notion. It explains the existence of the drive and why it's here. I'll transcribe it here for you to read yourself.

FILE NAME: Message

Origin: Nigga Galaxy

Year: 2283

I don't know who you are, or which timeline you exist in. I don't know what date it is for you and I don't even know if you are of my skin complexion. I only hope that you are a **based** racist White chad!

As you can see, this is a desperate attempt at making contact. The past needs to know of our mistakes so they can be avoided. Throughout time, we have learnt from the past, but never from the future. This is, I guess, a learning opportunity to not go down the same path we went. There was a second leap in technology that you could call an industrial revolution in the year 2050. I'm assuming you know of the first industrial revolution since you have the technology to open this file and read it. This 'industrial revolution' was a revolution of technology on a scale that was unprecedented up until this point, which was brought about by Aryan Man reclaiming his ancestral

homelands and creating White ethnostates. Without the burden of having to pay for social services to support parasitic populations of jews, wetbacks, and worst of all niggers, we were able to rededicate our civilizational energies towards technological innovation as we once did in the 17th to 19th centuries. This resulted in a massive technological 'boom'. It was a time in which different discoveries from the previous decades came together in technology and allowed us to redefine our computational devices forever.

Soon enough, self-driving cars were replaced by a network of teleportation hubs that broke you down to the very atoms and rebuilt you on the other side. Not to say there weren't accidents, but medicine had advanced to such a degree that death had become a concept of the past. Several thousands of people began to live as minds on humanoid robots in the first few years of this technology's development. Quantum supercomputers were replaced by cybernetic chips that could fit on the tip of a needle. Our own buildings evolved into smart skyscrapers that extended to the brink of the atmosphere. We even built the city of Columbia from Bioshock: Infinite just to meme on Ken Levine, the jew writer behind that video game series. Unlike in that game, the actual city of Columbia is an actual paradise for White people because we didn't import nigger slaves for no reason since we have robots do all the manual labor, but I digress.

Eventually, Aryan man took to the stars, seizing his birthright as a real-world manifestation of the Faustian conceptualization of Being.

In the short span of 100 years, all the planets in the solar system had been terraformed. From the hot deserts of Mercury to the icy oceans of Jupiter's moons, people had found a way to live there. The population of Whites

continued to expand throughout those years and somehow began to exceed the capacity of the entire universe.

However, I am writing this report because, as the great thinker Theodore Kaczynski once wrote, "The industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race," and to have what amounts to a second industrial revolution may have resulted in us discovering horrors beyond your comprehension. What I have recently discovered is so vile, so evil that I will off myself with a rifle just like Ronnie McNutt did over 200 years ago once I am finished relaying my experience to you. As I think back to what I have witnessed, I am reminded of how while the Faustian nature of Aryan man, his desire to conquer, his will to knowledge, to explore and discover, is his greatest strength, it may also be the cause of his ultimate demise—as it shall be with me.

I am a scientist and engineer for a company called Golden Nigger Corp. I had recently developed a time machine capable of travelling back as far as the creation of the universe. We planned to use the machine because it was in our nature as White men to seek new knowledge, and what greater mysteries are there than creation of the universe itself? My crew, which included space officer Kyle Rittenhouse, Ronald McNutt the Fourth, a descendant of the aforementioned Ronnie McNutt and myself. We suited up in our space suits which would protect us from the heat and radiation of the newly formed universe. There was enough oxygen in our oxygen tanks to last an entire year. I plugged the date into the time machine and just like that, we left off to see the creation of the universe with our own eyes. We arrived in the blink of an eye. Before opening the door, I attached a jetpack just so I didn't float away from the time machine in the vacuum of space. I opened the door and saw what I

could only describe as a pitch black wall of darkness that surrounded every side and corner.

The following is a description of the encounter:

"Oh shit!" Ronnie said.

I turned back and to my horror, Ronnie was not wearing his suit.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" I yelled.

I expected to see Ronnie's face explode like a watermelon just like his ancestor before him due to the lack of air causing him to depressurize, but to my surprise, he was fine!

"I'm detecting oxygen molecules, somehow there's oxygen all around us!" Officer Kyle Rittenhouse exclaimed.

If you're a retard and didn't know, space is a perfect vacuum, its pressure being nearly zero and has extremely little matter. Oxygen atoms cling very tightly to stardust which prevents them from joining together to form oxygen molecules which is why there is no oxygen in space.

Suddenly, the black wall began to expand causing a deafening sound. I watched as a surge of energy pulled the black wall outward.

"What's the reading now, Rittenhouse?" I asked.

"There's even more oxygen molecules now than before, it should be completely fine to remove our helmets," Rittenhouse said.

"Wait a minute Kyle, if oxygen levels are above 110 millimetres of mercury then it could damage your lungs," I warned.

Just then, a bright light blinded my eyes. To my surprise, it was the first star. However, that sudden excitement quickly faded away when I heard a voice.

"OOGA BOOGA mayne, I be sensing so much air in dis universe n' shiet Mayne! Youhoohoo, ma lungs be breathing like never before niggie!" The voice boomed.

"God?!" I asked. "God, is that you?"

"Is that God?!" Ronnie said.

"No fucking way, there's no way God talks like a nigger. Even suggesting that is blasphemy!" Rittenhouse said angrily.

The three of us turned to the direction where we had heard the booming voice.

"Where da pregnant bellies at?"

"Where da fentanyl at, nigga?" The voice said.

A large dark void covered the three of us in complete darkness.

"What the fuck?!" I yelled.

A face formed at the top of the black void, it was the face of a nigger. However it wasn't any ordinary nigger, no, it was far more disgusting and horrifying than that. It was George Floyd. His nose was as big as the Milky Way, along with lips the size of the largest gas giants. His eyes were like two black holes, their abyssal darkness showing how they lacked any semblance of intelligent thought. They were undoubtedly the features of George Floyd.

"Hehehe crackas, I be da entity dat dey call George Floyd! I came ta yo universe after sensing the air it possesses 'n shit."

"I will steal all yo air to satiate ma lungs nigga!" Floyd said as he opened his mouth and began to suck in all the air. I noticed that inside of George Floyd's mouth was the largest blackhole I had ever seen."

"Ah shit, I can't breathe! I guess that's it!" Ronnie said as his head began to expand, eventually popping into blood and gore like what you'd see in the movie Scanners.

Fearing for our lives, Rittenhouse and I tried to make our way to the time machine. However, it was too late. Both Kyle Rittenhouse and I were caught by the powerful force of George Floyd breathing in all the oxygen. I screamed in horror as Floyd swallowed me, leaving me in a darkness that was almost as black, deep and horrifying as I imagined being stuck between Breonna Taylor's fat rolls would be like.

In that abyss, my sense of time was distorted. I couldn't tell if minutes or hours or decades passed; space and time oozed together, becoming indistinguishable. It was as if I were floating in this murky, oily goo, something akin to KFC frying oil that hadn't been changed for a week.

Then, there was a burning flash of light and a chaotic storm of noises all around me. I was breathing, I was crying, my heart was beating, and I existed. However, and I can say this as I think back to that experience, I had no idea that I existed. I existed as a consciousness, as a living being, but I could not recall the past nor plan for the future. All there was was the present, trapping me and shackling me.

That was when I felt something soft and wet at my fingertips, a clump of mud at a riverbed. My gaze fixed on the murky, dung-tainted water that I realized I was drinking from. The face that was staring back at me was that of a niglet, about five years old by the looks of it. It took me a moment to realize that I was the niglet, that I was now in the body of a nigger. That explained why I had no idea that I existed even though I was conscious. Mirror tests, which are used to test visual self-recognition in animals and humans, are passed by 65% of White babies but only 3% of niglets, which explains why I lacked self-awareness of my own existence.

Yet I can only say this all in hindsight, for since my soul (or if you are experienced with continental philosophy, my mind) was trapped in the body of a nigger, I was not horrified or disgusted by my chimp-like appearance. Think of it this way. My Aryan soul (or mind) is like a piece of code or a program that was specifically created to operate the body of a White man. But if that soul is placed in the body of the nigger, it is like trying to run the PC version of Elden Ring (which is still recognized as the greatest video game of all time in the year 2283) on a Macbook Air from 2002. The hardware simply cannot run the software; the body is not a worthy vessel for the soul.

And so, I did what any 70 IQ Sub-Saharan simian would do, and began drinking from the river, which was just as much fecal matter as it was water. But even though it was so disgusting, I drank and drank and drank because it was my nigger instinct to fill up on tainted water.

The next few days were filled with excruciating pain as I writhed in agony inside my mother's mudhut, slowly dying of a parasite that I had contracted through the water. In my final moments, as I felt the strength leave my body, I felt something besides diarrhea leave my bowels. As the world darkened around me, I saw a small, fleshy parasite with a massive nose and lips crawl over my cold body and begin feasting upon it.

Once again, I was floating in the goo that smelled like week-old KFC grease, which I now realized was the amniotic fluid of a negress' womb. The next time I was conscious of where I was I saw that I was yet again a nigger, this time in another African village, only this time I was ten instead of five. There were drums beating and niggers dancing and hollering all around me. Due to being niggers, the men were revolting enough, but I recall that

the women were particularly revolting. They had their sagging, droopy breasts out that flopped around like Nikocado Avocado's belly and these massive, grotesque plates in their lips that they clinked against their teeth.

I tried to move, but I realized that my hands and feet were bound with rope. I then saw an elderly nigger medicine man step out from the crowd with a knife in his hand. He began chanting the following in his primitive click-tongue:

"Aw great Flonig'anylgiorga, grant us da rain an' da good harbests an' da good baybays from dey baby mamas. Gib aw warriahs da strength ah da gorillas an' da speed ah da hyenas please. Gib us de gud fufu and shieet in exchange fo' da blood ah dis here bitch-ass keed!"
As he finished his chant, the elder plunged the knife into my stomach, tearing it open, and began to eat my organs. I shrieked at the top of my lungs as the entire village joined in on the feast, devouring me in an act of ritual cannibalism. I struggled and writhed but it was no use, and soon I was dead once more.

When I was next conscious, I was lying there face down on a ship. Yet again my hands shackled behind my back. I then recalled what had happened to me. I had been captured by a rival African tribe and then sold into slavery. Then while I was being transported by a crew of White sailors, they were attacked by pirates.

A dark figure stepped forward, looming over me. "Youhoohoo, dis heah be lookin' like a good nigga fo' sure."

"Dats rite Captain Big Lips, but do ya tink dat we should sell him ta da crackas or de sand peepo? If we gonna sell 'im to da sand peepo you know what's we gots ta do rite?"

The Captain pulled out a serrated knife and began to cackle. "Da sand niggas fo' sure mayne, dem turk sultans like dese sorts ah young bucks dat dey can stick dey dicks inta eben dough da Quran says dat being a gay-ass nigga is wrong. And as fo' what I gotta do, Imma love doing it mayne."

The Captain, who I now saw was a nigger like myself, stooped over me and tore off my pants. I flinched back as he brought his knife over my cock and balls-then plunged the knife in. For your sake I will spare you the details of the experience except the fact that the Captain enjoyed every moment of the process, feeding off of my suffering like the sadist he was.

*This is what niggers would do to each other when selling each other into slavery with the Muslims. They would cut each other's genitals off because the Muslims wanted their slaves castrated so as to prevent the slaves from raping or impregnating Arab women, which is why there were no large nigger populations in the Middle East like there were in America and the Carribean. While doing that is kinda **based** since it stops niggers from multiplying like bacteria in your average pajeet city where the streets are flooded with literal shit, it is also an act of cruelty that can only be performed by soulless "people" like other niggers and sand monkeys.*

The pain was so unbearable that I passed out. After that, I lived out the rest of "that" life as the gay sex slave of a gross, half-retarded Turk named Hasan Piker. Both of us were eventually killed when Hasan's uncle, a fat ass named Cenk Uygur, stayed the night over on the floor above us. Cenk was such a disgusting fatso that he caused the ceiling to cave in, crushing both me and Hasan.

And so, I kept on living life after life as different niggers. In one life I was a starving, malnourished nigger

boy with a swollen stomach in Haiti who, to my horror, enjoyed eating mud cookies, and I was eventually murdered by a thug who thought that my belly was like that of a pregnant woman. In another I was a negro in the American South working on a plantation that did not produce cotton nor tobacco, but fentanyl.

Every life I lived as a nigger ended due to one of two reasons. The first was that I did something utterly retarded and niggerish; examples include eating obviously rotten food, overdosing on drugs, or getting shot by the police for a crime that I committed. The other was because other niggers victimized me in violent and horrific ways like necklacing or raping me in prison and giving me AIDS.

Yet out of all of those horrific experiences, the worst by far was the very last one that I experienced.

After having had a gasoline-filled tire put around my neck and burned alive by Nelson Mandela's wife Winnie Mandela, a particularly cruel method of torture-execution known as necklacing, I next awoke as another negro child. This time I recognized that I was in a majority black middle school in the early 2020's. I had been told by my obese single mom that I had to attend school for the free breakfast and lunch, all while she used all of the food stamps on Little Debbie cakes and frozen dinners.

Even if it meant going hungry, I attended school reluctantly. The reason why? It was because as a nigger, I was afraid of school. Every class, from Language Arts to History to Art, all of it was a confusing blur that went through one ear and out the other. Nothing made sense to me even though I was in the least advanced classes, with the teachers deliberately guiding me to every answer. Every science experiment came back with an "F" stamped on it, and from my perspective as a nigger, the addition

and division symbols were as strange and incomprehensible as the utterings of a Lovecraftian deity.

All I knew was that in school, I was a failure, and that continued throughout all of middle school and into high school. I wasn't even that good at sports, and I eventually dropped out of school and began to collect welfare while living inside my mother's Section 8 apartment. I spent all day on my couch, playing on Playstation or watching Dragon Ball Z while growing fat on Popeye's chicken sandwiches and pepperoni pizza that I had delivered through Uber Eats.

For the next fifty years, I lived, no, existed like that, because to live means to aspire to greater goals, to try your damndest to achieve a greater life for yourself. But I took no such action. Any White person not named Vaush in similar circumstances would, at the very least, feel some form of guilt about being a fat, slobbering sack of living waste. They would ask themselves: "Can I keep on living like this?" Yet I felt no calling to do that because I lacked the voice in my head, that thing you might call either conscience or an internal monologue, that would make me reflect.

Instead, I obeyed my basest instincts with no consideration for whether what I was doing was good or noble or even healthy. I ate junk, smoked weed, and did nothing until I expired gracelessly of heart disease at age 63. Not only did I not accomplish anything in my life as that obese bug nigger, I didn't even try in the first place. My entire existence ended with no contemplation, no striving towards greatness. Nothing but consumption: of food, of entertainment, of drugs.

The experience of being something that contributes nothing to the world while leeching off of society like some sort of obese, shit-colored leech has filled me with a

hollowness and sense of worthlessness that is worse than any form of fear or pain or horror. Being a nigger is like being a black hole, everything goes in and nothing comes out.

Then, suddenly, I was floating in space again. I looked behind me to see George Floyd with a revolted expression on his monkey face.

"Aw shieet, you be 100% cracka and shieet," he said, cradling his stomach in pain. "I can't absorb ya like I did dat quarter-spic Rittenhouse. Fuck man, why you hurt me mayne? I'm not dat kinda guy mayne. Please, I'm not dat kinda a guy."

Even though my mind was scrambled and my body was quivering due to the mental damage caused by my experiences within the darkest abysses of Floyd, I was able to use the momentum of him spitting me out to my advantage. Since space was now a vacuum due to him stealing all of the oxygen, there was no air resistance that would decelerate me as I traveled back to my ship.

After barely escaping with my life, I plugged in the current date and returned home. This is why I have sent this message to the past. Please, to whoever is listening to this, do not invent the time machine or any other device capable of witnessing the birth of our universe. There are horrors in our universe that the human soul cannot withstand. After recording this and sending the drive to the past via the time machine, I will kill myself with a replica Ronnie McNutt shotgun.

"So yeah, hey guys, I guess that's it!"

There was the sound of a shotgun going off, followed by intense blood dripping noises and then static. That was the end of the recording. After some careful consideration, I decided to inform my boss that it was just a false alarm. I cannot let this valuable information fall

into the hands of the jewish higher ups as they are the Devil's servants and will surely use the info to their advantage. The reason why there is no air in space is because George Floyd stole it all because he is a criminal chimp. Also, if you travel back in time to the start of the universe out of a genuine sense of scientific curiosity, he will torture your soul by making you live out lives as blacks, which is perhaps the most horrific fate a White man can ever experience. This is because you will have to experience years of life without an internal monologue, any semblance of knowledge, and as a barbaric criminal monkey. But worst of all, just like how George Floyd sucked in all of the air in space for himself, you will experience existence as a living black hole that sucks in everything valuable from society while giving nothing back.

After reading and listening to this tale, I am going to be forming a group of covert White scientists to help investigate this incident. That is because, as **based** White chads, we are both the stewards of nature and the enforcers of the natural order, which is why we must stop the black menace from destroying not only this universe I am currently residing in, but all realities and timelines. For that is our God-given duty as upholders of all that is Good, True, and Beautiful.

Ho Chi Floyd

By Pepe McNutt

My name is Nate Higgers. I was deployed for the United States Army investigations branch in 1968 to Vietnam to investigate nigger and Soviet involvement in the Vietnam war, as we had received reports of relatively new Soviet made AK-47 and SKS weapons systems.

When I first landed in Vietnam, I could see the destruction that had been broadcast on the television in the United States. There were burned skeletons of trees everywhere around the landing site, with deep trenches dug around the helicopter pad and long stretches of bombed out and burned huts.

The main structure of the base was a string of low, concrete buildings connected by hallways with gun pits on the top of the largest four buildings at the corners of the base. Many niggers and gooks ran in and out of the buildings, carrying mortars and ammo cans for the White soldiers in the gun pits and trenches.

I was hustled off of the huey chopper, which immediately took off. As I watched the helicopter fly out of view, I realized why they had left in such a hurry. The helicopter was taking heavy ground fire, and I even thought I saw someone fall to the ground out of the helicopter.

I ran into one of the corner buildings when some gunshots rattled off from the forest just outside of the base which the gunners returned. I wasn't issued a rifle so I went to supplies to get one, then I went to command.

When I walked into the command office, I saw the CO sitting at his desk and stood at attention. "State your purpose," the officer said.

"I was sent here to investigate Soviet involvement in this war." I said, "Command has received reports of relatively new Soviet weapons systems recovered on patrols from here."

"Yes, those reports are correct. We have gathered almost 500 AK-47s, Tokarev pistols, and soviet rockets." the CO replied.

The Commanding Officer led me to the armory where they kept the seized weapons from the base's patrols. I saw a massive pile of AK47s, SVD Dragunov sniper rifles, and SKS semi-automatic weapons. I saw a strange white powdery substance all over the weapons that had been brought in recently, which the CO told me not to touch as they had identified the substance as a fatal drug known as fentanyl.

I chose an AK-47 assault rifle and a Colt 1911 pistol as my weapons which I would be leaving the base with. I also chose 2 flashbang grenades and 4 fragmentation grenades, a flak jacket and a new helmet.

After this I left the weaponry to catch a chopper to Da Nang.

I didn't have to wait long, as choppers would come through this base regularly every 15 minutes or so to fuel their 240 gallon tanks or to deliver ammunition, weapons and troops.

When I got into the chopper, I saw that my three investigations partners had already been picked up and were all there. I also saw that the forest around the base was infested with NVA troops, except they didn't look like Vietnamese people. They looked almost like gorillas for

the 2 seconds I could see them before I had to duck to keep my head attached to my body.

I looked to one of my new partners and said, "Those people looked almost like niggers. Nothing like Vietnamese soldiers," to which he replied, "I would appreciate it if you didn't use that type of language, please."

"What are you, gay?" I asked.

At this he faced away from me, looking out the chopper's massive window. I took a quick look and saw that the nametag on his battle dress shirt said "R. McNutt".

I could tell that McNutt was going to be useless on this mission, as he was a manlet retard. My other two partners were two CIA guys named Woods and Mason.

"What do you two think about niggers?" I asked the two CIA guys. "We aren't at liberty to say," said Mason, winking.

"Aw, screw those rules," said Woods "We both hate niggers, why are we afraid to say that?" "Unlike you, I give a fuck about my job." Mason said.

"Yeah, well in a year we'll both be on a beach in Mexico with enough money to do whatever we want." Woods said.

The pilot came through on the intercom to tell us that we were nearing the Da Nang US army base's landing pad. We tied all of our gear to our uniforms and tightened the straps on our bags and rifles.

3 minutes later, the chopper landed and we all jumped down out of the chopper, running to the trenches around the landing pad to avoid the incoming enemy fire. McNutt wasn't fast enough to avoid getting hit, and both of his legs were sheared off by a machine gun, leaving him on the pad. Our chopper left and a new one arrived just

after it, crushing McNutt under one of its wheels. "I guess that's it." McNutt said before dying.

I found my two remaining partners and we moved into the main base by means of a wide trench that was built to move heavy guns and even tanks into the base. We had no problem finding the command post, and there we picked up our escort into the jungle. A six man SPF team who were left over from the Waffen SS and ran their own country in Antarctica.

We left the base the next day, headed to La Trang, a city on the front line, where we would leave on foot, take the Ho Chi Mihn trail all the way to Hanoi, North Vietnam, documenting any clues of Soviet involvement and ultimately infiltrating Hanoi to document the moral of the people there to find any weakness in their defense.

I saw one of the SS operator's tags said "N. Higgers" and the other said "G. Rockwell".

I had heard about a guy back in the US named George Lincoln Rockwell preaching National Socialism and advocating to send niggers back to Africa, but I had thought he had been shot. He looked almost exactly like the man in the newspapers that had been sent to Japan to the US Army investigations headquarters was located, with the same corn cob pipe stuck between his lips and the same strong voice which I had heard when he was having a group of nigger marines load the chopper with our gear and they had spilled some of the ration cans on the tarmac.

The third and fourth operators said "F. Kjelleberg" and "W. Pierce." I recognized William Pierce's face as he had been my Professor of Nigger Studies at the University of Minneapolis, but he didn't recognize me, as every student of his class passes with honors and he had been teaching for more than 20 years and had taught hundreds

of students about nigger-like behavior and nigger evasion maneuvers.

"How have you been, Dr. Pierce?" I asked. "Do I know you?" he asked.

"You may not remember me, but I attended your nigger studies for three years at Minneapolis University," I said.

"Were you the student that was stalked by George Floyd?" he asked. "Yep, that was me." I said.

"Glad to see you are putting that education to good use," he said.

As we approached La Trang, Rockwell got the attention of his two SS special forces officers, who had sat in the rear of the chopper, had no nametags, and had gas-masks on their faces, to begin the first stages necessary to unloading the gear we had stowed on the chopper. As we approached the landing tarmac, the pilot came over the intercom.

"Boys, it looks like your destination is deserted. Everything is burnt and there isn't a radio presence out here." the pilot said.

"Did you try the secondary channels?" Rockwell asked.

"There is a message repeating on channel 38, 2 cm band." the pilot replied.

"Loop around the base and then go over the tarmac at 4 feet for a jump." Rockwell said.

We all prepared to jump out of the chopper and when the time came, Pierce, Kjellborg and I jumped out of the right side, while Rockwell and his special forces officers jumped from the left. Unfortunately the rations and extra ammo had been left on the chopper, but we each had eight extra magazines of each of our weapons.

Immediately after touching the ground, we all dove for the tarmac, anticipating enemy fire from any direction, but were faced with absolute silence. Finally, Kjellborg stood up, and seeing that nothing happened to him, the rest of us followed suit. Soon, we were walking through the barracks of the base, which consisted of five dirt roads with tents bordering each side, most of which were torn or burning. We found white powder all over everything, and the base smelled like cheap weed, fried chicken, and cheap body odor. This was unexpected in Vietnam as these are trademark characteristics of places niggers have recently been in large numbers.

As we walked through the deserted base, we saw that all of the military equipment had been stolen, along with jeeps, trucks, and other vehicles. The tanks, however, were left behind as niggers are too stupid to drive them. All of a sudden we heard some kind of nigger rap version of the Soviet anthem over 30 dollar bass boosted speakers. Kjellberg immediately fell to the ground, bleeding from his ears and convulsing violently and died within 10 seconds. Rockwell told us to put on our ear protection and move toward the coastline, where the noise was coming from. I checked the magazine in my rifle, made sure a round was chambered, and did the same with my pistol. I then unzipped one of my grenade pouches but left it buttoned so the grenade wouldn't fall out.

As we approached the coastline, we smelled the odor of cheap cologne and cognac emanating from a group of almost 200 of the blackest niggers we had ever seen. They were trying to start a fire by shooting at a pile of wood. We could hear the niggers, confused as to why their fire starting method wasn't working, starting to argue with each other.

"Ayo mayne why ain't this fiah started an sheeit?" one of them chimped.

"It bes he fault nigga." another said, pointing to a young niglet with a chinese AK who had been standing guard at a palm tree, secretly eating some chitterlings he had taken from the trash.

We were all itching to attack, but we waited for the inevitable fist fight to break out between the niggers. When it did, Rockwell yelled to attack and we opened fire on the niggers. All of us hit the niglet first, turning him into a pool of blood, and then turned our attention to the niggers on the beach, still fighting each other, and opened fire again. One of the masked officers racked our Squad Automatic Weapon, a new copy of the MG42 and opened up on the crowd, sawing through 40 or more of them. At this, the rest of us charged down to the beach, the two masked officers going into the command post 50 yards to the right of the fire pit.

We easily massacred the rest of the monkeys, whose 9mm high point pistols, and stockless Chinese AKs were jamming at the first round. I saw 4 or 5 of those first rounds go into the foot of the shooter, who had an automatic AK and who was immediately shot in the face by Rockwell.

After the beach was cleared, we went to the command post to see what the officers were up to. Upon coming inside, I felt a blow to the back of my head and everything went black. The last thing I heard was Rockwell yelling into his radio that we would be needing a chopper, and then I felt the sensation of being dragged. I blacked out and woke up in a bamboo cage being carried by four buck negros.

One of the buck negros looked at me and said, "Big Floyd gon' be happy to see you White nigga." I couldn't

tell what his ebonics meant, but I knew the name Big Floyd from the time travel missions the Army had sent me on. I had never been able to do something as drastic as killing someone in a time other than my own, because it might have affected my time zone drastically. When we had been moving for 3 or more hours, the buck negros stopped and put the cage down. They then clubbed me in the head again, knocking me unconscious.

When I woke for the second time, I was in a room tied up with weak ropes that felt like they had been made by a bunch of retarded kindergartners from Detroit. I easily broke the ropes and walked through the wooden door that had no lock and had a window cut into it.

The door led to a tall, long hall. At the end of the hall was a plastic throne, on which a nigger sat. As I walked closer to the nigger, I could tell he was in disguise as the chink that was running north Vietnam, Ho Chi Mihn, although so little effort was put into the disguise that it almost looked like a halloween costume he had bought from a dollar store.

The nigger had a massive nose that took up half his face and looked like someone had taken a shit on his face and he had just left it there, and his lips looked like rotting ground liver. It was George Floyd. The nigger that would be knelt on in the future. I already knew that he transcended space and time, but I had never expected him to show up here.

"Ayo mayne what's this cracka doin out his cell niggas," he asked in a voice I barely understood. The four buck negros walked up and surrounded me, chimping about White supremacy and reparations.

That's when I remembered the 9mm tactical pistol I had hidden in the seam of my waistband. The niggers hadn't even bothered to search me thoroughly.

I quickly pulled it out and shot the nigger to my right in his fat nose, killing him and scaring the others away. I was so busy firing after them that I didn't notice that Floyd was beginning to hover over his throne and his eyes had turned red.

"YOU GON DIE NOW WYBOY" he said in a voice that sounded almost inhuman. Like 40 voices saying the same thing at once in a low voice.

I pointed my pistol at him, but it simply melted in my hand. I was waiting for the end as he approached nearer when I heard a voice I recognized.

"LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS NOW, SHOW ME YOUR HANDS NIGGER!"

I turned to see Derek Chauvin pointing some kind of glowing shotgun at Floyd.

Chauvin pulled the trigger and Floyd began screaming saying "I only wanted those pregnant Asian bitches." A brown stream began to flow from Floyd to Chauvin's gun, seemingly being pulled to the gun by an unseen force.

Finally, Floyd's lifeless body sank to the ground and shapeshifted into an old chink who I immediately recognized as Ho Chi Mihn. He was shriveled up as if his air had been stolen.

I got on my feet and looked around to thank Chauvin, but he was nowhere to be found. I was rescued by invading forces two hours later and shipped to Japan, where I have continued my work. Never believe the narrative that the media feeds you about history. It is never correct.

Ukraine Is George Floyd

By Pepe McNutt

You may have heard that Russia invaded Ukraine after hostilities in Europe had been on the rise. The Russian army threw everything at Ukraine, trying to emulate the "Blitzkrieg" tactics of WW2 Germany. However, as the invasion started, a peculiar tweet was posted by a user with the handle @lilycatsmeow.

The tweet read as follows: *"I feel like I am watching George Floyd die again, only the country version. We all stand around knowing this is wrong, but helpless to stop it. What can we do?! #UkraineisGeorgeFloyd"*

Now you may think that that is just a harmless troll tweet. However, you couldn't be any further from the truth.

I am a Russian army officer. I commanded a tank column during the invasion of Odessa in south Ukraine. Directly after hitting the beach at Odessa, myself and all of my men realized something was very off.

The moment we entered Ukrainian territory, the air became thick and it was hard to breathe. Many of my men dropped dead immediately and some of them started screaming "Ah mayne I caint breathe an sheeit."

A thick, farm smell hung thick over the whole area from huge fields of stinking pigs.

I noticed as we progressed that the ground was a strange brown color and seemed to have dark green writing and markings all over it, and I thought I heard a faint voice saying "This generation clearly lost mayne, clearly lost."

All over the ground was something that almost looked like snow except it burned when the tanks rolled over it and smelled like burning tires. We came to the Odessa square, already having lost almost half of our men with the rest of them already starting to feel the effects of the decreased air intake. Most of our tanks had clogged intakes from the snow-like substance all over the ground and we didn't have the manpower to run the tanks anymore.

I ordered my men to leave their tanks and equip their rifles. We started to walk towards the other end of Odessa ready to fight on foot, but there were no Ukrainian soldiers to be seen.

I decided to radio to supreme command when one of my lieutenants dropped dead, purple in the face from asphyxiation. The only response was to tell me to keep going.

"Our great leader cannot afford defeat, commander," the command officer said.

We kept on, toward the other end of the city, checking houses and shops as we went along. The streets were dead silent except for the unusual amount of pigs, presumably having been let free from their pens by fleeing farmers, who were beginning to crowd the streets making a horrible cacophony of squeals and snorts. After almost an hour of trudging through the city streets, I realized something about the pigs. Something about their color in particular. I found a rather large hog walking down a side street and confirmed what I had realized. Half of the hog's body was blue and the other side was yellow. The pigs were colored like the Ukrainian flag.

"Hey," I said to my staff sergeant, "Are you seeing this? These pigs are sick or something."

"Were they like that before?" the staff sergeant asked.

"I don't know," I said and shook my head in disbelief.

"First the thin air, now strangely colored pigs," the sergeant said, sounding confused.

We reached the other side of Odessa three hours behind schedule and radioed to command again. "We've reached the northern limit of Odessa and are awaiting orders from high command," I said.

"We have received reports of asphyxiation casualties in Kharkiv and Crimea. Anything like this in your area?" the command officer asked.

"We have had more than half of our personnel go down from this cause," I said, "We've had to desert our tanks. There are also an unusual amount of pigs in the area with a strange yellow and blue coloration.

"This has also been a theme with army group Kharkiv," the officer said, "We believe these may have been pigs from the nuclear meltdown site at Chernobyl. Your orders are to rendezvous with choppers and retrieve your tanks. The choppers will be looking for your tanks."

We began to move back south, towards where the tanks had been left, and that's when we realized that the pigs were nowhere to be seen. Due to the clear streets we reached the tanks relatively fast and the choppers landed just as we arrived. The choppers dropped reinforcements and we got the tanks ready to go. As we left the town, thousands of pigs came running down all of the side streets, converging on our column of tanks. As the pigs approached the tanks, they turned into human beings in a cloud of glittery dust.

"Oh shit," my tank gunner yelled, "How in hell is that happening."

All of the pig-people somehow had guns, which they promptly began firing at the tank column. We returned fire and the people retreated into buildings for better shooting cover.

My tank gunner lined up a shot on a building with a very active anti-tank gun firing at our armor. With one high explosive round, the building caved on itself, silencing the anti-tank gun.

As my gunner loaded a new round into his gun, I could see tears in his eyes from the weight of having to fight civilians. I felt very badly about it myself, but I didn't show it. I was in command here and if I showed any weakness, it would come back to make me regret it later.

We finally reached the north side of Odessa and began the drive to Kyiv at 2330, and my crew was beginning to feel the effect of the first day of campaigning. I ordered the tank column to halt in a deserted stretch of street at 0200 and assigned sleep guard shifts to a quarter of my men.

During the night, many of the men died of asphyxiation because they had failed to keep up manual breathing, taking out 3 tank crews. We moved out at 0700 and reached the outside of Kyiv at 0845. We were immediately met with fanatical resistance. The Ukrainian government had decided to start passing out weapons to civilians in Kyiv specifically to defend the city.

We were hit by multiple small arms fairly quickly, and we were soon being hit by heavy machine guns and even anti-tank rifles. One of the large 60MM anti-tank rounds glanced off of our armor on the right side.

My driver suddenly came up on the tank's intercom system. "Chief, are you seeing this?" he asked.

I looked through my periscope and saw what he was referencing immediately. There was a massive hill with

two huge holes in it. The holes were sucking in our tanks and men with an inexplicable vacuum-like suction. All of a sudden the hill moved up. A massive black head emerged from the ground, throwing entire houses, shops and buildings. Two eyes opened on the face and peered out. The face had massive lips which looked like two brown Boeing 747s crushed together.

From the lips came a grunting sound as shoulders and then arms became visible from underground. I recognized the massive man as the american nigger named George Floyd. I instructed my gunner to fire at him, but he ignored the gunfire. It was at that moment that I realized that Ukraine was George Floyd.

All of a sudden, I heard a great booming from the east. A 700-foot figure in a police uniform was walking towards the giant Floyd whose body was still mostly underground. As the police officer knelt down onto Floyd's neck, I recognized Vladimir Putin's face. All Russian personnel saluted as he knelt on Ukraine Floyd's neck.

"I can't breathe nigga," Ukraine Floyd said, "I needs air an shieet."

Putin ignored Floyd's chimping, punching his fist into the side of Floyd's head.

I ordered all of my tanks for fire on Floyd, and a massive barrage of fire began. All we succeeded in doing was burning his hair off.

Somehow, Floyd got out from under Putin's knee, pulling himself out of the ground completely and saying things like "I ain't that type of guy mayne" and "Please mayne please I gots a family an sheeit."

When the Ukrainians saw what had been commanding them, they started firing at him too. The air got easier to breathe almost immediately, and Floyd became weak.

"Ah shit mayne, my powers only work when people be believing in me an sheeit." he chimped. Although he was powerful, Putin wasn't strong enough to kill Floyd by himself.

Floyd got Putin into a choke lock and started to brag in ebonics about how he was going to rape all the White women and kill wypipos.

"I is gon be able to get all dat fentanyl and dem pregnant belly pics." he said. Putin grunted in a great effort to get Floyd's arm off of his neck, but he wasn't strong enough, and the situation began to take on a more grave tone.

"Hehehe mayne. Yall stupid wypipos think a half jew nigga can defeat me?" Floyd bellowed. "No, but he can." Putin said, pointing back east.

We all looked to the east to see a man who was even taller than Putin trudging towards Floyd. He had a beard and plastic framed glasses, and really bad posture.

He grabbed Floyd's neck and dragged him off of Putin, giving him time to draw his oversized pistol.

"Ah sheit mayne, who bes this cracka that has he hands on me" Floyd said, grabbing the man's face.

"Well guys, I guess that's it," the giant man said, before Floyd crushed his airway. "Hehehehehe mayne I'll take his breath once I'm done with you," he said, turning to Putin.

"You won't be stealing anyone's air," Putin said.

WHOOM. A massive explosion pierced the air as Putin fired his pistol into Floyd's neck. "Ah shit, I can't breathe," Floyd said before falling unconscious. All of us were rendered blind and deaf momentarily by the gunshot, and I still haven't fully regained my hearing.

I was sent home the day after this, as Russia-Ukraine peace talks proceeded in the aftermath of the Kyiv event.

I am writing this as a warning that Floyd not only transcends time and space, he also controls media, militaries, and has magical powers that can steal your breath from miles away.

The Real Reason Why They Call Him Big Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Bahamui, and I used to be a weight loss coach as a side hustle. By that, I mean I would get obese clients who weigh something like 500 pounds, motivate them and design their workout plans. As a chad who maintains sub 10 percent body fat year-round at 300 pounds, I know the best way to help people lose weight: bully them until they begin working hard and getting excellent results. I am sick of constantly seeing all these blue-haired girls on the comment sections of land whales say shit like “#BODYPOSITIVITY,” or “You are just big-boned.” The fact that they are promoting and encouraging obesity just worsens the obesity pandemic and breeds more and more people who are too physically unfit to be productive members of society. This boils my blood a lot, so I try my best to do the complete opposite in order to reduce the number of fat fucks on the planet.

Not only do I help my clients physically become better versions of themselves, but I also better them in terms of ideology. Most of my previous clients when they were overweight were libtards who support faggotry and BLM. However, during the course of their weight loss transformations, I notice a pattern where a lot of them shift to becoming nigger haters and actively hate LGBTQ members. This goes to show that the average racist tends to be built like chads compared to libtards.

This was something I’ve been doing for over a decade. However, I called it quits recently when I came

across this one particular client. Now, I consider myself a pretty chill guy who doesn't easily get frustrated or quit—but this client, holy shit. If you have ever seen a Youtube documentary about this fat land whale who refused to lose weight no matter what her doctor suggested, you get the picture. It was a client who was not only frustrating when it came to his lack of motivation, but his race; he was a nigger. Those two combined traits that make up an unbearable client lead me to quit my job as a weight loss coach.

It all started when I was in the middle of a one-thousand-pound bench, which was just a warm-up by the way, when I was interrupted by a phone call. I knew it was a client request because I set a different ringtone for clients than ringtones when a person who isn't calling through my business phone number is calling. I try to answer client calls as soon as possible, even though I am in the middle of something since I took my hustle very seriously. I hooked the bar, sat up, and then answered the phone.

"Ayo main, are you Bahamui the weight loss coach n' shieet?" the caller began.

"Yes I am, what can I do for you?" I responded.

"I, Big Floyd, need to lose weight so I can breathe!"

"Ahaha, alrighty then, when would you like to book our first session then?" I asked.

"Tomorrow mornin at nine o' clock when I am all wakey wakey main," Big Floyd said. "Please pull up at my house at the address [REDACTED]. Do dat sound good main?"

"Okay sounds good, I will schedule that right now," I said as I quickly went to the whiteboard I use as a planner and marked the next day.

"Anything else?"

“That be it main, yooohoo I can’t wait to finally lose weight so I can breathe!”

I hung up the phone and wondered for a moment why the Big Floyd talked about his breathing so much. It worried me a lot, as it could imply that he is likely extremely obese to the point where it makes it a lot harder for him to breathe since his excess neck fat presses against his airways.

That night, I thought about what my would-be client was going to look like size-wise. I predicted he was going to look like one of those walrus niggers who take up 25% of every room he walks in, being even more of a waste of space than a normal size nigger. I knew he was a nigger because of the hard-to-understand ebonics he spoke in.

The following morning, I got dressed in my workout clothes, had my daily morning protein breakfast, and then drove over to Big Floyd’s house. Once I pulled up there, I got out of my car and then rang Big Floyd’s doorbell. I immediately could hear the sound of wheels rolling, getting louder as whoever was behind the door got closer until he opened the door. I was greeted by a fat-ass nigger sitting in a wheelchair. It was definitely my client Big Floyd, given how much of a fucking fat piece of shit of a nigger he is, having to be on a wheelchair to get around. Not only was his body silhouette chunky, but so was his nose and lips. Funnily, the size of his nose and lips were proportionate to the size of his extremely chubby face.

Picture taking the biggest dump in your life after holding it for so long, and staring back at it, feeling like what you shat out is world record-worthy. That was what Big Floyd looked like—his size coupled with his nigger skin color simply made him look like a giant piece of shit.

“Hello Big Floyd, I am here to help you in your weight loss goal,” I said.

"Ooga booga let's get started," Big Floyd responded enthusiastically, struggling to get his words out due to his neck flaps. "Now help me back in by pushing my wheelchair foe me main."

I grabbed the handles of Big Floyd's wheelchair, and then pushed him in.

"To mah living room main," he ordered.

I brought him to a room which was filled with a shit ton of KFC chicken buckets and soda cans, and even residue of this strange white substance that I couldn't identify.

"Alright Big Floyd, for our first session, it will just be orientation," I said. "For now, I will just ask you to tell me about yourself so I can get a grasp on how we should plan your workouts. If you don't mind me asking, how did you end up this way?"

"You see mayne, I used to be a nice fit mayne back the," Big Floyd began. "Howevah, I developed this kink foe pregnant women, and I kept getting rejected by them when I ask them for some good unga bunga time, so I decided to take mattahs into mah own hands. I eventually became way too desensitized to pregnant woman porn, so I decided to purposefully gain some weight in order to make mah belly big to make myself look pregnant so that I could masturbate to myself. Oh la la I am sexy, am I right?"

I almost puked after what I just heard him say. That nigger really just said he intentionally made himself look like what his fucked up fetish is.

"Okay then Big Floyd, looks like we have a lot of work to do," I said, trying very hard to maintain my composure. "How long have you been like this?"

"Main, I been dis size for ovah a year and I now came to the realization that my impeded ability to breathe

being this fat is not worth it anymore," Big Floyd replied. "Please man, I don't think I have much more to live, lemme lose some fat fast!"

"Okay calm down, we will get this sorted," I said. Now one more question, what have you been eating that got you to this size?"

"I used a fuck ton of counterfeit, I mean, real dollar bills to purchase all that KFC chicken to my heart's desire, and I be eating so much fentanyl."

"I see you got a drug problem as well," I said. "So much we have to do to improve you."

I knew deep down that it is impossible to improve niggers to a material extent, but I tried to remain positive.

"Okie dokie, that is all I need from you for today, when should we meet next?" I asked. "And what gym?"

"Let's meet next week Monday eight o'clock PM at the Planet Fitness near Cupfoods," Big Floyd said.

A week passed, and the time came, when I was to meet Big Floyd at Planet Fitness. I drove and made it there at the exact designated time, to see Big Floyd wasn't there yet. *Maybe he is taking a while to push himself with his wheelchair*, I thought. However, I realized I was wrong when I glanced at the back end of the Planet Fitness facility—I saw Big Floyd at the free pizza counter stealing all the freshly cooked pizza which were supposed to be given to each member on the first Monday of every month, which was today.

"Yum yum, this pizza be almost as good as fried chicken!" Big Floyd said.

"Hey! Stop eating those you fucking nigger!" I yelled out.

Just then, one of the Planet Fitness supervisors came into my view and scolded me.

"Say the N-word one more time and we will kick you out," the scrawny supervisor in the purple uniform said.

"But look at him," I said, as I pointed at Big Floyd who was still stuffing himself with the pizza. "Isn't he not supposed to hoard all that?"

"Take it easy on him, he's black!" The supervisor said.

I rolled my eyes. *So much for this nigger loving gym*, I thought. Once Big Floyd finished eating the dozens of pizza slices, I went towards him and initiated contact.

"Let's begin working out," I said. "First things first, I will get you on the treadmill. Because it is our first training session, I will let you go at your own pace."

"Okay main, can't wait to get fit again!" Big Floyd said.

I pushed Big Floyd's wheelchair until we made it to one of the treadmills.

"Okay, buddy, this may be a bit difficult, so I am going to help you on one of these," I said, as I offered my hand to Big Floyd. He accepted my hand, and so I brought him up, into the base of the treadmill.

As I slowly began to increase the speed setting of the treadmill, I told Big Floyd, "Let me know when to stop."

"FUCK STOP THE MACHINE MAIN!" Big Floyd yelled, panicking. "I CAN'T KEEP UP!"

He couldn't handle the minimum speed setting, which is very unimpressive even for his weight, so I decided to begin using my main motivation tactic: insult his obesity.

"No, you have to start you fat sack of shit," I said. "You are going to stay a walrus of a nigger if you don't cooperate."

"What did you say about me main!?" Big Floyd said, offended by what I said.

"Yeah, you heard me. You look like a super big piece of poop that somebody shat out after holding it in for two weeks."

"GRR, nigga mad," Big Floyd let out angrily, and then lashed at me.

He landed on me and shifted all his weight to my neck, asphyxiating me. It was at that moment, I realized I took things too far.

"Get off me for fucks sake," I said.

"Hehehe, now you know how it feels to have a hard time breathing!" Big Floyd cackled. "You better apologize mayne!"

"Okay I'm sorry!" I said, pleading for my life. "Now let's get up and restart."

"Hehehe main, I am not gonna stop because you hurt mah feelings too badly."

Drats, I should have known the nigger wouldn't stop sitting on my neck. Niggers are known to never fulfill deals.

My vision soon began to blur, due to my brain's lack of oxygen supply.

It was then, I got a light bulb moment. I knew that because I have the ability to bench 1,000 pounds raw as my warm-up, I perhaps possess sufficient chad strength to squeeze the fat out of people, similar to liposuction. Using all my effort, I reached my hand to Big Floyd's torso, and started to crush as hard as I could.

"Ouch main, dafuq you doing!?" Big Floyd asked.

I was too focused to answer his question. I continued to apply tremendous pressure into his torso until I heard a super loud pop, which almost made my ears bleed. When I opened my eyes, I was met with seeing a

shit ton of yellow fluid coming out of Big Floyd's body. It worked. Now that he was lighter, I could more easily escape. I threw him off my neck, and then stood up at last.

"Yippee, I can finally breathe now that I lost all dat weight," Big Floyd exclaimed. "That you for helping me on dat fitness journey main!"

I by no means meant to let him through that so-called fitness journey, so I just glared at him, and then left the gym.

I am now typing this, not only to tell you about why I quit my job as a weight loss coach, but to also say that I completely regret "helping" Big Floyd lose all his weight. Lately, I have been seeing countless reports on a man named George Floyd who has been going around town, threatening all the pregnant women he finds to let him rape them at gunpoint. I should have just let him remain an obese piece of shit to keep him jerking off to his own fat belly instead, because here he is now, committing rapes as a means of fulfilling his pregnant woman kink.

Do Not Download the George Floyd Mod for Civ VI

By BuckFlackPeople

My name is Jimmy Bigshlong, and I am a gamer. My favorite video games are strategy games that challenge me to think and plan, keeping my mind active as opposed to other games that revolve around a brainless dopamine cycle. My favorite game is Civilization 6. The premise of the game is very simple: pick a real-world civilization (or one created by the community), and try to lead it to victory starting all the way from the ancient era. The game is very fun as there's a lot of ways you can win it, and each way challenges the player to think and play a certain way. I also enjoy the game because of its realistic portrayal of blacks. You see, I'm one of the many normal people on the planet that hates niggers. I despise them as they have done nothing but hold back western society from greatness. Their crime rate, high maintenance costs via welfare, and low returns to the nation itself leave me wondering why we don't just **[REDACTED]**, but I digress.

Anyway, this relates to the game *Civilization* because the nigger civilizations reflect nigger behavior quite well. For example, the Zulu civilization is focused on being a retarded, cultureless civilization that conquers its enemies by throwing as many bodies onto the battlefield as possible. This reflects nigger horde tactics quite well, not only back during the days of the Zulu Wars but also in our America. I mean, who hasn't seen a video of a bunch of niggers ganging up on one man? Another nigger civilization is the Mali Empire, which is focused around

the acquisition of wealth. What is interesting is that it's leader, Mansa Musa, will constantly berate you if you do not have as much money as him. This reflects real life quite well, as niggers regularly make it their utmost effort to flex on any other nigger who has less than them, despite the fact that they themselves most likely own very little. The last negro "civilization" I can think of is Nubia. They are led by an ugly fat she-boon with a buzz cut, reflecting the appearance of black women quite well.

One day, I was going through Civilization's most recent mods as I wanted to start a new playthrough of the game. For those who don't know, mods are player-created modifications for a video game that can add or alter content in some way. For the game *Civilization*, this normally means new civilizations one can play as. I had recently downloaded a Rhodesia civilization, and I was planning on playing as them. I was looking for some other civilizations to add to my game, as I was bored of the ones that came with the actual game. I then saw one that piqued my interest. It was the George Floyd mod. I clicked on it and began to read the description:

"Adds a new civilization to the game as well as a new luxury resource. The new luxury resource is fentanyl. The new Empire is Floydia. The Floydian Empire is led by George Floyd. His civilization's unique ability is called "Gibs me Dat" which grants him +5 combat strength on any unit for each improved fentanyl tile he has in his territory. Their unique unit is called the BLM Rioter, which replaces the spearman, and causes a city to lose loyalty every time it strikes a city. They have a unique district, section 8 housing, which replaces the neighborhood. It gives +5 food when it is built, as niggers reproduce like roaches. George Floyd's leader ability is called "I Can't Breathe" which grants him lower science

but more production and gold per turn. George Floyd is meant to be a civ based on warmongering and conquering. Floydia's flag is the face of criminal nigger George Floyd. He is ruthless as an AI and powerful under the control of a player."

I was quite intrigued at the description of the mod. For those that aren't familiar with the game, everything that was described right there for the most part meant that this civilization was extremely powerful for conquering. I decided to put George Floyd in my game as I wanted to see what the mod was like. I spawned in and started planning out my empire. For any of you who haven't played Civ before, the first turns are crucial as you make choices that can impact your empire for the rest of the game. Any hindrance or setback at the beginning can have disastrous consequences later on. I settled my city near a fentanyl tile and started scouting around to see if anyone spawned near me. I immediately met George Floyd. Now normally, leaders in Civ are portrayed with semi-cartoonish graphics, or in the case of player created mods, just a still image of the person who is supposed to be the leader. George Floyd was different, however. He was fully voiced as well as fully animated. His character model looked extremely realistic as opposed to the character models you normally see in the game.

He began to speak in his ebonics, "Wuz good lil nigga? My name George Floyd but niggas call me Big Floyd the Landlord n' shiet. I be da Kang of Floydia. Where yo capital city at nigga?"

I was then given the option to exchange information on the location of our capital cities. Obviously, I did not want this nigger or anyone from his "civilization" near my city, so I declined to exchange the information.

I went to the next turn, and was immediately met by another screen of Floyd, angrily yelling, "Fuck you nigga! Run me yo bans!" This was his way of declaring war on me. I was pissed that he had already declared war on me, as the first turns of any civ game are crucial, so having to waste those turns making an army would put me at a disadvantage for the rest of the game. I was pissed, but I figured I would just destroy Floydia and then start a new game since I was only a single turn into this game. George Floyd tried to take my city, but because his units did not have any fentanyl yet, they were very weak. I managed to create a warrior as well as an archer, meanwhile George Floyd was struggling to get by as he spawned in an inhospitable desert not suited for a capital city. Within the hour, I was able to muster a small army and defeat Floyd's only city. Upon defeating him, I was greeted with another leader screen, as every civilization has when they are completely destroyed. However, unlike George Floyd's previous leader screens, this one was just a still image of George Floyd being kneeled on, with the caption reading, "Ah shit man, I can't breelf!" I was caught off guard by this screen and started laughing. I deleted the save and turned off the game, then went to bed.

I woke up in the morning to what sounded like thunder. This was strange to me as the forecast for today was sunny. I ignored it and went throughout my morning per usual routine, taking a shower and getting ready for work. I opened my front door to see what was going on outside, and I could not believe what I saw. At first, I thought the local zoo's ape exhibit had been left open overnight and the apes escaped. I was about to call animal control when I realized they were not apes, but worse. They were niggers. They were all marching down the street with assault rifles, berets, tactical vests, and

carrying a flag. At first, I had no idea what the flag was. I looked closer, and was shocked at what I saw. It was a black flag with a white George Floyd face on it.

It was the flag of Floydia. One of the soldiers got on the megaphone and said, "Attention all you American crackas, this area now be unda da control of de Floydian Army. Please run us all yo bans, stimmy checks, and White women nigga." I looked towards the sky to see a situation just as bad. I saw jets and bombers all across the sky, with American jets trying to stop the Floydian jet fighters and bombers in vain. I looked behind the column of Floydian infantry to see a Floydian armored division following behind them. If you've ever seen the Red Dawn reboot, think of the scene where Josh Peck's character opens the door in the morning to the invasion. I could not believe this was happening, mainly because niggers are retarded and could not realistically conduct an invasion of this scale even if they had the resources to. Before I could even think of what to do next, I saw a nuclear bomb go off in the distance.

I ran to my basement to hide from the blast as I did not know if I was in range of it. I am now typing this on my computer a couple months after the Floydian occupation of the United States. This all happened a couple months ago, I am not sure why people have already forgotten about it. I recently learned George Floyd is incarnated into every video game we play, and can materialize in the real world in relation to the video game he was encountered in. I can't help but feel guilty that I may have caused this invasion by downloading the *Civilization 6* mod, and the guilt of the millions of deaths that have resulted from the invasion is overwhelming me so much that I am going to Ronnie McNutt myself with my Spas-12. I guess that's really it for me, and for America.

Do Not Buck Break George Floyd In GTA

By BuckFlackPeople

Crime. It is something integrated into a nigger's soul. This is mainly because Africans have poor strategic planning, as thinking into the future was not a very significant part of African tribal culture. Many tribes did not even have a word equivalent to "future" or "tomorrow" until Whites came and tried to teach them such concepts. Anyway, what I'm trying to get at here is that blacks do not think ahead to see the consequences of their actions, thus they are far more likely to commit crime as they ignore how the consequences of said crime will affect both the perpetrator and the victim in the future. Instead, blacks indulge heavily in crime as niggers only see the short-term benefit of actions such as robbing a liquor store, or punching someone in the face, and do not how the consequences of said actions will hamper their future. Niggers are a naturally disobedient race, and love crime so much that they culturally surround themselves in it, especially in their music and conduct.

One major thing people overlook niggers' obsession with is certain video games. Niggers are obsessed with two games. The first one is 2K, which is a basketball game. It releases every year, usually with very few changes aside from an updated roster. It also has egregious microtransactions, which niggers spend insane amounts of money on because they are such brainless consumers. This in turn hurts the gaming community at large, as game companies, which are usually run by Jews, push microtransactions even further upon seeing the

amount of money they are making off niggers. The second game niggers are obsessed with should come as no surprise. It is Grand Theft Auto, specifically the online portion. This is because niggers lack any attention span to enjoy a well written and deep story, as they only have the comprehension ability to enjoy something as simple as a Marvel movie. In addition, the online mode of Grand Theft Auto allows niggers to inflict as much annoyance unto other actual people as possible. Niggers are to Grand Theft Auto Online, and America, what mosquitos are to humans.

Anyway, let me begin my story. My name is OG Kegster 22. I have been playing Grand Theft Auto Online since its initial release date in October 2013. I am currently a level 300, as I am a God tier GTA player, since I mastered the art of killing niggers in real life. Because I am such an avid nigger killer, my skills easily translate into the video game. I decided to play some GTA on this particular day, as I was in the mood for driving through Strawberry, which is the game's equivalent to Compton, and killing all the niggers there. My character dons a mustache and outfit as similar to Hitler as I could make it, so I like to fantasize that he has resurrected in Los Santos and is ethnically cleansing the city. I loaded into my game and got into my Gauntlet, a car that resembles the real life Dodge Challenger.

I specifically chose this car because it was the one used to ram the nigger-antifa coalition at the Unite the Right Rally in Charlottesville. I drove from my apartment to the hood, and upon arrival all the gang members immediately started yelling at me, saying things like "cracka ass," "where you from," and "run yo bands nigga". At the time this game came out in 2013, Rockstar was definitely one of the more **based** and redpilled game

companies in the industry. A lot of the character dialogue and elements of the map reflect this. However, they slowly capitulated more and more to globohomo, not only because of pressure from their Jewish parent company, 2K, but also because they slowly realized the best way to make money off microtransactions was to appeal to their mindless black consumer playerbase. Their lowest point came in 2020, with the death of the nigger drug addict known as George Floyd, as they shut the servers down in honor of Black Lives Matter. For those who don't know, George Floyd was a criminal nigger who lived a dishonorable and pathetic life, being a shitty father as well as being a drug addict. He met his end under the jackboot of a police officer while overdosing on fentanyl, causing the biggest nigger chimpout since 1968. He is remembered, at least by **based** Chads like me, for being one of the ugliest niggers of all time.

Once I got to Strawberry, I got out of my car, and immediately all the niggers began shooting at my character with their shitty pistols because he was White. In self defense, I pulled out my minigun and started mowing down every disgusting jungle gorilla I could see. While I was going full **[Sam Hyde]** in the hood, I noticed a player blip getting close to me. The blip alarmed me as it indicated whoever was approaching me was flying an Oppressor MK2. For those who don't know, the Oppressor MK2 is undoubtedly the worst single thing in GTA Online. It is a flying hover-bike with a jet engine as well as homing missiles. Its small profile makes it very hard to hit with conventional weaponry, and it has flares that can divert incoming missiles, so you can't shoot it down easily. It is a favorite among nigger players, since it does not take any skill to get a cheap kill with it. It is not uncommon to log onto GTA and immediately get blown up by a lightskin

wearing a rebreather, colored dreadlocks, and white eye contacts flying an Oppressor MK2.

I went to take aim, but I whiffed all my minigun shots and the player was able to land a missile near me, instantly killing me. The camera showed my attacker to reveal he was a nigger. Now although I expected my attacker to be a violent silverback, I was quite intrigued on how different his character looked from most black characters that players usually have. Instead of retarded looking dreadlocks, he had a very close buzzcut, as if he only had a milimeter or less of hair. His eyes were extremely sunken into his head. His character's nose looked like a mushroom if it was selectively bred for being hideous. His lips looked a plastic surgery attempt gone horrible wrong, as they took up a disproportionately large amount of his face, similar to how niggers commit a disproportionate amount of crime. His clothes also intrigued me, as he wore a black and gray striped sweater which I had never seen in the game before. He also wore jeans, which normally wouldn't stick out, however what made these special was the fact that they were sagging, revealing part of the character's asscrack. The character clearly resembled George Floyd. The player's name was "Xx Big Floyd xX". I figured that maybe this was just a **based** racist trolling people in the game, and I got caught in the crossfire. That was until I heard the sound of a microphone being turned on. The voice that followed was clearly that of a nigger. The mic quality was terrible, as niggers will drop hundreds of dollars on a pair of Yeezy's, yet not pay \$30 for a decent headset.

He said, "You rayciss ass cracka! Why you be killing my homies?! I was gonna buy fentanyl from dem niggas. Now I gotta bust a cap in yo ass!"

I was extremely confused on what he was trying to say or what he wanted, but I really didn't care as I was not going to let him kill me like that and get away with it. When I respawned, he flew in and tried to blow me up again, but this time I was ready. I sniped him off his bike with a heavy sniper, sending his limp body falling to the ground like he was a brown person falling off a roof in a liveleak video. He respawned, and he tried to kill me on foot, however he couldn't manage to kill me as he only used the Tec-9, which lacks the range of something like an assault rifle. I kept killing him over and over, dumping my entire magazine into his body every single time I killed him. After the 5th time or so, I was starting to get bored and was thinking of just finding a new game, as I had way more kills on him than he did me, plus it would be impossible to accomplish anything in this lobby with someone trying to kill me. Suddenly, I got an idea.

During a popular streamer's blackface livestream a few months ago, I watched a movie called Buck Breaking. It was a movie by a gay, black, so called "intellectual" named Tariq Nasheed. The movie revolved around multiple black talking heads claiming that White masters would rape their slaves to effeminize and subdue them, and that this practice happens to this day in other forms. Basically, the entire movie was the epitome of the black victim complex. It ended up just being ammunition to use against black nationalists, as any argument they make can simply be rebutted by calling them a closet homosexual who fantasizes about getting plowed by a White guy.

I got into an armored car and spoke into my mic, "Hey, Big Floyd, have you ever seen the movie Buck Breaking?"

He responded, "Yeah nigga, you raysis ass whypipo used to fuck us in the ass an shiet. It was so hot - I mean fucked up mayne. Why you be asking me dis shit mayne?"

He got his answer as I rammed my car into him, pinning him up against a wall while his character was still alive. I walked out of my car donning my Hitler outfit and stood next to the front of the car. He said, "Shiet mayne, don't do it mayne! Please mayne I got plans!" It was already too late, I began to do the air thrusting emote, digitally buck breaking him.

He screamed, "Ah shit mayne! Massah's fucking my asshole! I can't breathe mayne!" He screamed like a chimpanzee before leaving the game. I didn't know whether to laugh or be confused, but I realized it was late, so I turned my Xbox off and started getting ready for bed. My routine went as per usual, but before I could go to sleep, I realized I had forgotten to get the mail today. I decided I should just go out to my mailbox and get it now before a nigger decided he should steal it.

I walked out to my mailbox in my boxers and my **based** Aryan bunny slippers. I went through my mail as I was expecting an important package I had spent a lot of money on. I was about to open my last envelope when I heard a strange noise behind me. It sounded like the quiet humming of what seemed like a jet engine, along with extremely heavy breathing. What I saw when I turned around almost put me into a state of shock. It was George Floyd, riding an Oppressor Mark 2.

He said, "Yeah das rite nyegga! You tried to buck break my ass, now I'm finna smoke you fool."

George Floyd shot a missile at me, however it missed me by a wide margin, blowing up the house of my Jewish neighbor. Since Jews worship Satan and Moloch, they were immune to the fires the explosion started.

However, the explosion caused a gas leak in the house, which gassed the Jews living there. I watched as the Jews crawled out of the house and curled up dead on the sidewalk, similar to how spiders curl up when they die. I ran to take cover from George Floyd as he shot missile after missile at me. I hid behind my house and tried to come up with a strategy. I knew my package would have what I needed to kill George Floyd, however, I could not get to it as I would have to run out into the open.

Luckily, I had the perfect way to hide myself from George Floyd's vision. I pulled out my phone and called friend Lester. I asked him if he could scramble my GPS so the Oppressor George Floyd was riding hopefully wouldn't track me. He told me I had one minute, which was all I needed. I ran to my mailbox when George Floyd wasn't looking, and opened up the last envelope, pulling out an RPG-7 with nigger seeking missiles. I shot it at George Floyd and it blew him off his flying fag bike. Before he could get off the ground, I started to kneel on his neck.

He said, "Ah shit man, I can't breathe. Please man I can't breathe! Mama, mama!" He then died. I left his body on the curb since it was garbage night, and they took it the next day.

This all happened about a month ago. This all 100% happened, and I have heard people who have had similar stories on the internet from playing games like Clash Royale, Fortnite, and Call of Duty: Warzone. I think George Floyd is somehow embedded in every video game, almost like some kind of advanced computer virus, however he can somehow spawn in the real world in a way that reflects the game he came from. So next time you play a video game, leave if you see George Floyd in it. Or kill him since he's an ugly nigger, works either way to me.

Into The Floydiverse

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Toma Falconi and I have a recent experience regarding NFTs that I would like to share. It was something that nearly got me killed and to this day, I still wonder if it was simply a hallucination or a real event that happened to me. You don't have to not discount my recall of events, but regardless, it will take your breath away.

It all started when I was bored during the spring reading week break in college. My professors assigned me nothing but a few textbook readings, which I already did at the start anyway since I am a chad who craves hard and bland work. I decided to go on Telegram for a while, scrolling through meme channels. I found a meme of a tranny getting hanged by a group of **based** chads, and it was funny as fuck, having me laugh for 10 minutes straight. That moment of difficulty breathing got me until I received a message from The Liberal Termination Crew group chat. I stifled the laugh and clicked on the notification.

The message was from this Skrillex-looking kid named Ray Cistman. He sent a link to this Twitter page called "Floydies NFT." The link instantly had the Twitter page's profile photo embedded into the Telegram message, displaying a pixelated George Floyd brick wall art with a halo ring right above his head. The George Floyd depicted in the art had reddish stone eyes, indicating he was high on drugs. I found the image to be absolutely hilarious, so I went ahead and clicked on the profile. Most of the tweets in the FloydiesNFT profile

comprised of hundreds of other NFT artwork, showcasing the different forms George Floyd could take, such as the Obese Floydie, the Among US Floydie, and the Tranny Floydie.

Even though the page portrays itself as a pro nigger initiative, you could tell it is actually there to make fun of the criminal monkey. This was to avoid it being taken down by Twitter after being noticed by blue checkmark fags. I myself have a strong hatred towards niggers, especially to George the big nose ape, so I absolutely supported the FloydiesNFT. I gave the page a follow and continued exploring it.

Eventually, I found a link to the Scatter Art page of Floydies, so I clicked on it. After the Scatter Art website loaded, I was met by two options: to purchase a handcrafted Floydie or mint a randomly generated one. Of course, the former option was far more expensive than the latter, being hundreds or even thousands of dollars, when minting one only costs \$20—a reference to the counterfeit bill George Floyd used moments before his overdose, so I looked further into the randomly generated Floydies.

Even though I am a broke college student who has been in crippling debt since the beginning of the first semester because of the greedy Jews who run the system, I decided to mint a Floydie. I bought a sufficient amount of the desired currency (ETH) and copped the Floydie. I ended up with a White Floydie variant wearing a police officer outfit, vaguely resembling the police officer who was wrongfully convicted of George Floyd's so-called murder. Now that I owned such a valuable digital item, I was presented with special permissions on the Floydies website which only Floydie NFT owners have access to.

There is a minigame on the site called "Floydie Bird" that unlocked the moment I minted the NFT. It was

essentially a Flappy Bird parody, except the face of the default Floydie replaced the yellow nigger lipped bird. Me, a bored kid, gave it a try. I entered the game and began playing. The animation in which the Floydie bird controllable character plays was nothing short of hilarious. Whoever the developer was, he cleverly played on George Floyd's inability to breathe by implementing the animation where Floydie Bird takes a massive breath in a downward direction to propel itself upward, to jump.

I played my first game, getting the Floydie Bird through all the green Mario-themed green pipes, until I landed a score of twenty-two. The moment I set that milestone, I was immediately hooked. It was one of those games that possess one of those recognizable addictive auras, so I instantly played my next game. I ended up scoring a number very close to my high score, twenty. My desire to up my personal best developed, and I played the next round, this time sixteen. My lower-than-average score that round miffed me slightly, so I went tryhard mode after that. Dozens of Floydie Bird games eventually turned to hundreds, which equates to a playtime session of numerous hours. My eyes became as bloodshot as the default Floydie NFT and I was all worked up from not being able to break my high score. I decided to play one last round after that. After scoring a disappointing value of five, I suddenly had a surge of rage and threw my monitor across my room. It landed with a slight crack, but that didn't satisfy my anger enough.

Whenever I get angry, I would think of the races that boil my blood the most. You guessed it—I thought of niggers. I thought of every account of nigger violence that I heard of in the news and lunged at my monitor, resting my knee on the screen. With ease, my chad strength expanded the size of the crack, eventually creating a

space of one inch between the broken ridges. Shortly, I began to notice a subtle stream of wind—it was coming from the wide screen crack. I lifted my knee from the screen, for the wind to grow even stronger. *What the fuck is going on?* I thought to myself.

The wind eventually made the hole on the screen even larger, which in turn, increased the force of the wind, creating a spiraling reaction before my eyes. Not knowing what to do, I just stood there watching. I wish I had just left the room from there, because the wind was eventually able to pull in my 300-pound chad build towards the screen crack. I was unable to fight the force no matter how much I tried, and I was soon in contact with the source of the wind—the eye-shaped gaping hole in the screen now resembling a large portal of a pixelated nature. Half of my body was eventually fed into it, and then my head. The moment the surface of my scalp entered the zone, it felt as if it was hit by some unknown blunt force, rendering me unconscious.

After what I couldn't tell whether it was seconds or hours or days, I woke up. However, it was not where I was expecting—I wasn't in my room. I didn't see my bed, my gaming PC, the monitor that was beside me. None of that. Instead, I found myself where I had never been before. Looking around me, the environment was no longer the high definition setting I have been used to my entire life. Every single entity was in eight-bit form, from the ground to the mountains, and even the sky. The place as a whole was very upbeat and colorful, and I think I could even hear a variation of the "I can't breathe, I am waiting for the exhale" song by the dead bug black Juice WRLD.

To say I was confused is an understatement. Every move I make is envisaged into incremental low-fps animations, and that also applied to everything around

me; the grass moved similarly. I thought that this would have to be a dream, so I conducted numerous basic tests, such as attempting to acknowledge real-world time and counting fingers. However, none of that woke me up as I was expecting. I have never taken a drug or drank in my entire life, so there was no way I was high or hallucinating. I heard about fever dreams which cause the dreamer to have hyper-realistic dreams, but there was no way I was having one as I am a chad who is immune to nigger and pajeet diseases.

I decided to explore this mysterious place because that was the least I could do at the time. I trotted across the grassland I was in. It appeared endless, with no visible end even from looking at the horizon. After some minutes of travel, I stumbled upon the first living entity I found in this world, a herd of four pixelated cows matching the environment. However, I quickly noticed that they weren't ordinary cows when I had been expecting them to look similar to the Minecraft cows. They all had the pixelated face of George Floyd. To be specific, they were Cow Floydies. Soon, the four Cow Floydies turned to face me, which slightly startled me.

"Ayo would you like to try some of them oxygen-rich grass mayne," all of the Cow Floydies said in unison. "They be some good sheeit."

Unsettled by the way in which they asked the question, I politely refused.

I walked away from the pixelated nigga cows, who remained to stare at me with their bloodshot crossed eyes. I walked across the plains, meeting nothing but more of those nigga cows offering to share their oxygen-rich grass with me, until I found a man standing a couple hundred meters from me, facing away.

Because I haven't met a non-animal entity in this new universe, I decided to initiate contact. I walked up behind him, and tapped him on the shoulders. He turned to face me, revealing the shotgun in his hands. His presented weaponry scared me for a split second until I looked at his face. Judging by his looks, he didn't appear intimidating at the slightest. It was a Floydie with thick nerdy glasses and purple hair. He was likely some kind of nigger mullato since I was unable to tell whether his skin was black or brown. Mullato nerds such as the one in front of me tend to be genetically inferior weak beta fucks whose White mother cheated with a nigger nigger, with him following a similar path, so I wasn't afraid of an armed one. He was probably the ugliest Floydie I have seen thus far, and my eyes felt like they were going to go in flames just at the sight of him. Second-hand shame hit me like a truck.

"What kind of a weak mutt fuck are you bro?" I said to him.

"Wah wah wah, I am the Ronnie McFloydie, and I was about to shoot myself, officer," the pixelated mulatto beta fuck said, shedding tears as he was offended at my once second comment. "Please forgive me and don't arrest me, because I know how illegal suicide is here."

Even though I am against suicide and believe it is for pussies who can't handle life, I didn't blame him at all for attempting to kill himself because of his pure ugliness. Nothing in existence could convince me that living like a useless weak soyboy is better than being asleep for eternity.

I was confused at why Ronnie McFloydie acknowledged me as a police officer. I looked down, to see that I was wearing a police officer uniform. There was even a gun in my belt, which confirmed my position of

authority that I never thought I had. Along with that, there was a name tag that read, "Floydie Chauvin." I realized that I was in the form of the White police Floydie that I minted earlier.

"What the?" I said.

"Main just let me kill myself in piece coz I am tired of being one of the only mullatoes in the Floydieverse," Ronnie McFloydie begged me.

"Okay what is going on here?" I said. "Why am I a police officer all of a sudden and what on earth is this Floydieverse you speak of? If you didn't realize, I am new here."

"I'll tell you everything if you promise you won't hurt me," Ronnie McFloydie said.

"Okay I am not here to arrest you. Hell, I don't think I'd be able to since I don't even know where the police station is."

"The Floydieverse is a place where all of us Floydies coexist and breathe," Ronnie McFloydie began. "Here, the world works where we can safely use counterfeit bills as real currency, hehehe amazing stuff. However, that causes severe mindblowing inflation, so our economy is in constant asphyxiation, which is one of the reasons I want to blow my brains. I recently got robbed of all my funds after my stupid ex-girlfriend, Equinox Floydie cheated on me with a big hulking Floydie, so I am suffering hard from it."

"Okay, that is cool and all, but is there a way I could leave and come back home?" I asked. "I really am not from here and I don't think I would enjoy such a dumb system."

"I don't know about that mayne, sorry I am just getting a bit excited meeting somebody who finally doesn't ignore me. The truth is, I have no idea how you could

since I was born here and no Floydie citizen has been known to leave the Floydieverse.

"Do you know anybody who could help me with it?" I asked, beginning to grow concerned.

"No main, but you need to look on the bright side, Ronnie McFloydie said, trying to act happy-go-lucky all of a sudden. "I do remember sneaking in our bedroom, watching that hunk fuck Equinox Floydie, my god I busted the biggest McNutt yet from watching that nice in-person BBC sex."

I was very weirded out at what he just said, but it was strange for him to say something that he perceives so positively, because he was just on the verge of suicide a minute ago. I could tell he was just attempting to use one of those useless quote-unquote mental tactics that therapists blindly suggest to their clients.

"I really didn't need to hear that, and that does not up my mood in the slightest," I said. "I don't want anything to do with you or the Floydieverse you speak of."

"Well first off, why did you even end up here in the first place?" Ronnie McFloydie questioned me.

"It was all a blur," I began. "It started when I minted one of you guys, a Floydie, and then played that Floydie Bird game. That went on and on, until I rage quit, and kneed on my computer monitor until it formed a large open crack on the screen, forming a portal which sucked all the air in my room, including me into here. The reason behind that, I don't know.

"Yeah I don't know why either," Ronnie McFloydie said. "Perhaps you need to fill your life with more positivity like I am--"

"Alright shut up Ronnie McFloydie. I get it, you are a depressed fuck who needs all that to cope," I interrupted.

"Sorry about that main. I am just a lonely man who needs pussy. Speaking of lonely, would you like to be my friend?"

With me being as hopeless as a nigger trying to become a doctor, I accepted Ronnie McFloyd's sudden friend request.

"Yeah sure, I've got nothing to lose at this point," I said.

Ronnie McFloydie, completely ignoring my hidden roast, beamed with excitement.

"Yippee main, it be the best day in my life," Ronnie McFloydie said enthusiastically, as he hugged me tightly. "For many years, I've been lonely and today be the day I stop considering suicide! Now allow me to show you around the Floydieverse!"

I immediately regretted my decision, and I figured how touchy of a friend Ronnie McFloydie would be. He grabbed my hand with his crusty pixelated hands which is clearly from his inability to wash his hands after busting nuts to Equinox Floydie getting railed by whatever the fuck the Tyrone Floydie is.

We ran fast across the grassland, until we, at last, found downtown. All the buildings in it were built in African mud hut style-yet the town had a modern feel to it. Ronnie McFloydie pointed to one of the mud huts, and said, "This is the fentanyl dealing center, my favorite place to get high when I am rock bottom."

We entered the hut, which was filled with Floydies who were high as fuck. Their eyes were blood red, indicating they were high beyond my comprehension. A

few of them were gagging their throats out near garbage bins, barely able to let out the words "I can't breathe."

Ronnie McFloydie went up to the clerk, who I assumed to be the drug dealer Floydie.

"Two servings of fentanyl please," he requested.

The drug clerk asked for a thousand twenty dollar bills, which Ronnie McFloydie quickly pulled out of his pocket like a magic string of fabric that magicians use. It helped me visualize the immense inflation that goes on in the Floydieverse very clearly.

After the clerk handed Ronnie the two servings of fentanyl, Ronnie gave me the slightly larger one.

"Hell no, I don't need any of that degenerate shit," I refused.

All of the Floydies in the hut stopped what they were doing and stared at me.

'Wayment, dis mayne right here don't like da fent?" one of them said.

"Run," Ronnie McFloydie said, as he grabbed my arm.

We ran from the mud hut as we were chased by a mob of Floydie citizens.

Once we lost them, we stopped, catching our breaths.

"Be careful next time main, it is forbidden to refuse fentanyl here in the Floydieverse," Ronnie McFloydie said. "Anyway, we shall go to the pregnant bitch strip club next."

"The what?" I stammered.

We eventually walked to another hut, this one having a large sign that reads *The Floydie Strip Club*. Ronnie McFloydie and I went in and what I saw with my very own eyes, I will spare the specific details. What I can

tell you is the countless naked Gorilla Floydie strippers drawn in pregnant bellies.

“Oh la la, I wish Equinox Floydie could look like that,” Ronnie McFloydie said.

When it got late, Ronnie McFloydie brought me to his home, which was a worn-down pixelated bungalow that smelled like the stereotypical coomer’s bedroom.

“Because you are new here, you are free to stay in my house for as long as you wish,” Ronnie McFloydie offered.

The place smelled so bad and cum stains were everywhere, but I had to accept his offer as it was most likely better than having no place to sleep. While Ronnie McFloydie was busy setting some things up, I traversed around his house. A large portion of the walls were covered with countless posters of Equinox Floydies nudes.

Equinox Floydie is a variation of the tranny Floydie, except it was a mulatto similar to Ronnie McFloydie, and curly beige long hair that not at all fits with the brown skin color. The naked tranny Floydie also had a clearly cut-off dick, vaguely resembling a fake vagina, which showed pixelated puss coming out. I knew at this moment that it would soon be the last night I’d be staying here.

I was interrupted when Ronnie McFloydie called me from the living room.

“By the way, I ordered some takeout, they should be here in a few,” he said.

When the food deliverer arrived, Ronnie McFloydie again paid him an uncountable amount of counterfeit bills, and then served the food at the dinner table.

I was hungry as it had been a while since I ate, which was hours before I entered the Floydieverse, so I eagerly unwrapped the tinfoil bound meal, to find

something that I hadn't seen or eaten before. It was smooth, yet oddly shaped, and smelled like iron.

"Um, what the fuck is this?" I said.

"This, right here, is a cow uterus," Ronnie McFloydie said. "It is a premium delicacy that is only served mainstream in the Floydiverse. Enjoy!"

I had to accept the meal as I didn't know how badly Ronnie McFloydie would react if I refused to. I constantly had to fight the urge to vomit, because the uterus accurately tastes as bad as it sounds.

Once both of us were finished eating, it was time to head off to bed. Ronnie McFloydie led me to his bedroom, which was extremely familiar. I recognized the desk, the bed, and all the little details as I watched the Ronnie McNutt suicide video thousands of times.

"So, um, where exactly am I going to sleep?" I asked.

"You are going to sleep with me in this bed!"

Ronnie McFloydie said, pointing at his bed, which was covered in more cum stains and fentanyl.

"Well, if you used to have a girlfriend, wouldn't you have another bed that was for her?"

"Nah, I let her sleep with other Floydies, so no need. Also, I miss her and I need somebody to cuddle with, so I'd like to sleep beside you."

"That's nasty you faggot," I said, offended that he would boldly say such a thing to somebody who clearly hates fags.

Ronnie McFloydie, luckily for me, allowed me to sleep on the floor, which is a hundred times better than being near the cuck.

When I woke up the next morning, I gasped for air all of a sudden. It was like I suffered an episode of sleep

apnea, but worse. I brushed it off to the air being filled with the semen particles of Ronnie McFloydie.

"Dang, must be the dang utility company acting up," Ronnie McFloydie said. "Air in the Floydieverse is a luxury that you have to pay for. I don't have enough counterfeit bills to pay at the end of the month, so they must have disabled my home's air supply."

"Ah, I see," I said. "But then why is everything else working? I mean, we still got electricity, tap water, and all that jazz."

To test Ronnie McFloydie's theory, we went outdoors. We were shocked to find that it was still hard to breathe. It was as if the Floydieverse's air as a whole had been compromised. We went back inside, figuring that it was just as hard to breathe.

"What the fuck?" I said. "What the hell happened to the air?"

"I don't know, I have no idea, I am beginning to want to kill myself again," Ronnie McFloydie said, as he raised his shotgun. I hesitantly pushed his shotgun down. I didn't really give a fuck about Ronnie McFloyd's welfare, but I needed to show my appreciation towards his commitment to our so-called friendship. It was the least I could do.

"It must be due to a carbon dioxide leakage to anywhere that is near my house," Ronnie McFloydie argued, trying his best to play devil's advocate. "If my utilities are going out soon, we may as well enjoy it while it lasts. Let's watch some TV."

We went to his living room, and we turned on the television. Immediately, I saw a paused sex tape of Equinox Floydie getting ass fucked.

"Ah shit mah bad," Ronnie McFloydie said as his face went red.

He ran to the television and grabbed the VHS tape containing whatever custom cuck porn Ronnie filmed for his own pleasure, and stuffed it under the couch.

"That was just Equinox Floydie and I having some sexy time," Ronnie McFloydie said, trying his best to lie.

It was clearly a cuckold tape, because the Floydie that railed Equinox Floydie looked nothing like Ronnie McFloydie's feminine nature. We watched some cartoons meant for niglet Floydies, which only a cuck soyboy like Ronnie McFloydie would enjoy.

During one of the episodes of a show that I can't remember the name of, I decided to take a shit as I haven't gone in a while, so I went to the washroom and let out one of, if not, the biggest shits in my life. I looked back, to discover that my shit was actually a Poop Floydie; a pixelated pickle-shaped object with the face of George Floyd. *Of course, this has to exist in the Floydieverse*, I thought.

My thoughts stopped when Ronnie McFloydie called me.

"You need to see this!" he said.

I washed my hands, and then came back to the living room. Ronnie McFloydie was edging his seat, focused on what now played on the television.

It was now switched to the Floydieverse news channel, showing an emergency broadcast. On the screen, there was a Floydie wearing a business suit, speaking through a microphone. It was the News Anchor Floydie. I could tell he had a busy day at the news station, since he appeared to be running out of breath from talking for so long. The headline below the News Anchor Floydie read *Breaking News: The Floydieverse is in trouble*.

"What the hell is going on? I was in the washroom," I said.

Ronnie McFloydie was so hyper focused on what the News Anchor Floydie was saying, that he ignored me. I decided to tune in.

“Greetings citizens of the Floydieverse, the News Anchor Floydie began. Our Scientist Floydies discovered that there may be a mass extinction event soon, which will wipe the entirety of the Floydieverse. Starting just this morning, everybody has been reporting the sudden lower levels of oxygen, and we are currently investigating the specific reason. Tune in for an in-person gathering at the Floydieverse town hall where we will announce the cause this evening. Stay breathin’ everyone!”

“Holy shit this is bad,” Ronnie McFloydie said. “I guess that’s it.”

Before I could stop him, Ronnie McFloydie blasted his head via his shotgun that is somehow always with him without me realizing it, and I watched the pixelated mess unfold, some of it getting on my face. His body went limp, and fell to the ground. I never imagined an actual Floydie dying as I always believed in the “Floydies will always be immortal” slogan that appears often on the FloydiesNFT Twitter page.

I was filled with dread when my mind cleared up. *If all life in the Floydieverse is going to be wiped, then what would that mean for me, a visitor?* I deeply regretted kneeling on my monitor after rage quitting Floydie Bird. I could die a pathetic death in a place that isn’t even the real world. All my friends and family members will wonder where I disappeared off to. Little would they know, I ran out of air in the Floydieverse.

The following evening, I decided to attend the town hall gathering to hear the final verdict on what will cause the Floydieverse extinction event. It took me a while to navigate there, as I had to ask around some braindead

nigger cartoon characters. *Where are the intelligent Floydies, if there are any, when I need them?*

I eventually found the gathering, where there were hundreds of thousands of diverse and unique Floydies crowding around a specific individual. It was deafening, as all of them were speaking in ebonics at once. My hatred towards niggers makes my ears ultra-sensitive to the sounds of niggers, so my ears felt like they were about to bleed. Despite all the noise pollution, I could make out some of the words that some of the Floydies were saying, such as, "Ah sheeit mayne ah fuck main, what we gonna do main, our young generation will be clearly lost main, clearly lost."

A tall Floydie with the physical features of an actual chimpanzee (not that niggers aren't already chimp-like) was panicking, making its prominent "oh oh ah ah's" as it beat its chest. Even a disabled nigger like that was aware of a potential casualty.

The Floydie that we all surrounded tested his mic and began to speak.

"Attention citizens of the Floydiverse, dis is da mayor here, and I will make a very important announcement about something that will impact every single one of us niggies. If you haven't be keeping up, we are on the verge of extinction because of the declining air levels. You know us niggies require the highest quality of air to survive. Just a second mains, I need to pause the speech for a moment to catch my breath."

I could tell every Floydie already knew of this, as it was completely silent after the Mayor Floydie paused his speech.

"Ah much better, now I can continue my speech, the Mayor Floydie continued, after drinking a fresh cup of water. "Anyways mains, now for the important

announcement. It has come to our attention that some cracka out there has been screenshotting too much of us niggies, which is bad for our environment as each time one of us niggies gets screenshotted, the air portion of that screenshot gets taken out of the Floydieverse. Because this has been happening en masse lately, we be losing NFT air at a faster pace than we can generate air with our oxygen plants. Floydies NFT screenshotters have been around since the beginning, but the reason why this is becoming such an issue these days is that there is an open portal between the Floydieverse and the outside world, rendering us vulnerable to the negative effects."

"We need air! We need air!" I heard a large portion of the crowd around the Mayor Floydie chant.

"Yes we do need our air to come back, but it will not be easy," The Mayor Floydie said. "In order to solve this problem, we need to fix the vulnerable bridge between the Floydieverse and the outside realm. If you blind niggies haven't noticed yet, you can see da massive crack up there in the sky. Dat is what be causing our vulnerability to the cracka ass screenshotters."

All of us looked directly up. I noticed the crack that the Mayor Floydie spoke of. It was wide and shaped like an eye-the exact proportions of my computer monitor's cracked screen. I had a feeling that I was the one who caused it, but I decided to keep my mouth shut about it.

"Alright mains, who be down to fix this mess?" the Mayor Floydie said. "Any volunteers willing to take it foe dah team?"

Not a single Floydie raised their hand and I heard nothing but crickets chimping-and yes I say chimping, because the crickets here are really just Floydie crickets.

"Awe sheeit main, we really be actin like dis?" The Mayor Floydie said, disappointed. "How we gonna breathe

mains?? Don't we care about our young generation? It gonna be clearly lost main, clearly lost."

That last sentence got the crowd of thousands of Floydies panicking. The phrase "Our young generation is clearly lost," seems to trigger them a lot. *This is what happens when a society is run purely by niggers*, I thought. *They can't run a simple brainstorming session without chimping out*. Deep down, a part of me would rather be killed by the mass casualty event that is about to happen in the Floydieverse than actually living in there, because living alongside niggers for the rest of my life would be very unfulfilling.

All of a sudden, a deafening noise boomed across the atmosphere, which was accompanied by a bright flash that implanted stars in my eyes.

Ouch main, I couldn't see for a second there," I heard a Floydie near me say.

"Ayo dafuq was dat sheeit? Is there a party out there or something?" I heard another.

Shortly, the air became noticeably thinner, and I had to gasp for a few seconds to adjust.

"Awe fuck why it get harder to breef all of a sudden?" A few Floydies said at the same time.

"It is getting much worse," the Mayor Floydie said. "That flash, my mains, was a screenshot. Looks like the NFT screenshotter got a good shot right there. Look, we don't got much more time mains, so who down to help us all?"

It became even more apparent to me how unstable the Floydieverse society is, and I figured that it was about time I get myself lynched as there wasn't an apparent escape from the Floydieverse, so I decided to chime in and admit I was probably the one who caused the thinning of the barrier between the Floydieverse and the real world.

“Okay niggers, I was the one who caused all this!” I yelled out.

All the Floydies turned around to face me.

“Ayo main, why you do dis to us main,” a Floydie with a Pikachu mask said. “Everyone, rape dat niggie!”

I watched as the massive Floydie crown started to walk towards me, with angry looks on their big-nose faces.

“Woah woah, everyone calm down!” the Mayor Floydie interrupted. “Just wait a damn second mains!”

Every Floydie stopped.

“This niggie might be our only hope to solve da problem. I mean, what else we gonna do? Nothing?”

“Das right nigguh, we won’t hurt him,” a Floydie with an elf hat said.

“Whoever you are,” the Mayor Floydie pointed at me. “Please step up into the stage.”

I nervously walked past the bunch of Floydies between the stage and I, then I walked up the staircase, and met with the Mayor Floydie.

“What be yo name main?” he asked.

“Toma,” I said. “Toma Falconi.”

“So niggie, if you were capable of makin dat big ass crack up there dat be lookin like pregnant White bitch’s pussy which get me hard as fuck, you may be able to seal it,” he said.

“Actually sir, I have no idea how to,” I admitted. “I am actually from the real world and I accidentally stumbled upon your world after I cracked my screen playing Floydie Bird, and I was transported here through it. I never intended to be here in the first place.”

“Hmmm,” the Mayor Floydie thought for a moment. “I have a deal for you. If you somehow help seal dat portal, I will transport you to your homeworld. Deal?”

I considered the nigger mayor's offer. On one hand, it would be absolutely ideal for me to come back home, no matter how much work it would take, but on the other hand, my experience with trusting niggers never ends up well. Nine out of ten times, it ends with the nigger getting what he wants, while the other party suffers. The one out of ten is not even an ideal scenario, since the nigger would have likely used a loophole to negate either the other party's benefit of the deal or his side of the transaction. However, since I would have nothing to lose in the event I end up trapped in the Floydieverse, I decided to agree to the offer.

"Alright," I said, "I will try to fix this and restore all the air in the Floydieverse."

"Yippee!" the Floydies surrounding the stage cheered. "Air will come back! We will breathe again! Yoohoo!"

I sighed as I acknowledged the fact that I have zero clue on how I would execute the plan. Niggers always celebrate too early for fucks sake.

"Okay gang, y'all mains are now dismissed and dis niggie and I gonna discuss how we gonna get our air back," the Mayor Floydie announced.

Once the crowd was clear, the nigger mayor prompted me to follow him, and he lead me to a blimp, which is powered by the now very scarce resource, air.

When we rested in the interior of the flying structure, the Mayor Floydie opened his big-pixelated-lipped mouth to speak.

"Okay main, so what we are going to get you to do is seal the sky vortex," he said. "As you know, it will take a lot of building materials to do so as it is a breathtaking circumference, almost as big as Tyrone Floydie's BBC. Anyways main, da go-to niggie you shall visit in order to

acquire those building blocks is the one and only Super Floydio, our town's resident plumber. He is known to have accumulated countless mystery blocks that he collected over his years of adventures through the mushroom kingdom."

"It is obvious that we are going to have to use a good portion of his supply, so I take it that it will not be free?" I asked.

"Oh for sure main, but I am certain he will not ask for much. If your name is Toma Falconi, I am sure he will be extra nice to you, as he is a niggie Italian mutt himself."

"Where do I have to go to meet him?" I said. "Does he live in the Floydieverse's version of the mushroom kingdom?"

"No need to fret. We are actually heading there as we speak. It will take approximately four hours, much longer than usual, since dis balloon ship be powered by the air that we now be lacking."

During the flight, I had nothing to do since I didn't have my mobile phone with me, and therefore, couldn't play Black Lives Splatter: Mobile Edition, so I sat still during that timespan, contemplating whether the nigger mayor will keep his promise of letting me free once I save the Floydieverse.

Soon enough before the blimp lost all its air fuel, I looked through the window and observed what looked like a large coordinated system of oversized mushrooms organized in patterns that resemble a city. The individual mushroom buildings were red, with white spots evenly distributed throughout the top of their caps. Assuming this mushroom city is the work of residents of the Floydieverse, this has got to be the most impressive work of architecture I have seen built by niggers.

"We are almost there mains!" the driver of the blimp at the very front announced.

After we flew above around fifteen mushroom buildings, the blimp landed in front of a massive castle, which stood out amongst the structures.

"The Toad Floydies next to the front door will welcome you in," the Mayor Floydie said. "Just tell them you would like to speak with their master, Super Floydio. You will easily find dat niggie when you see a mayne wit a bright red cap with the letter F on it. See you later and best of luck!"

"Alright, see you later," I said, waving to the Mayor Floydie.

I exited the blimp through its hind door and then walked across the bridge over water which extended from a cliff to the foundation of the castle. Once I went up to the group of Toad Floydies, who had noses shaped exactly like the mushroom buildings, I greeted them.

"Hello, I would like to speak to your master, Super Floydio," I said.

"Alright, we will take you to him, homie, one of them said in high-pitched ebonics.

I followed the Toad Floydies, going up the long set of spiraling staircases that spanned five storeys, until we made it to the very top level of the castle.

As we walked through the hallway, I noticed a peculiar-looking door, which had a large yellow star icon printed on it, with the letter F right smack in the middle of it.

"That's Floydio's bedroom," one of the Toad Floydies said, as he pointed at it.

"Okay thanks," I replied, and then proceeded to stride towards the door of Floydio's bedroom.

As I walked closer, I could hear a strange sound which I could describe as a "fap fap fap." Not thinking much of it, I opened the door without knocking, and what I was met within the room made me sick to the stomach. I saw an Italian nigger plumber with a red and blue outfit and the cap that the Mayor Floydie described to me earlier. He was facing my direction while looking at a piece of paper, jerking off. I could see small droplets of pixelated cum being splashed as he went at it.

"Um hello?" I interrupted.

"Mama mia main, I be busy fantasizing to edited pics of pregnant Princess Floydie Peach main!" Floydio screamed, dropping the paper.

When the paper hit the ground, it landed right side up, so I could see the photo of Princess Floydie Peach with a poorly drawn pixelated edit of a pregnant belly on it.

"Mama mia, I was about to bust a big fat nut, even having some pre-cum coming out, and you ruined it!" Floydio yelled at me.

"Sir, I apologize for that," I said. "I didn't know you were fapping to your princess. Anyway, I need your help."

"Main, get the fuck out of my room and let me bust the nut before I assist you with anything."

I exited Floydio's bedroom, closed the door, and waited for a moment, until I heard a voice say "Mama mia! Pregnant Princess Floydie Peach be fuggin hot!" in an orgasmic tone.

I knew it signaled that Floydio was finished, so I went back in the room, just in time to watch him soak all his cum using his white gloves, which was also something I didn't need to see. I made sure to never shake his hand from that point on.

"Alright, my name is Toma Falconi, and I really need you to help me with something," I said. "I am sure

you already heard that the boundary concealing the Floydiverse has been unstable for a while now and I heard that you are able to contribute to its repair."

"Aye main, I can help you with that, what do you need?" Floydio asked.

"To be specific, apparently from all your outlandish adventures, you collected a lot of those mystery blocks. We really need those in order to rebuild the atmospheric barrier."

"Nah main, I be rather keeping those because they are made out of precious fentanyl. No way I am gonna give you them, unless you help me with a little something."

"What is it?" I asked.

"You know when you walked in on me having pleasure time to that hot pregnant pic of Princess Floydie Peach?" Floydio continued. "Well, she got kidnapped by Bowser the Floydie again and I could use a helping hand to get her back. I am too lazy to go through yet another quest cos I be too old for that sheeit. In addition, I want you to go through all of Bowser the Floydies' castles in each biome to collect all five of the sacred fentanyl rings for me."

"I assume that is not an easy task?" I questioned Floydio.

"Yeah main, you are right on dat, but you need to do it for me to give you the building blocks you need. It ain't gonna be cheap main, it ain't gonna be cheap."

"Why not just let me have them for free? Isn't it also in your best interest if we get the goddamn boundary fixed as soon as possible?"

"No, never will I do that," Floydio refused.

"Fentanyl be the most sought after drug, and I need to

fuck Princess Floydie Peach before mah balls explode, so please main, do the quest for me.”

It didn’t surprise me at all that Floydio wouldn’t make it that easy. You see, niggers tend to lack the ability to think ahead. In this example, Floydio couldn’t process how much easier and quicker it would be to prevent the Floydieverse from crumbling if he would just give me his mystery bricks for free. I made my final attempt at arguing.

“Look Floydio, what is also valuable is your ability to breathe, and in general, the oxygen supply of the Floydieverse,” I said.

“Sheeit you make a good point main,” Floydio considered. “Actually fuck it, I am too horny for Peach so imma making you do the quest anyway.”

“Okay fine I’ll do it. How exactly am I going to go about this?”

Floydio went to the drawer next to his bed, and then retrieved an ancient-looking scroll. He then unravelled it and showed me its contents.

“This is the map that shall guide you,” he explained. “At the very left is where we are currently, the mushroom palace.”

Floydio pointed to an icon next to the mushroom palace, which resembles a patch of grassland.

“Now this is where you have to go next. It is the first world that you will go through. Just follow the path until you stumble upon the first castle of Bowser the Floydie. Rinse and repeat for the rest of the adventure. Pretty straightforward main.”

Straightforward is a term that I would least expect a nigger to use. I took a brief glance at the remainder of the map. To the right of the grassland biome was a desert biome, followed by a tropical beach. After that, I would

have to proceed to a mountainous region, and then the final world, the fentanyl lava land, which was supposedly where Princess Floydie Peach was held in captivity.

"Any last questions?" Floydio asked.

"One thing. Is the quest going to be dangerous in any way?"

"Hahaha that is a funny question main, teeheehee," Floydio laughed until he choked. "Remember, Floydies never die. They always respawn."

"You promise?"

"I promise main."

And from there, we said our goodbyes, and I used the map to begin heading from the mushroom city to the first world of the quest: the grasslands.

I eventually walked far enough, until I started to notice the grass becoming prominently green, and the mushroom palace was now a long way away. Perfectly circular green pipes protruded from the ground, and I was beginning to see all sorts of white blocks that mysteriously float in the air. Some of them had a brick texture, and some of them had a question mark printed on each side. Curiously, I punched one of the question-mark blocks. It moved a few inches up, and then a red mushroom emerged from the top. I picked it up and then ate it since it smelled so good.

Instantly, I doubled in size, now being the equivalent of an eight-foot-tall man for Floydies standards. My significant increase in size gave me a sudden boost of confidence, and I continued walking forward.

Shortly, I notice a fairly small brown mushroom. It was about the size of a small dog and was rather adorable, so I went towards it. However, once I was in arm's reach from it, I realized it wasn't any ordinary mushroom. It had two very stubby legs and turned to face me. It was a

walking mushroom, except it had the face of George Floyd, with two oversized lower molars in its mouth.

“Ooga booga I am the Nigga Goomba Floydie,” it said. “Imma poison you.”

I knew that since I was so much bigger than it, it couldn’t stand a chance against me, so I simply jumped, and then stomped on the Nigga Goomba Floydie.

“Ah sheeit I can’t breathe!” it cried, and then turned into coins.

Just by walking very close to the coins, they were magically pulled into my pocket by some unknown force.

I had no time to waste, so I regained my focus despite the weird physics I experienced and continued the path. Throughout the course, I had to avoid simple obstacles, such as endless pits which other Nigga Goomba Floydies were foolish enough to fall into, tall pipes, and brown giant venus fly traps that have big nigger lips. The monstrous nigger venus fly traps were relatively easy to defeat; all I had to do was karate chop their stems, which prevents them from being able to go through photosynthesis, therefore, not able to breathe.

Near the end of the course, which was marked by a tall black flag, I saw a giant Nigga Turtle Floydie wandering near it. It stood on its hind legs and possessed googly eyes that were even thicker than its nose. Speaking of its nose, it looked rather Jewish and even covered a good portion of its lips.

I attempted my first strike at it by using a similar battle tactic to what I did to the Nigga Goomba Floydies; stomp on its head. However, it didn’t kill it instantly. Instead, it forced the Nigga Turtle Floydie to hide under its shell. I then waited for a few seconds, waiting for it to get out of its shell, but it didn’t. I eventually gained the courage to look through one of the limb sockets to check

on the Nigga Turtle Floydie itself, to find out it was dead. Turns out, it suffocated to death from hiding inside its shell for too long.

Now that I confirmed it is safe, I jumped, and then butt-slammed the shell, and collected the five coins that it turned into. After that, I made it to the flag pole and slid down along it, completing the first course of the grassland world.

The rest of the grassland was a series of courses very similar to the first; a repetitive scope of land where I continued to asphyxiate Nigga Goombas to death, scare pussy ass Nigga Turtles until they die in their own shells, and force venus fly traps back into their pipes. I grew accustomed to the hazards quite fast and it wasn't difficult at all. However, my relaxation came to a stop when I reached the castle of the grasslands. It contrasted a lot in the environment, sporting dark grey outer walls and dark violet roofs on each of its sub towers. *This is where I collect the first fentanyl ring*, I thought.

I went ahead and entered the evil castle through its front doors, which were surprisingly unlocked. I was quickly met with a scorching temperature when I entered the first room, which had numerous pits that were filled with molten fentanyl. I couldn't imagine the excruciating pain if I were to fall in any of them, so I carefully jumped over them, making sure not to slip.

Once I made it to the next room, I found a long lane of large walls, which moved up and down in a cyclical manner, touching the ground firmly at their lowest. I knew they were essentially asphyxiation death traps, so I had to sprint through each sequence very quickly. After getting through about ten of them, I found a double-sided door that was twice my height. *It was definitely the door leading to whoever is the keeper of this palace.*

Just like the front gate, it was unlocked. I nervously opened it and went through it. Behind the behemoth of a door was a long hallway, which was occupied by fancy decoration. There were statues of big-nose steroidal turtles with spikes on their shells, all facing the same direction.

Eager of what was to come next, I walked past all of the monstrous statues, until I had to come to a stop at a massive pool of molten fentanyl, which would have been beyond impossible to jump over. Shortly, a bridge formed from beginning to end, brick by brick, and then I heard a wailing noise coming from up high. I looked up to discover the wailing sound was due to the massive creature falling from above. It landed, shaking the ground and stunning me for a split second. I refocused to take a look at the beast in front of me. It was him-the bad guy himself-Bowser the Floydie. He was massive and the large doors I had to bypass earlier were suited for him. He was exactly what the series of the big-nose steroidal turtles I saw back in the hallway. Bowser the Floydie had dark brown scales, and his spiked shell was an even darker shade of brown.

"Roar ooga booga roar, I am Bowser the Floydie!" he boomed. "How dare you get into mah castle!"

"I am here to collect the first fentanyl ring," I said.

Bowser the Floydie started spitting fireballs in my direction, but they traveled at a relatively low velocity, so I was able to dodge them with ease. I didn't know exactly how I was going to defeat him, considering he was way too large for me to scare him into his shell, so most of the battle consisted of me casually evading each fireball, thinking of a plan. I then noticed a large ax at the end of the bridge where Bowser the Floydie and I fought, and I got an idea. I recalled a pattern where Bowser the Floydie would jump a few feet every time he'd blow a fireball to

gain momentum. I used that to my advantage; I waited till his next fire breath attack and ran under his feet when he jumped.

Once I was behind Bowser the Floydie, he started panicking. I bolted to the ax, and then used it to smash the bridge. The bridge instantly broke into pieces, and the oversized dragon-turtle-nigger hybrid fell into the molten fentanyl.

“Roar! Fuck I can’t breathe in this lava!” Bowser the Floydie roared until he dissolved into a skeleton.

I let out a sigh of relief and then trailed off to the next part of the palace. At the center of the following room was a giant white ring that magically floated above a trophy stand. I recognized it to be one of the five fentanyl rings, so in a snap of a finger, I snatched it. I then exited the palace through the back door, which was just as large as the front one.

Behind the palace was a decent-sized patch of grass preceding an overwhelmingly large desert. It officially marked the end of the grassland world and the beginning of the desert biome. I was already exhausted and dazed from the battle with Bowser the Floydie alone, but I knew that I had to move on fast, so I continued, stepping through the border between grass and sand.

The temperature was rather warm in the desert, but not as extreme as being next to large samples of molten fentanyl, thankfully. The shine shone on me more intensely than ever before in the Floydieverse. I felt thirsty for oxygenated water, and quickly realized how much more daunting going through the desert was going to be than the grassland. Trudging through the sand, I noticed it was quite soft. In fact, it was too soft, because I felt myself gradually sinking. First went my legs, then my torso, and finally, my entire head. *Oh shit, it’s quicksand!* I

panicked. The high pressure of the hundreds of thousands of grainy rocks pressed against my neck, making it impossible to breathe. *So many fucking things in the Floydiverse are asphyxiation traps.*

The more I moved my limbs, the deeper I sunk; there was literally no way out. I thought it was the place I died for the first time in the Floydiverse. However, I suddenly started to feel less pressure on my legs. The easing sensation made its way up my body, until I found myself out of the quicksand in a free-fall state, then fell face-first onto sandstone. I got up, to discover I was in an underground cavern. It was full of nothing but coins, which I all collected.

I found a green pipe at the end of the cavern and went through it. The pipe led back to the overworld, where I instantly found an end goal flag. However, it was red instead of black. It turned out to be some sort of a secret passage, because I saw a golden pipe next to it. I crawled into it, and traversed it for a good bit, until I found sunlight. To my pleasure, I found an evil palace that looked identical to the one at the end of the grassland biome. *It was the final part of the desert.* The underground passage I accidentally discovered was actually a way to a shortcut.

The desert's palace wasn't that much different from the one in the grassland in terms of layout. The walls were the same color and there was still molten fentanyl. However, there were annoying giant spike balls rolling everywhere which were designed to-you guessed it-asphyxiate victims. I rolled my eyes and made it to a familiar-looking door.

What followed was an Egyptian Floydie in the form of a snowman-like shape, except made out of sand instead of snow. It lacked any special ability, which was a huge

convenience for me, so I defeated it by kicking the bottom component of its snowman-body, which completely decimated the rest of it. Its now inanimate body began changing shape, morphing until it transformed into the second fentanyl ring.

I stepped into the next biome after that; the tropical world. Just having been in the desert, the cooling temperature felt nice. However, it was soon that I realized that there was an even bigger challenge that awaited me: swimming. The difficult part of it was having to resurface every two minutes to catch my breath, but the ocean was devoid of biological enemies. It made sense in the Floydieverse, since niggers tend to be dogshit at swimming. The remainder of the entirety of the tropical beach biome consisted of just that—a void of an ocean—so it was what I would consider the easiest part of the journey. The palace was quite similar; it was 100% occupied by water, and the only dangers were humongous dildo-shaped spiky pillars that were hard to dodge due to the viscosity of water. The palace guardian, which was just a Mermaid Floydie, was easy to defeat as well. All I had to do was dodge its leg-grabbing attacks until it couldn't hold its breath any longer. After securing the third fentanyl ring, I moved on to the next world: the mountain biome.

The mountain biome was just as easy. Because of the high altitude, the air was extra thin, which also makes it super difficult for ordinary Floydies to survive in. I breezed through it just as easily as the water world. The mountain's palace's guardian was a giant walking wall made of fentanyl that attacks by body flopping onto the ground as an attempt to crush you. Since fentanyl is so brittle, it ended up killing itself after failing to crush me

too many times. The fourth fentanyl ring was obtained, and I continued to the final world: the fentanyl lava land.

It was quite a journey to reach this point, and I was breathless. I knew there was no turning back, however, and I was at the final stage of the quest. As expected, the volcanic biome was even hotter than the desert. I could tell it was going to be the most difficult part yet. The number of enemy Floydies would have to be high, as the dark skin of nigger is adapted to scorching temperatures. I had to deal with annoying critters, such as a skeleton variant of the Nigga Turtle Floydie. Soon enough, I reached the final castle, which had every element from all the previous biomes.

At the end was where things got spicy. When I entered the throne room, I saw him again. It was Bowser the Floydie, except much bigger; the respawn rule in the Floydiverse applied to him. Above Bowser the Floydie was Princess Floydie Peach, trapped in a hanging cage.

"I see you are back for more action main," he boomed.

"This ends now!" I said as I got into a combat stance.

Bowser the Floydie blew more of his fireballs, except they were now blue instead of orange. They traveled through the air faster, but I was still able to micromanage them. The tricky part though, was when Bowser the Floydie used his secondary attack: throwing Nigga Turtle Floydie shells at me. It forced me to perform complex maneuvers just to avoid them. I was about to try the same tactic to defeat Bowser the Floydie as before but realized I couldn't because he was now too big and heavy to jump.

Eventually, Bowser the Floydie managed to get a hit on me, which caused me to shrink to my original size,

meaning I was now only one hit away from death. With my chances of defeating the turtle nigger dragon now much slimmer, I needed to bump up my battle tactics.

When Bowser the Floydie threw one last turtle shell at me, I stomped on it lightly, then said out loud, "Hey Princess Floydie Peach, use this turtle shell to pretend you are pregnant!" then tossed it towards him.

I refer to Princess Floydie Peach as a "him" since he is literally just a tranny. Princess Floydie Peach caught the shell and then tugged it under his pink shirt to make his stomach look bigger. Bowser the Floydie immediately took notice and said, "Oh la la Peach now pregnant, mush rape and make some Koopa babies!" and began running at the cage that Princess Floydie Peach was inside. With him distracted, I used the large ax at the end of the bridge which the retarded nigga dragon turtle placed again, and then destroyed the bridge. It was like watching our initial battle all over again. Bowser the Floydie fell to his death for the second time, or perhaps however many times Floydio defeated him previously. Bowser the Floydie turned into the fifth and final fentanyl ring, and then it flew into my pocket.

The cage that enclosed Princess Floydie Peach magically opened, setting the nigger NFT tranny free at last. He attempted to kiss me on the lips for saving him, but I recoiled because I absolutely refuse to be kissed by a tranny.

Once we exited the palace, we came to the dreaded realization that we would have to travel all the way back to the mushroom palace in order to return to Floydio. I for sure didn't want to go back as I was too exhausted to deal with more Nigga Goomba Floydies. Fortunately though, Princess Floydie Peach told me that he saw a hot air

balloon in Bowser the Floydie's palace. We went back in and used it to return back to the mushroom palace.

At a much shorter timespan than the whole of my difficult quest, we landed the hot air balloon on top of one of the balconies of the castle, and then we stepped next to Floydio's bedroom door. I made sure to knock this time in case he happened to be jerking off to Princess Floydie Peach pics.

"Come in!" I heard Floydio say behind the door.

We stepped in, and the moment Floydio met eyes with Princess Floydie Peach, he looked absolutely delighted.

"Oh la la! You finally rescued her!" he beamed, and then proceeded to kiss Princess Floydie Peach in the lips.

"Okay Floydio, are you going to give me your building bricks?" I asked, interrupting his unsolicited lovemaking.

"Oh yeah main, I will take you to mah storage room," Floydio said.

I followed Floydio, until we entered a massive warehouse-like room in the basement of the mushroom palace. There I saw, piles upon piles of large cubes made of fentanyl.

"Dig in main, enjoy all yo fent!" Floydio cheered, implying he still hasn't grasped the fact that I would be using the blocks to save the Floydiverse. "By the way, did you collect all the fentanyl rings?"

"Yes I did," I said, as I fished my pocket, and then retrieved all five of the nigger drug rings, handing them to him.

"Thank you main, a deal is a deal main."

Thankfully, because real-world physics don't really apply in the Floydiverse, I was able to take the hundreds

of thousands of blocks and stuff them in my pocket, similar to the Minecraft inventory system.

It was now time for me to fix the fateful infectious rift in the heavens of this pixelated nigger world, so I left the mushroom palace and began my way to the world ceiling. Because the amount of bricks that Floydio gave to me was actually more than enough to cover the entirety of the broken gap, I decided to use the bricks as a means to get myself up there. One by one, I jumped and then placed a block under myself; I repeated this process until I could just reach the boundary that separated the visible sky from the dead space that existed beyond it. From the void, I could hear an ominous noise emitting, signifying a sense of the unknown. Contrasting it to the bright and colorful world of Floydies made it super obvious that it was no part of it. Every few seconds, a thunder-like flash emitted from there, followed by a cackling boom. I have to admit, I was a bit creeped out by it, so I tried my best to ignore it; and so, I officially started repairing the gap. I was at one end of the narrow upside down crater, and began building from there.

Solid block fentanyl is a rather adhesive substance, so I was able to firmly piece and reinforce them together. It might have been due to the wild chemistry in this world though. At one point of the construction, I took a short break and looked down, to see a crowd of Floydies under me, waving.

“Yes king! Bring back our air!” they cheered.

As much as I find niggers to be some of the most degrading species of all time, I was actually inspired by their encouragement, so I put a stop to my break and continued building.

Almost an hour went by, and I finally filled in half of the gap. At this point, I noticed that the thundering flashes

appeared to be much brighter than they were at the beginning. Having grown significantly more curious about what was actually causing them, I decided to investigate by tilting my head upward and observing the vast darkness. Upon locking my eyes to it, I got the sudden feeling that I was being watched. I was well aware that the innocent Floydies hundreds of meters below me were cheering me on, but it was different this time. It was like something wasn't right.

I gazed more carefully into the deep space, until I could make out what looked like two vertical lines that slightly curved toward each other. If I were to guess the size of them, they spanned around a dozen meters at the very least. They were somehow even darker than the already pitch black void, and comprehending the blackness was enough to send shivers down my spine. This just made my curiosity grow even more, so I focused my eyes even more. Yet another bright light flashed, and even a tenth of a millisecond was enough for me to be able to see what accompanied the two curved symmetrical pair of lines. Between them were two large circular holes beside each other, resembling a scaled up nose. On the lower center of the space between the curved lines was a giant set of lips, grinning very creepily. I didn't even need to look at the eyes to recognize who the face belonged to. It was a giant George Floyd face that had been observing my every move while I had been reconstructing the atmosphere. Not a pixelated Floydie face, but a real life one. Because of the sudden discovery, I gave off a look of disbelief. However, the giant Floyd face remained staring into my soul. To break the awkwardness, I spoke to it.

"Um hello? What do you want from me?" I asked.

"I see you are trying to stop me from taking dem screenshots main!" the giant George Floyd face boomed.

“What the fuck do you mean by screenshot? And what the hell are you?”

“I am the ghost of George Floyd and I was the one who has been screenshotting the Floydies NFTs this whole time!”

“Don’t you have better things to do in hell?” I asked the George Floyd ghost.

“You see main, I be pissed as fuck that crackas be makin real money off mah death by making NFTs and sheeit, and I be jelly as fuck main,” George Floyd’s ghost explained. “Because of this, I took advantage of the now fragile barrier between the spirit world and the Floydieverse to steal some air from the Floydieverse by mass screenshotting random Floydies NFTs, capturing the bits of air around them, hehehe.”

“George Floyd’s ghost, you don’t have to be mad about it,” I said. “The creators of Floydies made the NFT as a way to celebrate your past life. They are on your side!”

“I don’t care main, I just want to steal all the Floydieverses NFT air anyway, so I will keep taking dem screenshots, hehehe.”

The George Floyd ghost then reached his massive hand, which was far larger than my Floydie form, and then grabbed me, fishing me out of the Floydieverse, into the vast black space that he was in. The moment I crossed the boundary, I could feel a shock surge through my body, and I watched as I transformed from my Floydie form to my normal self, no longer being pixelated. I grew in size, until I was at eye level with George Floyd’s ghost. Keep in mind, I am six foot five in person, so yes, I am in fact the same height as the buck nigger.

Before I could react, George Floyd’s ghost quickly grabbed me by the neck, and then lifted me into the air.

“Hehehe. Any last words main?” he asked, as he pulled out a wacky-looking camera, and then aimed it directly at my face.

“Fuck niggers!” I said.

Before George Floyd’s ghost could snap a photo, he dropped me, and then said, “Ouch main, that hurt. What the fuck was that?”

I looked down, to see a pleasant surprise. I saw an army of a thousand Floydies gathered around near the foot of George Floyd’s ghost, using their combined effort to squeeze the life out of his ankle.

“Sheeit what the fuck are you Floydies doing?” he cried. “Ah fuck my foot can’t breathe because there be no circulation! It need some of dat ectoplasm oxygen supply!”

The Floydies didn’t show any sign of mercy to George Floyd’s ghost; they kept suffocating his feet. Eventually, the nigger ghost closed his eyes, and then vanished into a thin mist, which gradually float up and disappeared.

“Holy shit, you niggers saved my life!” I said.
“Thank you!”

“No problem main!” the army of Floydies said in unison. “You helped us get the Floydieverse’s air back, so we can breathe! You may return to your home world.”

My vision began to fade, initially becoming blurry, and then I blacked out.

I woke up in my bedroom, some time in the middle of the day; it was either morning or afternoon. I haven’t lived in the real world for a decent bit and I had gotten so used to living in a pixelated environment, so it looked a bit surreal seeing in high resolution all over again. I got up and saw my monitor on the floor beside my head, laying down. However, the screen was no longer broken; it was

completely untouched with no scratches, except for some old fingerprints. I got up and then set it back down my desktop, hooking it back to my PC. Upon turning it on, the monitor displayed my last Floydie Bird death screen.

That was when I knew what I had to do as soon as possible. I opened up Google Docs and then began typing every event that happened before I woke up; every detail I could recall in my Floydieverse experience. I will probably post this as an anon on every message board related to the paranormal and NFT's. Moral of the story, do not screenshot Floydies NFTs because doing so captures a portion of their air supply. Buy or mint them instead!

George The Sea Cucumber

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is James Christian Phillip and I am one of those nerds who spends all my free time reading facts online. This includes a variety of websites, such as TriviaNotes.com and NiggerFacts.com. Besides learning about the disgusting nature of subhuman apes, my favorite kinds of facts are ones that are absolutely absurd and gross but useless.

My favorite fact is that sea cucumbers actually breathe through their anus. In other words, sea cucumbers eat, breathe, and poop through the same hole. I find it to be both funny and disturbing at the same time. I first heard it eight years ago when I was only in sixth grade. From that point on, I never thought of it as a piece of info that could be used in a practical way, unless I ever become a marine biologist. However, that all changed after a very recent experience that still haunts me to this day. It was an absolutely terrifying-and also tragic-event that taught me that every piece of factual knowledge, no matter how random, has some degree of usefulness. Some are just naturally more applicable to real-life than others, which encourages the person to put it in the backburner of their mind.

My story begins when I had just graduated high school. It was actually quite a depressing portion of my academic journey, despite many retards who believe that high school is supposed to be the best years of your lifetime. Throughout the three years, I had to deal with hordes of tranny classmates, I was forced to take history

classes that mislead students into believing in the Holocaust, and I was forced to participate in the school-wide LGBTQ parades where anyone who doesn't attend receives a deduction of 10% from their overall grade. Given all the horrible shit I had to go through, I decided that I deserved a big grad trip with my best friend, Mort.

After the graduation ceremony, where I screamed the word *nigger* ten times in my grad speech without having to worry about getting suspended any longer, Mort and I sat at the bench in the school's park to discuss our grad trip plan.

"Where do you suggest we should go this summer?" I said.

"I dunno, everywhere else is so boring to me," Mort replied.

I have always known Mort as one of those kids born into a super-rich family. His father is a clockwork surgeon and his mother works in cybersecurity. It isn't surprising to say that Mort has already visited a decent portion of the world throughout his childhood. I, on the other hand, have never traveled outside of the state because of how broke I am.

"I'd say we should go to South Africa, since I haven't been there before," Mort continued.

"What? Isn't that area full of niggers?" I questioned him. "I thought you hate niggers as much as I do."

"I do hate those big-nosed creatures, but I heard of this really nice resort that operates in South Africa only."

Mort pulled out his phone then searched up *Simple Lipp Resorts* on google, and then returned to find a series of images displaying bright and colorful HD images of the resort in question. It was integrated at the shoreline with countless beach activities. I have to admit, I really admired the look of it; the swimming pools looked high

enough quality, the food looked tasty, and there was even a huge bowling alley. As much as I hate niggers, I couldn't say no to it.

"Alright," I admitted. "South Africa it is."

Mort and I agreed to schedule the trip from July 1 to July 7; a solid week of vacation. On the night we scheduled the flight, Mort and I met each other at the airport. We went through the long and boring airport security process and then waited. Mort has always had an illness that causes severe constipation, so he went to the mini drug mart near the waiting hall of the airport to purchase a pack of laxatives. He couldn't bring his own since he wouldn't be able to go through the airport security scans.

Once it was time for our flight, we boarded the plane. The flight was rather annoying and difficult to stand, as it was full of sheboons chimping at the flight attendants over every small nuance. They were even noisier than babies crying. The airplane trip persisted through the nighttime, which made it impossible to sleep without interruptions. No amount of earplugs would have fixed it. Mort and I tried our very best not to recite the words of the legendary Burger King Crown Man who had the balls to yell out nigger in numerous Jamaican airplane trips.

At dawn, we finally arrived at the airport of South Africa, where Mort and I rented a small SUV and I drove us over to the resort. It was half an hour away from the airport, so we had to drive through the poorer parts of the region, where it was impossible to relax passing by the blacks. The *Around Blacks Never Relax* tune played in my head even more intensely than the car's radio music at full volume.

I could tell we reached the resort when the surrounding buildings no longer looked torn and worn out. The niggers we passed by looked slightly less dirty and animalistic, indicating a wealthy establishment. My expectation was confirmed when I spotted a large billboard with a flashy logo that read *Simple Lipp Resort*. I parked the car near the lot which had a well-sculpted big nose statue fountain right smack in the middle, which was obviously not carved by a nigger.

Mort and I checked in at the lobby and enjoyed the resort's complimentary mango juice, which tasted like crap, but we didn't care since it was still better than the murky water soup that nigger African villagers drink on a daily basis.

The first thing Mort and I did was visit the beach. At this point, it was 5:00 AM and almost every other guest was asleep, so we were practically alone, except for the few resort employees who were there to serve snacks for guests.

After we put all our luggage in our rooms and made sure to lock the door so that no nigger steals anything, Mort and I settled at a pair of reclined beach chairs. A generous employee handed us a basket of fruits while we relaxed, which included apples, oranges, and a large banana. For the first time in years, I felt a sense of carefree. The start of our day was good and all, until what happened next.

I took a bite from one of the apples when I suddenly noticed that a mysterious figure showed up in front of Mort and me through my peripheral vision. I looked up, to see a man wearing a grey and black sweater, who I couldn't quite identify because he was facing completely away from us, in a bending position. He appeared to be naked from below the hips, spreading his ass cheeks,

which exposed his asshole in front of my eyes. It was wrinkly as fuck and moved in an expand-contract manner which disgusted me to a whole new level, so I yelled out, "Hey you! Stop doing that gay shit in front of us!"

My call startled the man slightly, which made him stop spreading his buttocks for a moment, and he turned to face Mort and me. It was then, I found out he wasn't at all a man. No, not a woman. Something even less human than the average nigger. The thing that was now glaring at us bore lips that were so fat, they looked like they were stung by a jellyfish ten times. It had rough brown skin covered in ugly osteoderm-like bumps, which made my skin crawl just by looking at the pattern. It wore thick round glasses and an inflated yellow glove as a hat. Its worm-like anatomy paired with its noticeable monkey traits made it appear to be some sea cucumber-George Floyd hybrid from hell.

"Heyo main, I be George the Sea Cucumber, and I must spread mah ass cheeks to let all the air in," it said. "How dare you tell me to stop breathin, I was in the middle of a nice ass breathing session."

"Haha what an impressive sea cucumber costume you got there," I laughed. "Almost got me fooled there."

"No main!" George the Sea Cucumber boomed. "I am a real sea cucumber main, watch and see!"

I watched as the nigga dildo-shaped creature eyeballed Mort, grinning. It walked toward him with its super short and stubby legs, then touched him. Upon physical contact, Mort jumped out of his seat in pain and attempted to scream. However, he couldn't utter a single decibel of sound; he just had his mouth wide open, completely silent. In a matter of seconds, Mort collapsed into the sand, completely lifeless.

"What the fuck did you just do to him!" I yelled at the George Floyd cucumber monster.

"Hehehe, see main, I told you I am a real sea cucumber," George the Sea Cucumber said. "Mah strong ass sea cucumber venom has the ability to disable peoples lung function and sheeit."

"Fucking nigger, you didn't have to murder my best friend!"

I guess I was right about it being a nigger hybrid creature, because it quickly steamed with rage, throwing a mini temper tantrum after I said the word nigger, and then charged at me. I didn't want to imagine the fate that Mort suffered, let alone experience it myself, so I quickly flashed back to this one hilarious Youtube video called Racist Mario, where in a cart racing match, Racist Mario shoves a banana up Donkey Kong's asshole to win the race. I decided to do the same thing, so I grabbed the untouched banana from the basket and then rammed it in George the Sea Cucumbers' anus.

"Ah fuck I am now losing ass air!" George the Sea Cucumber howled in pain. It bought me time to run a good distance from the ugly brown dildo of a nigger. George the Sea Cucumber spent a good ten seconds pulling the banana out of its ass which was now bleeding and suffering a minor anal prolapse and then retreated, diving in the ocean.

I was relieved that the hideous creature was gone for now. The first thing I did after was checking if Mort was really dead. His chest wasn't expanding or contracting at all so he obviously wasn't breathing. Next, I checked his pulse; I felt nothing. I called in the emergency staff for them to collect Mort's corpse. I knew that there was no way in hell they'd believe me if I told them that a

five-foot-tall half-monkey half-sea cucumber murdered my best friend.

That was how the first day of the trip went. So much happened, and I spent the next six days depressed about my loss. I couldn't believe it. All the years I spent with him since elementary school, all the faggot trolling we did together, the fucking nigger cucumber took him away.

It didn't feel like a long time until it was, at last, the final day of the nigger country vacation. I slept in due to my overwhelming depression and was scheduled to arrive at the airport in a couple of hours. I needed to eat breakfast, so I decided to have a quick bite at the resort's main seafood restaurant before I leave.

I sat down at one of the tables with all the luggage bags with me and read through the menu. There were all sorts of crab and lobster dishes, along with fish. I noticed the odd African Sea Cucumber on the menu, which reminded me of Mort's death, but I didn't think much of that specific item.

I ordered a serving of shrimp with honey mustard. While waiting for my food to be cooked, I observed around the restaurant. It was mostly niggers as per usual; ten of them simultaneously, or so I thought.

A short distance behind the front desk of the restaurant were the tanks where they store the live sea creatures to be cooked for food. To the very left was the tank containing a bundle of fish, the next one containing the crustaceans, and the right one housing a-what the fuck? I nearly got a heart attack when I saw what was floating in the incredibly large tank on the far right. It was my new arch-nemesis, George the Cucumber, except it was sleeping soundly, completely submerged in the dirty water. *What the fuck was that critter doing here?* I

thought to myself. I then remembered that one peculiar item on the menu: The African Sea Cucumber. *If this restaurant is so strongly associated with the resort serving George the fucking Sea Cucumber, why didn't the emergency staff who retrieved Mort's body acknowledge its existence?*

At last, I saw my server exit the kitchen holding the shrimp dish that I ordered. The tasty-looking food completely distracted me from the thought of George the Sea Cucumber, until he accidentally brushed his leg against its tank. All hell broke loose from there. The disturbance caused George the Sea Cucumber to abruptly wake up from its slumber. It opened its eyes, which were visibly bloodshot even through the murky water. With its mighty strength, it punched the glass like a mantis shrimp, shattering the tank completely. The water all poured out at once, and the scary-ass sea fruit dramatically jumped from the base of the aquarium.

"How dare you mains wake me up!" George the Sea Cucumber screamed with his high-pitched voice. "I was havin a dream about stickin mah dong up a pregnant sea cucumber bitch's breathing ass, and y'all be ruinin it!"

I ducked under the table and watched in horror as it ran from customer to customer, from chef to chef, and from waiter to waiter, instantly infecting them with its lung-disabling venom, almost instantly killing them.

Once everyone was dead except me, George the Sea Cucumber used his asshole's hypersensitive smelling ability to track me down.

"Peekaboo nigga, I found you!" it said as it popped its funny nigger face under the table.

George the Sea Cucumber then turned away to show its ass, revealing its prolapsed anus which formed when I shoved the banana up its asshole a week ago.

“Dat anal prolapse you gave me be makin it hard to breathe through mah ass!” George the Sea Cucumber said angrily. “Hehehe. You will now pay for it.”

I screamed and thought that this was it; I was only one touch away from death. It was then, I got an idea. I reached for Mort’s luggage bag and retrieved the laxatives that he purchased at the airport. I then quickly tossed a few pellets into George the Sea Cucumber’s asshole, which forced it to consume the laxatives. Shortly, I could hear George the Sea Cucumber’s stomach growl.

“Uh oh, this ain’t good main,” it mumbled.

George the Sea Cucumber then went into a squatting position and proceeded to take a massive and continuous shit. The laxatives worked; they forced it to shit out so much poop, that the turd blocked its asshole’s airways.

“Ah shit, mah poop be blocking the air from entering mah lungs, I can’t breathe!” George the Sea Cucumber said in agony.

The room eventually got too stinky for me to handle, so I ran out and sealed the restaurant’s door shut. Through the window, I observed George the Sea Cucumber still continue to shit his ass out, until it died due to poop asphyxiation. That shit was crazy to see, so I called the resort’s support desk and told them the whole story involving George the Sea Cucumber, including Mort’s death. However, they completely denied everything I said and threatened to kick me out. Not that it mattered since I had to leave soon anyway.

I am now typing this on my laptop as I am on my flight back home. George Floyd is still out there, even if he is in the form of an aquatic pickle. Moral of the story, if you encounter a Floyd creature like the one I just fought, use any available tool at your disposal, even if it is a fact

as ridiculous as sea cucumbers breathing through their anus.

Martin Luther Floyd

By Pepe McNutt

Before I begin this story, I must make sure the audience knows who I am.

In 2023, a world-wide Fascist revolution swept over all forms of government that had existed up to this point. The leaders of these movements set up separate states for the races in their respective homelands.

In 2045 time travel was discovered. Shortly after this, tension between the negro race and the Whites began to boil over, prompting military action by both sides. The negros quickly allied with the muslims who promptly invaded the Holy Land.

The command system of the White nations decided to expand the scope of the battle to different time zones.

I was assigned to the first time travelling nigger death squad. We deployed to 1969 AD, where something called the “civil rights movement” had taken place in the United states. A man by the name of Martin Luther Kang had marched with a band of wild Africans in the streets of the capital city of the US, making speeches that promoted communism, race war, and violence against White people.

White command had identified him as a key component to the racial struggles in America during the years before the revolution, whose doctrines carried over to the separation of the Africans. He had studied at a communist revolutionary college with rosa parks and other “civil rights” niggers, and had been captured on tape laughing as a woman was raped by a nigger in a small

Washington apartment in the 1960s.

In the years immediately preceding the revolution, these facts about King, whose real name had been Micheal, had begun to come out into the limelight.

We were sent back to 1965, to Memphis, Tennessee to carry out our mission on Christmas day, 2047. I was put into command of the 1st inter-timezone assassination squadron, made up of 5 men. We were individually warned about King's personal bodyguard, Ronnie McNutt, who was an expert rifleman who had served in the US military. I met my 5 teammates right before departure into the 1960s. One of them had the name Ki Kehater on his uniform. He introduced himself as Senior Sergeant Kehater. He had been in the White Army for 5 years, having been involved in multiple operations, particularly in North African territory wars against bushmen and roving gangs of criminal niggers trying to invade White North Africa. He had been wounded in the 2nd Afghanistan war, an operation that had been part of a failed campaign to end the muslim religion.

The rest of the soldiers introduced themselves as Oswald Moseley, an English special forces officer, Andrew Jackson, a lawyer from the old era who had then fought the jewish invasion of America, Kyle Rittenhouse, a man who had been on trial as a teenager for shooting 3 jewish pedophiles during a riot, and Heinz Guderian, a former German officer who had defected from the UN army during the revolution, leading millions of others to follow him in assisting our revolution.

We arrived at the time launch base in the former Area 51 in the state of Nevada, now within the Oceania-Pacific region is made up of California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Oregon and Washington state. We were transported in a convoy of MRAPs and

armored humvees to the base, as the area was still being liquidated and was still experiencing serious communist resistance. A mile outside of Las Vegas, the leading MRAP was hit with a large rocket from the desolate desert on our right side. I climbed into the gun pit in the MRAP I was in and returned

fire with the .60 mega cannon that was mounted on the roof. I saw a group of niggers run down into a trench and for a split second I thought I saw a familiar face. One of the niggers had lips that took up half his face and a nose that looked like a rotted banana that had been stepped on.

It had been the monkey criminal nigger George Floyd. But that wasn't possible. I had knelt on his neck years ago. I had been a Minneapolis police officer in the old days, with a long rap sheet of niggers I had shot at, but he had been my only kill. I had spent years in maximum security prison before being rescued by the White revolutionaries.

We were sent to April 3rd, 1968 on a mission to kill Martin Luther king. We went into the massive machine with plasma cores which would transport us to 1968. We were transported to a small coffee shop which had been infiltrated by a team before us, a team of scientists and mathematicians who had not been capable of much more than the paperwork required to lease the coffee shop. I immediately noticed a store across the street from the coffee shop that I recognized from Harvard University nigger studies courses I had taken while doing officer training in college.

The store had a large, red, dirty canopy that said Cup Foods on it. Outside of the convenience store there was a pack of niggers in baseball jackets, smoking odorous fruit flavored cigarillos and playing cards around a covered trash can.

"That's weird," I said, "I thought that place was in Minneapolis."

"Couldn't have those nerds have chosen a better spot in the city?" asked a corporal with the name Moseley on his tag, "Now we have to wait until dark to leave."

"That's probably a bad idea," I said, "You don't want to be in these parts at night. Let's just go out the back door."

We exited the building, into the alleyway behind it. A few niggers littered the pavement, but they were either asleep or high so the ones that did notice us dismissed us. We moved to the end of the alley and ran into another one at the other side of a hot, gray street.

The day was a hot one, with no clouds and heat waves emanating from the asphalt. Shirtless niggers played basketball on an elementary school court they had long since broken the padlock to get into. As we entered the alleyway, we saw a few sober-looking niggers greasing their hair in a broken off car mirror on the back steps of a restaurant. They looked up at us, and started chimping in ebonics which we couldn't decode. They grew angry at our lack of response and got up and walked over to us.

"Ayo muffuguh. I be's talkin to yous." One of them chimped at Kehater.

Kehater moved his tunic aside to reveal the M4A1 he, like all of us, was carrying.

"Back to your steps and no one gets hurt. He said.

The two coons sat back down, eyeing us as we walked the rest of the way to the street corner. As we were about to turn, I heard Moseley's VSS integrally suppressed rifle go off 3 times. I turned to see both of the niggers dead with hi-point 9mm pistols in their hands.

"What the hell," Kyle Rittenhouse said, "Hi-point didn't exist in 1968."

I walked to one of the dead niggers and picked his gun up. The label, although corroded, was still visible. Made in China, 2012, the label said.

"Something is going on here." I said, "Someone is expecting us."

"Uh, chief? We need to go." Guderian said.

I looked behind me to see a massive crowd of niggers parading down the street. At their helm was a nigger with a black tanktop on. He was mustachioed, but it looked unnatural, almost like a glue-on mustache. He also had short cut hair and was exceptionally tall. We ducked back into the alley we had walked from and watched as the niggers gathered around a podium in the middle of a highway which had been blocked by beige Toyota Corollas that had been stolen from the helpless White people stuck in Memphis.

"I bes havin a dream an shieet," the man chimped. "That niggas ain't be judgin by da color of da skin an shieet, but by da color of dat fentanyl."

The crowd exploded in applause for the man, who I now knew was Martin Luther King jr., our target. Except that King was a short man, and he had worn a suit to this speech, which had taken place in Washington D.C. not Memphis, and he had been an average student with fairly good oration skills. This was clearly not the real Martin Luther King, but whoever this was was passing well to the crowd as MLK.

"Oh God, where do I know that face from." Rittenhouse said.

"Thats George Floyd, the monkey nigger that the chad Derek Chauvin knelt on." Kehater answered.

"There's no way." I said, "That nigger was dead, I saw it."

"He's standing right there, chief." Guderian said.

I raised my rifle to fire at him but my men all grabbed it and pointed it down.

"That'll get us all killed." Guderian said. "Let's just find out where he is staying and find a room at that hotel. Then tomorrow, when he goes to get ice or a drink, we cap him and get back to the coffee shop."

Three hours later, we found the dingy hotel "King" was staying at. We moved into the room next to him, setting up audio equipment to listen to his activity. There was no sign of King's bodyguard. The only people going into his room were dirty looking niggers and whores of all races. We saw 20 or so people go in, but no one ever came out. We heard sounds of guns from his room, but we couldn't understand the ebonics that the people inside were speaking. When we heard screaming from inside the room, Guderian jumped up and we all followed him into King's room. We met King outside his room and Guderian blew his head off with his shotgun. We immediately took heavy fire from the room, most of which hit King's massive body. However, with all of the holes in his body, King was still standing. His head rematerialized without its fake mustache and with red eyes.

He spoke in a booming voice, telling the niggers inside to destroy us. They were all stupid enough to run through the door one after the other and we killed all of them rather easily. Floyd was appalled at this and pulled his own gun out, but we all shot at him at once, turning him into a human sponge. He fell to the ground screaming.

"I can't breathe niggas. All I wanted was to have a dream an shieet."

Kehater walked over to him and pointed his M4 at King's face.

"Shut up nigger." he said after pulling the trigger. We made quick work of the hike back to the coffee shop, where we wired explosives to the portal we had generated inside of it.

We then began travelling back to 2047, detonating the explosives once we were inside of the plasma core. When we arrived back in 2047, we were greeted with a crowd of military personnel who had been watching our escapade live. I was awarded the Iron Cross 2nd class, and Guderian was awarded the Iron Cross 1st class for bravery.

This project has been classified for 50 years, and I am finally writing it upon my deathbed. All time travel was banned shortly after this because of unforeseen problems with missions involving changing space time. Some of our own defected because Martin Luther King had been the reason they were sympathetic to our cause. Without King they had no reason to help us, so they were bribed by the Africans to strike our bases. We couldn't go back in time to stop the missions, because seeing a different version of yourself causes time shock, which can easily be deadly.

We eventually won the war with Africa by using surgical nuclear weapons to decimate their supply chain, but not without hundreds of thousands of deaths.

Never time travel, even if killing niggers is tempting. It causes many unsolvable problems.

Krampus Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Andrew Burrows. I am a man who has been studying cryptids for my whole entire life. When I say that, I mean it. As a child, I would read countless books and magazines about them. This persisted even throughout my teen years, as nerdy as it sounds. However, it paid off really well, because I went through university and graduated to become a cryptozoologist without having to do much studying because I had so much prerequisite knowledge.

Having been a certified cryptozoologist for half my life, I've given a shot at heavily investigating some major cryptids such as monkele-mbembe, the yeti, the chupacabra, the Japanese Kappa, and so on. In my field of studies, I aim toward trying to figure out whether or not these mythical creatures are real. Unfortunately, I still haven't proved one yet, despite how long I've been working because of how hard it is. Even the world famous Cryptozoologists out there are lucky to discover one. For example, one of them who is known as Pussy Farts confirmed the Loch Ness monster's existence by finding a specimen dubbed the Wilcock Ness Monster. I have to admit, I am super jealous of his accomplishment and it motivates me even more to either debunk a cryptid or prove one's existence. Even debunking a cryptid is as big of an achievement as discovering an existing one because of how vast this planet is. I will go as far as to say I'd be willing to die to accomplish either task.

For those of you who aren't familiar with how cryptozoologists do their work, we follow a procedure that is different from the scientific method. It is one that is simple in theory, but complicated in practice. We constantly scan around the media to fish for any strange patterns that occur around the world. For instance, if we notice that there is a suspicious surge in injuries or deaths in a given location, we travel there asap and go looking for potential cryptids that could have possibly caused it. We always have to be quick though, because cryptids tend to be shy, even the aggressive ones, so they will flee as soon as they have done their deed. The deaths don't have to be humans though. The chupacabra feeds on the livestock of farms, so we will be notified if there is an insane number of farms that get wiped within a short timespan.

My introduction aside, there is a reason why I am writing this report. I think I have proved a high profile cryptid to be real. But because I didn't manage to collect any evidence at all, I have to draft my encounter that I hope is convincing enough for my superiors. Now you may be itching to know - what cryptid did I encounter? Well you've probably heard of Krampus, a Christmas legend that has been going around throughout Eastern Alpine folklore and popular culture. Conventionally, Krampus is known for being the opposite of Santa. Instead of rewarding children with presents, he punishes them. The way he accomplishes this varies depending on how bad the said child behaved near christmas. Most of the time, Krampus uses scare tactics such as chasing the naughty children. Hence the lack of material harm, it is for those who commit mild acts of misbehavior. Occasionally, when a child critically misbehaves, Krampus would lean toward punishing them brutally. This includes using physical force, and sometimes kidnapping the child using his

basket for drowning, eating, or transporting to hell. In terms of physical appearance, Krampus differs depending on the given culture depicting him, but generally speaking, he is a bipedal mammalian creature that possesses goat-like horns on the top of his head, hooves, fangs, and a long pointed tongue. This is all at least how popular folklore interprets him.

The real Krampus that I witnessed with my own eyes is way distinct from how most think he is. I won't spoil it here, but I will tell you now that he is far more vile, gruesome, and aberrant. I don't know if this is the right word, but perhaps, more powerful. That being said, there is another reason why I am creating this report – to warn all of you to avoid the Krampus that I speak of.

It all started when I was sitting at my desk at work on Christmas Eve, sorting some case files of brief cryptid sightings from a pool of my colleagues, that contain photos that look like they were taken by a pajeet using a shitty Android tablet. You know what I am talking about. Like the infamous black and white Loch Ness Monster photograph from the nineteen hundreds that looks like the silhouette of a black nigger who dislocated his elbow at the surface of a lake. Let me tell you, they are almost always a hoax since it is statistically unlikely for a cameraman to do such a shitty job of capturing an extremely rare sight.

I did my first quota of the day before I was allowed to do the fun part of my shift, which is what every medium level employee has to do everyday, because the company I work at is owned by a Jew named Mr. Peters, who all the employees secretly want to be overtaken by a better manager. Not to mention, it was supposed to be our Christmas break right now and the kike boss doesn't like to adhere to the provincial employee standards, which

allows any employee to excuse from work in both Christmas and Christmas eve.

After I was done with that mundane task, I went on my lunch break because I was so fatigued and I desperately needed to eat the ten steaks in my lunchbox to maintain my 300 pound physique, that resembles the average racist chad. It was the first time I've ever packed such a big meal for work, because After I pulled the Ziploc bag full of red meat out of my limited edition Land of the Lost lunch box, I approached the public microwave to heat them. However, I stopped when I felt someone breathing on the back of my neck.

"Goy, you can't eat too much of that cattle in my workplace," Mr. Peters said in his jewy nasal voice.

He tried snatching my bag of steaks from my hand, but his scrawny jew physique could not reach it when I recoiled it above my head. *God, I hate jews who support veganism*, I thought.

"You better hand me that or else I will fire you," the jew boss said.

I really didn't like the idea of losing my job because I worked so hard to be in my position, so I slowly gave the bag of steaks to him.

"This is your last warning Andrew," my boss said.

He then left me, with the bag still in his hands. I know that he is a vegan who is irrationally afraid of eating meat, so I wondered what the hell he would possibly do with it. But I quickly came to the realization that the bag of steaks was the only food that I brought, so I got paranoid about losing my hard earned gains. I just sat at the lunch table alone on my phone, looking like one of those quiet kids at school who has no one to hang out with because his sole friends are too sick to come to class.

After the lunch break ended, I returned to my office to continue working. I scanned through the news section of the search engine, trying to find anything noteworthy. However, it was very difficult to concentrate, due to my hunger. It was the equivalent of being a slit eyed asian who has just as much of a difficulty seeing as niggers on fentanyl have of breathing. Eventually, I said *fuck it* and decided to go to my other colleagues offices to ask for food. I know it is a nigger thing to beg others for food like that, but I could feel my roided up muscles begging for mercy, so I went for it. The first colleague I went after was one named Quinton. He works at a room across from mine, but he was my first pick because just like me, he is a heavily muscled racist chad who also force feeds himself regularly. However, he keeps all his food in a mini fridge in his work office, so I figured he'd most likely have food to spare. Of course, Mr. Peters doesn't know of this, otherwise, he'd confiscate it too.

I knocked at the side of Quinton's office door.

"Come in," he said, while typing on his keyboard.

"Um sorry to bother, but do you have any extra food in that cooler of yours?" I asked politely.

Quinton rotated his flexible office chair to face me. His eyes appear bloodshot, as if he had been busy with his work for a long time.

"Andrew, do you really think I'd let you in on some for free?" he asked rhetorically.

"Look, that fucking kike boss took my entire lunch and I can't work without food in my stomach," I whispered, making sure Mr. Peters wouldn't happen to hear me.

"Alright well I got a deal for you. Come over here, I want to show you something first."

Quinton motioned me to look at his computer screen.

There I saw a foreign government statistics website for a different country that displayed a number. A number representing a reported missing person statistic since the night before Christmas on their end. It was for an eastern country that is twelve hours ahead of us, so Christmas had already started for them. Fourteen thousand was the number, and counting. My jaw dropped at the statistic. However, I didn't read the label correctly. After rereading it, I realized that it was specifically a missing person count for children.

"What the fuck?" I said. "What could have caused this? And what kind of sick fuck would hurt that many kids?"

"This has to be the doing of a malevolent cryptid," Quinton said. "And it is physically impossible for one single human to pull this off in such a short amount of time. Not even an organization that traffics children."

"You're right."

"So here is the deal. I would like you to assist me in tracking down whatever the hell is on the loose this Christmas, since it is most likely a deadly being given the amount of victims. If you come with me, I will let you have one of my protein sandwiches."

The thought of the word protein made me salivate, so I immediately said "Yes."

Quinton opened his mini fridge and then took out a bagged sandwich that he bought from Tim Hortons and tossed it at me, and I caught the sandwich with one hand.

"Thank you," I said, as I quickly blasted through the sandwich.

"You're welcome," Quinton said. "Now you have a job to do."

In the equipment room, we grabbed all the equipment necessary: a bear trap, tranquilizer snipers, raw meat for bait, assault rifles, and armored vests.

We weren't exactly sure what prospective cryptid we were to encounter, but that was the kit we went with because of how versatile it is.

Quinton and I met with the helicopter pilot, Hopee, at the launch pad. Even though he is quite skilled at flight, Hopee comes across as a sketchy man, because he is a former convict who was apparently caught preying on women in his ARK Discord server. I myself really didn't want to be in the same flying vehicle as the creep, but it was a time sensitive mission and there weren't any other chopper pilots on duty at the moment, since they all happen to be on Christmas vacation.

"Alright Hopee, get us to um," I began. "Quinton, where exactly are we to head over to?"

"New Delhi, India," Quinton replied.

Drats, I thought. New Delhi is the last country I would visit. It is filled with horny pajeet Indians who would rape any foreignors that would visit. And when I say any foreigners, I mean absolutely any. Those Pajeets are so desperate that they would turn into faggots and rape men as well. However, I knew that Quinton and I are built chads, so we wouldn't have a problem with heeding them anyway.

"Okay, New Delhi it is," Hopee said.

The three of us boarded the cyan colored chopper that had our company logo branded on it. As Hopee initiated the flight, I felt the large propellers spin which formed a circular gust of wind around us.

"Hold on tight!" Hopee said over the microphone

He launched the helicopter around 1500 feet in the air and then headed to the direction of India. Now, for us

to know exactly where we were supposed to head to, as simply knowing where New Delhi is isn't sufficient information, there is a built-in radar in the helicopter's control panel. You see, cryptids tend to emit a special type of radiation that even humans can detect with the naked eye, hence why cryptids all evolved an extremely effective means of hiding. And when I say detectable with the naked eye, I mean the radiation exists in the form of a mass of light green fog floating in the air. This is the primary reason why they are so elusive in the first place. Though the radiation in question is identifiable without the use of technology, our radar is able to magnify it by one million times, enabling us to spot its source from thousands of miles away.

"So Quinton, what cryptid do you think we will possibly encounter?" I asked, as I tried my best not to inhale the excess propeller wind.

"Given that we are headed to India, I would guess the poop golem which formed from the excess poop that the Pajeets leave out on the streets," Quinton said. "Or maybe the famous rape creature that is capable of telepathically raping White women who don't send it bobs and vagene pictures."

"Makes sense. I am thinking we might come across Krampus, because you know, he comes out and hurts misbehaving children at around Christmas—"

"Woah woah hold your horses," Quinton interrupted. "I thought pajeets don't celebrate Christmas, so wouldn't it make sense for the Krampus to carry out its attacks in other countries to be more efficient?"

"Yeah I guess you got a point there," I said. "But you have to consider the fact that there are plenty of cucked White families who move to New Delhi even

though it is full of shitskin rapists who seek their White women."

"Oh yeah I forgot about those."

"Let me tell you, I hope whatever this Krampus thing might be out there, it will be easy to capture or debunk, because I have to visit my family for Christmas tomorrow," I said. "This trip better be quick."

"I wouldn't be too worried about that," Quinton shrugged. "Remember, most of our expeditions are nothing but false alarms, such as when we mistakened a mass casualty for the doing of the Jewish Moth Man, when really it was actually a psychotic nigger on the loose."

Quinton was most likely right. You see, the probability of us finding a cryptid in a given expedition is microscopic, since our call to adventures are usually prompted by natural disasters or serial killers. Even though I am all in for actual Cryptid sightings, a part of me was hoping for that to not be the case, because finding one would mean an extensive follow up analysis which takes days, and like I said, I really wanted to spend time with my family for Christmas.

Since we were traveling on a chopper, it was going to be a long trip. I texted my family group chat that I may or may not make it to the Christmas dinner because of work. Thankfully, my family consists of **based** people, so they knew to blame it on my Jew boss, and not me.

After I had a good chat with my folks, I put away my phone and took a nap because I was getting sleepy from the redundant motion of the helicopter.

I woke up to a loud bang. I sprang up, to see Hopee looking a bit hazy. He must have almost crashed the helicopter into something.

"What is going on here?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Sorry about that," Hopee said. "I got distracted by that billboard displaying a hot bikini model over there."

I looked over to Quinton, who fell asleep as well. He did not seem to be phased by the turbulence at all, because he was still snoring deep in his slumber.

I then looked at the billboard that Hopee pointed at, to see the bikini model he got horny over.

It was an Indian woman. It struck me as odd for a second, because no intelligent clothing brand would dare to use an Indian woman as a model for their advertisements, because as we all know, Indians are one of the least attractive races out there. But I then shortly realized why the billboard advertisement displayed such a hideous woman. Looking at the warm hue of the polluted air and the poorly maintained architecture, it was evident we were now in India. The one and only country that would promote pajeet women in clothing ads. Not that there aren't any White women ads, because pajeet men idolize them like celebrities.

"How close are we to our destination?" I asked Hopee.

"We are approximately two hours away," Hopee responded. "The radiation signal of our radar should activate shortly, if there are any."

Seconds later, a high-pitched sound alarm emitted from the radar at the front control panel. Quinton woke up as a result, and we both bolted to the front to examine what it was picking up. On the radar screen, there were a bunch of dotted light visual indicators scattered together which represented detected radiation.

"Holy shit," Quinton exclaimed. "Looks like a cryptid is nearby."

"Precisely two hours away," Hopee said.

The two hours went by slowly, as Quinton and I eagerly waited. I saw the expected green colored radiation particles floating in the air. We were finally here. Surrounding us was a normal looking neighborhood. Normal for the most part for us Americans, at least. Because we were in India at the time, there were gobs of shit in the driveways as per usual. The collection of homes here summed up to give off a powerful accumulated odor of curry. Looking around, it didn't seem like there was anything special going on. However, when I looked over a few blocks from where the chopper was, I spotted one house with Christmas lights on. But the Christmas lights were not what caught my eye, despite its appealing look. There looked to be a high concentration of the radiation surrounding that house.

"Hopee, fly us over to that house," I pointed.

"Okay, will do," Hopee said, as he steered towards the flashing colorful lights and headed there.

The closer we got to that house, the more we noticed this stench. No, not the smell of pajeet poop that we would have expected. It was more like the smell of rotten flesh. It was so putrid, that I pinched my nose. I could not fathom having a big ass Jew nose to inhale a large volume of whatever smell this was.

By the time we landed on the road in front of the house, I had gotten used to the odor. Quinton and I equipped our gear and then began to carry out the initial investigation. We circled around the exterior of the home, to gauge for any signs of a cryptid. Everything appeared to be normal, until I looked to the roof. The chimney, to be specific.

"Hey Quinton, check that out," I said as I pointed my flashlight. "The chimney is half broken. Something must have broken into it."

"Yeah, let's go check it out," Quinton said as he pulled out his grappling hook. I reciprocated and we projected ourselves up the roof of the home. The top part of the chimney was shattered, with the small fragments of mortar sprinkled on the roof. Bits of smoke were coming out of it. I turned to Quinton.

"So," I began. "Should we go in?"

"I'd say we should. Hopefully we don't wake up the people living here."

Quinton and I easily fit through the chimney, since the top part that had been ripped off was what would have prevented us from going in. The smell of rotten flesh increased exponentially as Quinton and I lowered ourselves. At the bottom of the chimney was a pile of charcoal that was the byproduct of a previously lit fireplace. On the very pile of charcoal was a duo of negative space that formed the shape of goat hooves.

"Quinton, check it out, there are footprints down there," I exclaimed. "I wonder what it came from."

"The jersey devil maybe," Quinton said.

"We are not in New Jersey, what are you smoking? I think this is from Krampus."

"Ohh makes sense, because this is the sole home that celebrates Christmas in this neighborhood," Quinton said as if he was the one who figured it out.

By the time we landed on the black charcoal bedding, we noticed a peculiar white contrasting speck of powder on it. I picked up a sample and decided to smell it. Oh boy did I regret my decision. I don't know what exactly the smell was like, but I immediately coughed up blood. Whatever the white powder was, it had to be some kind of drug.

"Fentanyl," I said. "What the hell is fentanyl doing here?"

"I don't know," Quinton said. "But we shall find out. Let's get out of this fireplace and explore around the house."

I carefully opened the metal enclosure that locked us in the fireplace, and then we tiptoed out, hoping not to wake anyone up, and most importantly, not startle the potential cryptid that might be here. Around us was a heavily decorated living room. There was a Christmas tree next to the fireplace which had a stack of wrapped presents under it, each of them having no visible label. Coming from the fireplace was a trail of that same fentanyl powder that persisted throughout the living room, reaching far into the doorway which was the kitchen.

I started to follow it, motioning Quinton to do the same. Again, that smell of rotten flesh grew even stronger the longer we tailed the line of powdered fentanyl. However, I was not too bothered by it any longer since I was very much focused on our investigation, and also the fact that we were inside somebody's damn house. The trail of fentanyl eventually led to the kitchen counter. On the counter was a large piece of red craft paper that looked like it had been through a lot; it was definitely not a new sheet of paper. On it was a handwritten sentence which read: "Where are the banana cookies and milk at?" It took me a while to decipher the sentence because of how horrible the handwriting was. It looked like it was written by a nigger, because niggers tend to have similar handwriting to chimpanzees at the zoo when the zookeepers would attempt to teach them how to write simple text.

"That is weird. I didn't know Santa has such a preference for banana cookies," Quinton said.

"Hm, I don't know if this note is from Santa," I said. "This has to be the doing of the cryptid we are dealing with."

"But what kind of cryptid would write this note? As beastly and animalistic they usually are, I don't think they could have as much of a craving for banana cookies as niggers would."

"Okay but you need to consider, niggers are too retarded to break into a home via a chimney, even though they are responsible for a large portion of home invasions in the USA."

"Well then let's stop wasting our time arguing. We still haven't even searched half of this house."

I then noticed a second fentanyl trail which branched from next to the first trail. This one led to a staircase which directs to the second floor.

"To the stairs," I whispered to Quinton, as I pointed to the staircase.

We quietly made our way up, trying our very best not to creak each of the wooden steps. The fentanyl was sprinkled along the stairs, so we knew that it was the correct way to keep going. The moment we reached halfway through the stairs, I noticed a very distinctive noise. Very ambient-like, yet dissimilar enough to be a different sound from the air conditioning. It sounded more like a helium birthday balloon slowly deflating due to a small hole that was carefully poked into it. However, its volume was not constant. Every half second, it would quiet down, and then another half second later, it would grow louder. It creepily resembled the pattern of breathing.

Once Quinton and I made it to the top of the stairs, I looked down and saw that the fentanyl trail continued further, tricking into one of the bedroom doors.

But we were quickly distracted by the rotten flesh odor having become so prominent, that we could now tell where it was coming from. It was coming from another room next to the bedroom where the fentanyl trail trailed to.

"Which room should we venture into first?" I asked Quinton.

"I am more curious about what is causing the smell of rotten flesh," Quinton said.

We tiptoed our way to the other room. It was a bedroom as well. At the center was a king size bed with what appeared to be a married couple sleeping on it. When we stepped in further, the smell got tremendously worse, just when I thought it couldn't. Along with that, I noticed the sound of insects flying around, combined with a wet squirming coming from the center of the bed. It was dark like nigger skin, so I took out my flashlight and aimed it around to guesstimate where all the grotesque elements were coming from. I was a bit hesitant to shine the light on either of the people sleeping on the bed, but I did anyway because I didn't find anything interesting around them. I almost got a heart attack when I saw what was in the bed. I saw what, because both the wife and the husband were deceased. But that alone was not what really shocked me. It was the manner in which they were slaughtered. Looking at the husband first, there was an extrusive deep wound on his chest area. It was so rooted that you could see parts of his ribs. It was so sickening to observe, but I bore in mind that as a cryptozoologist, it is my job to closely examine any plausible evidence of cryptids and this was definitely a candidate, so I stepped by the bed. I don't know whether I regret my decision of doing so or not, because I saw countless maggots and flies digging at the leftover meat of the husband. Wait a

minute, that chunk of meat - is a lung, I realized. The lung, which was barely hanging off the remains of the trachea, appeared to be almost completely drained in volume. It looked like a flesh colored sponge that was deprived of internal air. Quinton seemed to gain some composure, because he at last strode towards me.

"What in tarnation is this?" he said.

"I have no idea what happened to this man," I said. "Check out his lungs, have you seen anything like this before?"

"That is even nastier than gay nigger porn," Quinton belched. "I mean, look at all those insects-"

"No," I interrupted. "Notice how deflated the lung is. Keep in mind that lungs in equilibrium, even for a dead corpse, should retain some degree of inflatedness."

"You're right. Whatever cryptid is lurking in this house, it must have done something to drain it."

I used my specialized camera to take a picture of the fucked up lung, as evidence.

"I think for now we should move on. There may be more important things to examine," Quinton suggested.

I forced myself to forget the peculiar piece of potential evidence and then moved to the other side of the bed to examine the wife's corpse. I wasn't expecting it to be as bad as the husband's fate, but it was pretty damn close. Her reason for death was completely different. Her lungs didn't appear to have been mutilated, but instead, it was her belly that was mangled. However, it was far more obvious that some malevolent being caused it. On her pregnant belly was a humongous claw mark. Four sharp serrated cuts with the overall shape of a bell were formed. To my relief, there weren't as many maggots and flies present there, but turns out, the cuts were even deeper than I initially imagined. When I pointed my flashlight

closer, I found out the cuts didn't just penetrate the epidermis. The cuts reached to the uterus, and there was a visible fetus in it. I had enough, so I leaned to the side and puked out the remains of the sandwich that Quinton gave me in exchange for my assistance in this expedition. Quinton noticed my visible disgust.

"Okay, there is definitely something out there," he concluded.

"Yeah no kidding," I said. "There is no such accident that could simply create those demon-like claw marks. Something evil is on the loose, something more sinister than even the baddest of niggers."

"I wouldn't make such a bold statement because it is a world class feat in itself to be badder than those leather skin big lipped monkeys," Quinton corrected. "But yes, I see your point."

I took a photo of the pregnant woman's severed belly for evidence purposes, and then continued around the room. After a few minutes of searching, neither of us found any additional evidence, besides extra blood splatter from the married couples attack, but it wasn't relevant enough to be noteworthy.

"I think that's enough for this room," I said.

We exited the master bedroom, and I realized how well we grew accustomed to the putrid flesh odor, because it almost felt like I was breathing fresh air in the hallways, when in reality, it was still somewhat present. The eerie sound that was coming from the bedroom next door was still audible, so Quinton and I quietly strode towards the door, which thankfully for us, was not completely shut. Once we got close enough, I gently grabbed the door and swung it wide open. I peeked into the bedroom, to see what was something I had been waiting to see for almost my whole entire life.

There it was, an eight foot tall bipedal goat-like creature with medium length curved horns protruding from the top of its scalp. It possessed deep black fur that was covered in a white residue that I couldn't tell was fentanyl or snow since the glow of the moon through the window was the only light source. I looked at its lower body. It had short and skinny legs which resembled that of a goat, complemented with hooves that were the exact same shape as the footprints which Quinton and I saw at the bottom of the fireplace. Holy shit, it's Krampus, I thought. This was the first ever cryptid I saw; a moment I have been waiting for my whole entire life. The Krampus' appearance was very similar to what the folklore depicted Krampus to be, except for the shape of its fur. Legends portray Krampus to have thick straight fur, just like any regular goat. It also had a massive bag made of animal hide on its back, being carried like a backpack. However, the Krampus that I was looking at had very curly fur. The same kind of curliness that all nigger hair exhibits. The thought of a mythical creature in front of me almost distracted me from the fact that it was right beside a bed with a child sleeping. Krampus was kneeling on the floor to gravitate its head to the level of the bed, with its head hovering closely to the child's face; an inch or two away. Each time the child snored, Krampus would inhale, as if it was breathing in whatever the child was exhaling.

"Ah, nice breathing in that cracka's snore air," Krampus said in a deep animalistic voice. I thought the way in which Krampus was punishing this child was interesting. Not a single cultural folklore that I knew of at the time characterizes Krampus as an air stealing monster.

"Quinton, are you seeing this?" I whispered as silently as I could.

“Yeah, what the hell should we do? Wait?” Quinton whispered back.

“Whatever this creature is, it is most definitely not friendly. I say we should just wait and see.”

Krampus continued to breathe in the child’s snore air for the next few minutes, looking like it was drinking its favorite soda. As time passed, I noticed that the skin of the child grew pale, along with his body going limp. The rate at which this happened was perfectly in sync with Krampus’ breathing pattern. Wait a second, is Krampus sucking the air out of that sleeping child? I questioned myself. Eventually, the boy became as pale as a lychee, and Krampus grabbed the body by the neck and then dragged it inside his bag, looking like a murderer trying to hide a body. After things got clear for Krampus, it turned around to exit the child’s bedroom, to meet eyes with Quinton and I. My blood ran cold.

Its eyes stared into my soul, as if it wanted to tear me to shreds. Picture a deer in headlights, except imagine the deer has a mixed feeling of both anger and threatened. Krampus gave off the impression that its primal instinct of fighting back is about to kick in. Though, it was not a survival mechanism; it looked to have rather heinous intentions. When I looked at Krampus’ face, I realized that it was completely different than what the legends tell you. It was not a goat's face at all. Instead, it looked more like the face of a hairless ape. Not any ordinary ape though. Its nose spanned across its face like how butter is uniformly spread on a slice of bread. Flat, yet exceptionally wide. Its lips were as thick as two hot cheeto puffs stacked on top of each other. It looked like a plastic surgeon student used a chimpanzee test subject for both nose job and lip enlargement practice simultaneously. As comical as its facial features were, its

face was haunting enough to give me nightmares for subsequent nights.

“Ooga booga, what are you mains doing in my path?” it growled at us. “Want me to steal ya mains snore air too? I can steal grown-ups' air too.”

I didn't know how to respond to it. It's overwhelming appearance made my feet plant to the ground, rendering me completely frozen momentarily. I have been studying these beings for such a long time knowing I haven't seen any before, and here one was, right in front of me. This food for thought replayed in my mind a few times, until I snapped out of my trance.

This is the one and only chance for me to prove a Cryptid's existence, I thought. Without any prior thought because of my on-the-moment nervousness, I quickly pulled my camera out of my pocket and then snapped a photo. It was one of those super technical cameras that gives off a blinding flash. Ah shit, I cried to myself. I used the wrong camera setting. The camera setting I used was meant for capturing photographs of residual cryptid evidence, which is a situation where high contrast lighting is essential. Obviously, the setting we use to capture cryptid photographs minimize flash. Unsurprisingly, the bright flash pissed off Krampus.

“How dare you dishonor I, Krampus Floyd,” it boomed.

Huh, Krampus Floyd, I thought. Glancing back at its face, its name made perfect sense, since its ridiculously large nose and lips resembled the Minneapolis drug chimp, George Floyd. Quinton and I quickly turned away and ran.

As we bolted down the stairs, I heard what a horse galloping on wooden planks would sound like. I glanced back, to see Krampus Floyd on all fours, going after us. It

was unrealistically fast, and at this point, I wanted to escape with my life more than studying this cryptid further. I turned my body back and pulled out my shotgun, pointing it at Krampus Floyd's head. I pulled the trigger without hesitation. However, all the pellets bounced off its seemingly solid metal fur, which formed an illusion where its curly fur is made out of steel wool.

Quinton and I continued to run and we realized that we had nowhere to go, but back up through the chimney. I had a bit of claustrophobia, so it didn't feel ideal to me, but it was much closer to us than the front door, which we don't even know the location of anyway. One by one, we both used our grappling hooks to quickly haul ourselves up, escaping through the roof. We made it up just in time, because we found Krampus Floyd still climbing his way up the chimney slowly. Since it is eight feet tall and probably weighed a ton, it had such a hard time keeping up with us. But I didn't let my guard down.

With my quick thinking, I found a pile of Pajeet poop beside me. I was grossed out by it, because the household that we were in aren't Indian, so it was evident that some random pajeet outsider was bold enough to shit on the rooftop of this house. I grabbed the gob of poop while trying my best not to puke, and tossed it into the chimney. The half dried-out pajeet feces happened to strike Krampus Floyd's mouth while it had its mouth open, ultimately splattering in it and sinking into its throat, which blocked its airways.

"Aw fuck, poop in my mouth, I can't breathe!" Krampus Floyd choked.

Quinton and I took advantage of our bought time, and bolted away. Using our grappling hooks, we both descended off the roof and landed perfectly since we both have quads that measure over thirty inches. From our

position to the helicopter was a distance of a few yards. Seems manageable, I thought. But shortly, I heard a clicking sound coming from up on the roof, so I looked back up. There it was, Krampus Floyd sitting like a gargoyle on the edge of the roof. It drooled a white fluid which I could tell was fentanyl infused saliva.

"Hehehe, yall mains will not escape me," it growled.

"Start flying now!" I cried out to Hopee. However, I was filled with dread when I realized that Hopee was on his phone, busy predating girls on discord. Quinton and I pedaled our legs and we must have done a good job running, because we beat Krampus Floyd to it by a decent margin. As we got in, I shook Hopee in the shoulder.

"Get off your phone for fucks sake!"

Hopee at last heard me, and he started up the chopper. Once we began to ascend up, I let out a sigh of relief. However, the relief only lasted until I saw Krampus Floyd charging at us, again on all fours, and used its nigger speed to latch itself onto the side stool next to Quinton.

"Quinton look out!" I cried out. However, it was too late. Krampus Floyd used its inhumanely long tongue to grab Quinton by his neck and lifted him up as if he only weighed an ounce, even though he is a 300-pound racist chad.

"Help me! The nigger goats tongue is choking me and I can't breathe!" Quinton gurgled.

I thought it was now going to be the demise of both Hopee and I. However, Krampus Floyd's face turned green all of a sudden, and let go of Quinton.

"Aw shit main, the helicopter is making me airsick main," it croaked.

Before Quinton fell, I managed to grab his arm. Because he is a built Chad like me, it was a bit challenging to haul him back up to the chopper, but thankfully, my workout routine paid off for once.

Krampus Floyd's airsickness weakened it, so it lost its arms grip and let go of the chopper's side stool, then launched itself horizontally away from the helicopter. While Krampus Floyd was still up in the air, it used its claw-like hands to somehow conjure a crimson red portal in front of it. It then swiftly swung itself into the portal to completely disappear with no trace. The portal quickly shrunk in size until it vanished, leaving a fade of lighter red sprinkles trickling to the ground, similar to the blood splatters of Ronnie McNutt's brain matter when he blew his brains on Facebook live.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed. "That was crazy."

"I know. I was not expecting to get this close to a cryptid, let alone being attacked," Quinton said.

As Hopee continued to drive the chopper, he asked, "What on Earth did you guys just mess around with and why does it have such a big ass nose?"

"It was Krampus, but I have no idea why its face appeared so different from what we were expecting," Quinton said.

"I think it is a Floydian cryptid," I said. "It named itself Krampus Floyd back in the house when it was about to attack Quinton and I. You see, the suffix of its name is Floyd, which probably originates from George Floyd."

"You have got to be kidding me," Quinton chuckled. "I know its face resembles him a ton, but I think it is too far-fetched to assume that. You know how rare they are."

"But it's not just that. The way Krampus Floyd attacked the boy. It stole his breath each time he snored. This is typical behavior of Floydian creatures. Also,

remember the parents' bedroom? The father who had his lungs completely punctured and his wife who had her pregnant belly torn apart. Those two pieces of evidence in the same place at the same time can't be a coincidence."

"Now that we got that out of the way, I wonder where Krampus Floyd went when it jumped into that red portal it created."

"According to most legends," I said. "Krampus brings naughty children to hell. It would make sense if that was a portal to hell it created."

"Alright, before we get ahead of ourselves. I think we should go back in the house to search for any further sample evidence, now that the coast is clear."

"Hopee, descend the helicopter please!" I requested. "We would like to do some further investigation."

Hopee landed the Helicopter onto the roof of the house, and then Quinton and I jumped down. We again grappled ourselves down the chimney. The smell of pajeet, or should I say poojeet feces became present. I wasn't too grossed out by it this time, because it reminded me of the epic high IQ move I did of using the random pile of shit to slow Krampus Floyd down in the chimney.

Once we were back in the now abandoned house, we began doing a more in depth search.

"We should split up since, you know, there is no longer a cryptid to worry about," I said. "I'll search the living room while you search the kitchen."

Quinton went off to the other section of the home, while I scanned through the living room walls, cabinets, and compartments. Nothing. However, I remembered the pile of presents under the Christmas tree. A lightbulb moment snapped and I realized that the Krampus in folklore is known to give naughty children unpleasant

gifts, such as coal and dirt. Looking closely, all of the wrapped presents were not box-shaped. The wrapping paper of all of them appeared to be encasing plastic bags. I took one of them and opened it. Interestingly, I found an impressively large chunk of fifteen hundred rupee bills. For those who don't know, rupees are the currency in India, and fifteen hundred rupees is equivalent to twenty dollars USD. Those must be the presents from Santa, I assumed. However, I shortly discovered I was wrong. I used my fingernails to puncture the plastic bag open and then took one of the fifteen hundred rupee bills out. But something about its texture was a bit off. Now, because I have never been to India prior to this since I avoid this poop filled country like the plague, I have no idea what India's bills are supposed to look like. But the portrait that was printed on the fifteen hundred rupee bill was something that would most definitely convince me it was not real money. It was a familiar face that had a large nose and lips, with goat-like horns.

It was Krampus Floyd that was printed on the bill. Initially though, I decided to play devil's advocate because I was well aware that Indians worship monkey gods, so I probably mistook a printed picture of an Indian monkey god for Krampus Floyd, since George Floyd's face itself looks so much like a chimpanzee. I thought back and remembered finding some change inside one of the cabinets that I looked through, so I took it and compared it with the fifteen hundred rupee bill. Sure enough, its texture was completely different. This confirmed that it was actually a counterfeit bill. Krampus Floyd punishes naughty children by giving them counterfeit bills as gifts. I took the whole plastic bag that contained all the

counterfeit Indian bills and put it in my duffel bag, since it was great evidence of Krampus Floyd's existence.

I continued searching through the pile of presents, when I heard Quinton call me over.

"Andrew, you need to come over and see this!"

"Coming!" I replied, as I ran over to the kitchen.

Quinton was sitting by the kitchen counter, holding that same red color craft paper that we found when we first entered the house.

"Remember this?" he said as he pointed at the paper. "Well I flipped it around and discovered an even longer handwritten message."

I took a look at it and saw that it was a string of text in a letter format. Again, it was written in nigger handwriting style, so I struggled to comprehend it even more than when I learned Shakespeare in gradeschool. Despite its messiness, I was able to make sense of the message after reading it a few dozen times. It read:

I have been watching you all year main. Yo cracka ass be naughty all year, so on the night befoe Christmas, I will be taking all yo air while you sleep. Most importantly, I will drain ya dads lungs and attack yo pregnant mother's lungs, hehehe. Dis is what you get foe bullying all da non crackas at yo school mayne so ya better pay da price. Enjoy the bogus money too.

Sincerely, ya nigguh Krampus Floyd.

"Holy shit Quinton, that is the best evidence we've found so far, besides the actual crime scene of the pregnant wife and husband corpses," I said. "This one is a keeper."

“Yep. We are going to make bank off our work,” Quinton said. “I could imagine the amount of media coverage we are also going to get.”

For the next few hours, we continued our thorough investigation, without having found anything significant. Later, we mounted back on the chopper and started heading back home to the USA. I was very happy for two reasons: first, we got to finally leave this poop-filled country full of shitskins. Second, not only did we successfully collect sufficient evidence to prove the existence of a cryptid, it was a **based** discovery as well.

Half a day went by, and we found ourselves back at the headquarters. It happened to land in the afternoon, so that meant Mr. Peters was on the worksite. Perfect timing, since our boss is the one to talk to regarding cryptid reports.

Quinton and I strode through the halls, until we found Mr. Peter's office. There we found him, on his computer. He was facing away from the doorway parallel to his desk, since that is how all of the offices in the headquarters are laid out. We noticed that Mr. Peters appeared to be busy doing something on his computer, so Quinton and I just gave it a wait. Minutes later, Mr. Peters invited us in.

“Sorry for the wait goys,” Mr. Peters said. “I was busy firing off some emails. What should I help you goys with?”

“Mr. Peters, you will not believe what Andrew and I encountered,” Quinton said enthusiastically.

Quinton shuffled around his bag and fished out the red craft paper note, while I pulled out the photographs of the husband's punctured lung, the mother's scratched pregnant belly, and ultimately, the photograph of

Krampus Floyd itself. Subsequently, I presented the counterfeit fifteen hundred rupee bill.

"So, allow me to explain our findings," I began. "We witnessed, and heavens forbid, had physical contact with this being called Krampus Floyd. Essentially, it is Krampus, but in the form of George Floyd-"

"Goy, what do you mean by George Floyd?" Mr. Peters said.

"Well you see boss, the Krampus that we know of is nothing like the real Krampus. The actual Krampus is an evil black anti-Santa being that first slaughters a naughty child's parents by puncturing the fathers lung and mutilating the mothers belly. After that, it will proceed to steal the child's air during their sleep by using its snore suction ability, and then put the child's dead corpse in a bag. Aside from that, it will give naughty children counterfeit money as additional punishment."

"Are you being serious here?" Mr. Peters uttered. "You goys are just trying to be racist aren't you?"

I emphasized the photographs.

"No sir, I swear this all happened. The pictures say it all. You can even see that they were directly printed from the camera, so we didn't photoshop them."

"I don't believe you. You should be aware of the no racism policy of the company!" Mr. Peters began to grow frustrated.

"I know that policy is a thing, but I swear, we aren't making anything up for the sake of being racist. Everything we gathered here is authentic evidence."

"I am sorry, but there can't be a George Floyd based creature out there. You're fired!"

Mr. Peters pointed at Quinton.

"And you are too! Both of you goys are fired! Now pack up your stuff and leave!"

I was dumbfounded. Of course a Jew boss would dismiss such a **based** discovery.

"Are you kidding me?" Quinton yelled. "No, you can't do this, give us a second chance at least."

"We do not tolerate racists."

I began to argue with rage. "Fuck off you crook nose thing, I knew having a jew boss like you is problematic. And yes, we are racists, because of the corruptness of kike bosses."

My anger accelerated to full heat, and I stomped over to Mr. Peters, then grabbed him by the neck and lifted him a foot off the ground. Doing so was easy as cake, since jews tend to be built like twigs.

"I will rip you kike if you fire us!" I screamed at Mr. Peters.

My racist gigachad energy scared the shit out of the little jew, so he begged me to let him go.

"Goy goy goy! Stop it!" Mr. Peters choked.

I let him go, just in case the kike court system screws me over, in the event of a lawsuit.

"Okay, I will not fire both of you, under the condition that you goys take me to a live sighting of that Krampus Floyd you speak of."

Quinton and I looked at each other in shock. Mr. Peters' offer seemed almost impossible, since it is a well known fact that seeing a specific cryptid a second time is even rarer than seeing it the first time.

"Quinton, how are we going to do this?" I said.

"I don't know man," Quinton said, scratching his head.

I turned back to face Mr. Peters.

"We'll think of something, just give us a moment."

"You goys better come up with something," Mr. Peters said.

"I think I have an idea," Quinton beamed. "Given that Krampus Floyd went to hell after it got airsick, in the helicopter, chances are, it probably lives there."

"And so what are you implying?" I questioned him, even though I knew where this was heading.

"We need to go to Krampus Floyd's lair, since Christmas night is already over for all countries. That is, we are gonna have to go to hell."

"Alright, well you better be right, because getting there in itself is not an easy task."

Now, among us cryptozoologists, a lot of us know how to go to hell, since a lot of cryptids originate there. The steps to go there are simple in theory, but can get quite intricate in practice. First, one would have to gather a ridiculous amount of obsidian, whether it is from underground, volcanoes, or mixing water with lava. Second, the obsidian has to be built in a certain way, where it forms a four by five rectangular donut shape. After that, the obsidian structure has to be lit by flint and steel. I know, this process is very similar to the process of entering the Nether dimension in Minecraft, but it actually works as a means of entering hell in real life.

Since we as a company have been anticipating an event like this, we have a lot of stockpiled obsidian readily available in the storage room. Quinton, Mr. Peters, and I went there and assembled the portal by applying extreme amounts of heat pressure with a machine that is similar to a Minecraft infinite cobblestone generator.

Finally, I used one of our blowtorches to light it up. After the small flame was present, it vanished after a split second, to form a hazy purple film that spanned across the inner space of the obsidian structure.

One by one, each of us entered the portal to hell, with Quinton going in first, Mr. Peters second, and me

last. The interval between the upper world and hell was a blur. To illustrate, it felt like somebody with a gallon bucket of water splashed it on me, leaving me dizzy for a few moments, after which I found myself, along with Quinton and Mr. Peters, in a hot reddish environment. We paused for a while in awe, since it was all three of us' first time here. Under us was a platform of scorching rock that would have probably burned us to death if we were to take our shoes off. Surrounding the platform was an ocean of lava where hundreds of individual sparks ascended up from. I swear I could see moving hands amongst the lava. Wispy, yet ear piercing eerie background noise could be heard across the abyss, which exhibited the traits of wind and screaming. Quinton finally broke the silence and said, "So here we are, hell."

"Yep. Now we just have to look for Krampus Floyd, if he is even in here," I said.

"You goys better make this quick, because I need to attend my baby blood tea party soon," Mr. Peters said.

"Alright Quinton, where are we gonna head to?" I asked. "You are the man in charge."

"Shit, I have no clue," Quinton said in a matter-of-factly voice. "We might have to go with our gut instincts."

He started walking forward, and so we followed. I could hear the sound of sizzling bubbles forming under our feet, each time we took a successive step on the molten rock platform. As we advanced, the wailing ambient noise got louder. That was when I realized we were going closer and closer to the lava.

"Um, are you mistaken? I don't see a reason why we should go anywhere near there," I said.

"I dunno, I just have a feeling that this is the way," Quinton said confidently.

I was now able to feel the heat of the lava on my face. Holy shit did it burn. I've always seen videos and movies of people near lava, but I was never able to fathom the remote smoldering sensation it can invoke.

Once all of us were next to the pool of lava, the ambient noise turned into highly disturbing screams that sent shivers down my spine. The hands that I thought I saw within the overwhelming flow of the flaming liquid became more apparent, and turns out, I was correct on them being hands, because I saw three human faces pop up near their corresponding hands. Well not human faces exactly, because they were the faces of niggers that I recognize. The first face that I identified was that of the nigger Emmett Till. Besides him was Breonna Taylor, who was surprisingly capable of floating well because her excessive amount of fat allowed her to. The last nigger was at the very right, who I recognized to be Ahmaud Arberry. Despite his nigger skin, his face was so red from the insane heat that he looked like a strawberry. Haha, more like Ahmaud Strawberry. I watched all of them in pleasure, because it was nice seeing some niggers getting the torture they deserve. As a joke, I kicked a few molten rocks at each of their faces to top it off. The rocks left burn marks on their faces that aren't even visible, since their nigger skin blends it.

"See? I told you you are a racist!" Mr. Peters pointed out.

Mr. Peter's nasal jew voice was getting so annoying, to the point where I was about to push him into the lava, but I took being called a racist as a compliment, so I kept my cool.

Suddenly, a subtle tune started to play from under the loud screams. It got my attention and it was coming from in front of the three screaming niggers. As the song

played, I was able to recognize the name of it. It was the samsung over the horizon ringtone, which I only know of because of the hilarious Ronnie McNutt tomato suicide video. I gasped in shock, as I saw a white colored hand emerging from the lava, next to the shoreline. Soon after, a head popped up. To my relief, it wasn't a nigger. I say relief because seeing Emmett till, Breonna Taylor, and Ahmaud Arberry all at the same time made me sick to my stomach because as a racist, there is only so many criminal niggers I could have in my view until I go insane. Anyway, I am getting out of the topic, so back onto the White face. He had a pair of thick glasses that barely stayed on due to the lava, and a streak of purple hair that made him look like some LGBTQ supporting cuck. Below his face was a slightly visible leather jacket along with a white t-shirt under it. It was then, I recognized who it was.

"Holy shit it's Ronnie McNutt!" I exclaimed.

I was awestruck because I never thought I would meet the infamous suicidal cuck. I didn't know whether I should ask him for an autograph or make fun of him.

"Help me!" he cried out, as he waved his hand to us.

"What should we do about this geek?" Quinton asked me.

"He looks like he wants to get out of the lava," I said.

As Ronnie McNutt was bobbing up and down, he struggled to let out his next few words, "Let me out of the lava!"

Even though I have no sympathy for him since he was such a loser in life, I decided to help him up anyway because I felt that this cuck had enough niggers ruining his life after his ugly girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, cheated on him with a nigger.

After I lifted him, and dragged him into the shore, I saw all the residual lava on his leather jacket quickly evaporate.

"Oh thank you, thank you for getting me away from those niggers," Ronnie said. "They were bullying me after I told them the story about my wife leaving me for a BBC. They made me cry. I cannot thank you enough."

"No problem, we hate niggers too, well except for that one kike right there," I said, pointing at Mr. Peters.

"Again, I don't know how to repay you guys, so I guess that's it."

"Oh actually, there is something I have in mind," I said, grinning. "Do you happen to know where Krampus Floyd is?"

"Krampus? I know that thing from my dungeons and dragons game a while back! It was my favorite character!"

"No, not that Krampus. I am talking about an actual living and breathing one that has the face of George Floyd."

Ronnie then all of a sudden began breaking into tears, and full on cried.

"Um, you alright there?" I said, as I patted his back.

"Yo-you said his name... George Floyd," Ronnie stammered.

"So? What about it?"

"That is the name of the nigger that my ex girlfriend left me for. You just brought me back to those bad memories."

"Okay, I am sorry about that, but listen, we are trying to hunt this Krampus Floyd creature and I am wondering if you are willing to help us do so, since you obviously know much more about this place than we do."

Ronnie beamed with excitement. "Did you say hunt down?" he said as he wiped off a tear. "I am down for that!"

"Okay great. So, have you actually seen Krampus Floyd?"

"I think I did yesterday. I was busy jerking off to to Equinox Autumn with my mind since I don't have access to her nudes here in hell, but anyway, during that, I saw the nigger goat thing sprinting over the lava lakes and it immediately turned me off, so I quit the jerking off and watched it head southward."

"Alright then, could you help guide us to where you call south, because we don't exactly have any reference of direction here?"

"Follow me," Ronnie said affirmatively.

"Wait a hot minute," Quinton interrupted. "Are we really going to trust this man? He looks mad sketchy. I mean, after all, we are in hell of all places. For all we know, this Ronnie dude could be some demonic creature in disguise trying to lure us somewhere dangerous."

"Now you're hurting my feelings," Ronnie gulped.

"Chill out Quinton, there is nothing else we could do at this point," I said. "Better than spending our lives blindly looking."

As we walked, Ronnie did seem to know where we were going. To be frank, it had been over a year since his suicide, so him being here for that long would definitely yield him some decent navigational experience.

After some time passed, we crossed a bridge made out of this dark brick, which was leading to a dungeon-like castle. It was gigantic, probably spanning two football fields wide and as tall as a skyscraper. It gave off a vibe that told us that we didn't belong here. All four of us

stopped when we reached the giant front gate of the castle, because it was locked.

"So I guess this is where Krampus Floyd hangs out?" I questioned.

"Yup, this is the place," Ronnie said. "Now we just need to figure out how to get in."

I knocked on the gate. "Anybody here?"

No entity within the fortress responded, but the gate automatically opened. Turns out, it wasn't locked after all.

We went in, to be met with a gargantuan main room, which appeared even bigger than the exterior of the building. The way the interior of the castle was decorated was distasteful. Along the walls were lines of stitched-on lungs. Judging by their size, the lungs most likely belonged to young children. There were numerous dining tables scattered across the room, each of them with a plate on top containing a placenta. It was nothing short of sickening. I then landed my eyes to the center back of the room, where there was a huge supercomputer that was left on. My curiosity got the best of me, so I got sidetracked and strode towards the computer. On the screen was the browser Google Chrome, which had some tabs open. The one that was currently onscreen was some form of a surveillance feed that displayed hundreds of live camera footage of children around the globe. *This must be the computer that Krampus Floyd uses to watch kids to see if they are naughty*, I thought. I looked at the names of the other tabs, one of them being some porn site that specializes in pregnant women kink, and another one being a website in the dark web that sells fentanyl.

Well Ronnie, you are absolutely spot on with Krampus Floyd's home," I said.

Ronnie puffed his chest as if this was the biggest accomplishment he's ever done.

"I am still not satisfied," Mr. Peters said. "I want to see the actual creature."

"Yeah, where is Krampus Floyd?" Quinton said.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking intensely, startling us. I briefly looked below the giant computer, to see a tall curly haired figure.

"Guys look! Krampus Floyd is here!" Quinton said in excitement.

"Are you convinced now Mr. Peters?" I said out loud over the rumbling of the ground.

Before Mr. Peters could answer my question, Krampus Floyd let out a deep earth shattering growl. "What are you all doing in mah territory?"

None of us said a word. All of us were simply too stunned to talk.

"Ooga booga yall mains better answer my question!" Krampus Floyd boomed. "And you cracka over there with the glasses, I bet ya small dick can't win dat hot pregnant bitch Equinox Autumn."

Ronnie got super offended by Krampus Floyd's comment, so he threw a tantrum and ran out of the castle, ditching Mr. Peters, Quinton, and I.

In all honesty, I had no idea on how to respond to Krampus Floyd's question. We were just Cryptozoologist trying to prove to our kike boss of a cryptid finding.

"Everybody run!" Quinton shouted.

We fled the scene towards the front gate. However, Mr. Peters being a genetically inferior jew, he was not able to run nearly as fast as Quinton and I, so Krampus Floyd easily caught up to him. It then magically summoned one of its giant animal hide bags and managed

to use it to capture Mr. Peters, since he is as small as a child. Quinton and I stopped for a second to watch.

"I can't breathe in this bag!" Mr. Peters said, for us to barely be able to hear him inside the thick bag.

"Hehehe, you are mine now," Krampus Floyd said.

A part of me was glad this happened. I am all in to see a Jew die, so I savored every moment of Mr. Peter's fate. But that quickly ended when Krampus Floyd turned to focus on Quinton and I.

"You mains are next."

We resumed running, until we came across the bridge, or at least what was left of it. The other side was completely wrecked due to the brief earthquake, rendering it impossible to cross it.

"Where do we go now?" I cried out.

Krampus Floyd was toe to toe with us in no time, and I thought this was going to be the end.

"No escape now main, eh?" Krampus Floyd cackled. "Any last words?"

I could feel its fentanyl laced breath on me as it spoke.

Fuck you nigger, all niggers should die," was the only thing I could say.

Krampus Floyd snarled at me angrily, and I couldn't tell whether it was offended by my sentence or it was legitimately angry, but it induced it to charge at me at maximum force. My fight or flight mode kicked in and I dashed to the side right when it made it to an inch from me. I successfully dodged it, and its disproportionately low intelligence relative to its high nigger speed caused it to race itself off the broken edge of the bridge, and then fall into the lava.

"Ah fuck mayne I can't swim in lava, I ain't trained to do dis!" it panicked. "I am drowning ova here mains

and I can't fucking breathe, too hot even for mah melanin filled skin!"

As a result, it burned into crisps, letting out black smoke.

"Thank God niggers are dumb," Quinton said.

I shrugged. "Yeah, not even their fast speeds can make up for their negative IQ."

"Now how are we going to get out of this place?" I asked nervously. "For one, the bridge is completely ruined, and also, I lost track of our location relative to the portal."

We were truly stuck in this literally hellish place, so we had no choice but to remain in Krampus Floyd's palace.

I am now typing this on Krampus Floyd's master computer which thankfully has full internet access. Moral of the story: if you have a jew boss in your job, quit as soon as possible. They are corrupt and treat their employees like shit, and will sooner or later order you to do stupid shit that will end you up in shitty situations like Quinton and I are in. This is all I can say, since it would be a miracle to find ourselves out of hell at this point. Also remember, fuck niggers.

The Black Lives Matter Popcorn

By Jordan Cleeman

Movies. They are one of my favorite mediums of entertainment, along with video games, books, and racist creepypastas. Of course, I only like watching flicks that involve racism and antisemitism, not liberal trash where they replace all the characters with niggers; nigger characters on big screens make me puke out all my movie snacks, ruining the theatre experience. Speaking of theatres, they are my preferred place to watch movies. The three-dimensional aspect of the surround sound makes for mind-blowingly immersive enjoyment, almost as mind-blowing as Ronnie McNutt's Facebook livestream. I would go there every weekend with my friends. The food, in general, is good too. The butterless popcorn with the additional Kinder Surprise eggs really enhances the experience. However, a recent encounter completely traumatized me and makes me hesitate to go to movie theatres now.

The main theatre I go to with my friends on a regular basis is one called Grimeyplex Odeon. It is a highly reputable franchise that shows not only mainstream Jewy films, but also lesser-known **based** movies, such as *The Greatest Story Never Told*, and *The Guardian of the Rune*. One weekend, one of my friends, Jake Nikolopolus, and I went on one of our weekly movie trips. We were going to see a film called *The Invisible Man*.

While we waited in line to purchase our tickets, there was a sheboon in front of us who blocked the line.

There was a twenty feet gap in between her and the family who was in front of her. I tapped her shoulder to get her attention. It was hard as hell since I hate touching niggers as they are dirty unsanitary apes. The sheboon turned to face me, and I asked her politely to move forward.

"Please ma'am, move forward," I asked.

The sheboon took a sip on a litre cup of grape fanta then growled back. "Hey ya cracka, ya know did I be da baybay mama ah six keeds an' dat all dem babies made me so thick dat I have trouble movin'? You be not only racist but also not a gentleman, ya cracka ass bitch."

I grimaced as I held in the urge to high kick her in the face while screaming "Get this nigger bitch out of the theatre!" Instead, I said, "Please, ma'am, you won't be able to see the movie if you don't move forward."

"Ooga booga," she snorted as she finally strode further.

I was glad that she didn't make a big scene out of it, as that's what niggers usually do when they are called out on something. Once we made it to the counter, Jake and I bought our tickets and then headed to the counter where they sold the theatre food.

Sadly for us, we had to wait behind the fat sheboon again. It wasn't surprising though, given how fat she was. It would be a surprise to see her miss out on the fatty foods. To make things worse, she ordered an unbelievably large list of snacks; a box of stuffed crust pizza, a pair of tacos, another supersized soda, and three bags of Hot Cheetos. All that to maintain her Jabba the Hutt-like body, the rolls of fat nearly barely contained by her XXL t-shirt. And no, I am not a hypocrite by ordering theatre food, because both myself and Jake had just days ago finished competing in a regional bodybuilding show and were sub

10 percent body fat at the moment, so we could really use the extra calories and sodium. After the sheboon finished ordering those, she pulled out a flattened bag of popcorn kernels, and said, "Oh oh ah ah, could I use one of your popcorn machines to prepare my own bag of popcorn?"

Just like most movie theatres, Grimeyplex Odeon doesn't allow people to bring their own theatre food. They require you to buy one of their menu items.

"Sorry, but that would violate our food policy," the food clerk said. "If you bring in your own popcorn I would have to ask you to leave."

The sheboon couldn't take no for an answer, so she began yelling at the clerk's face, threatening him to allow her to pop her popcorn kernels, with specks of nigger germ-infested saliva landing on his face. I could tell the clerk had dealt with this sort of thing way too much, so he gave up and obliged.

"Okay fine. Hand me your popcorn kernels and I'll get one of our spare machines to do the job," he said.

The fat sheboon gave him the bag, and then he poured all of its contents into the empty popcorn machine. The kernels did not look normal at all. Usually, popcorn kernels are orange in color. However, I noticed that they were instead dark brown. I just shrugged it off to the popcorn in question being some weird nigger popcorn kernel variant that was grown in nigger villages in Africa. I tried not to comment on it, since I was pretty sure the sheboon would begin chimping at me for insulting nigger food.

The clerk hit the power button on the popcorn machine, and it instantly began working. Each time an individual kernel would pop, I swear I could hear a subtle raspy voice saying "Ah I can finally breathe."

At the time, I was bored from all the waiting, so I shrugged it off to my imagination. Once all the kernels were done popping, I saw that the popcorn was not any more normal than the kernels. They were the same dark brown instead of the regular beige. The clerk filled the popcorn bag with the strange popcorn and then gave it back to the sheboon.

After that, it was our turn to order our food. It was junk food to be sure, but we had just finished competing in a bodybuilding show days before and our coach, the epic six-time Mr. Olympia and Holocaust denier Dorian Yates, had told us that we could have the cheat meal. We paid the bill and then headed to the auditorium. The vast room smelled like curry since a pajeet family, who had managed to smuggle in their own curry, was in the audience. Luckily, we sat in the back row which was furthest from the poop skins, so the odour wasn't unbearable.

We plopped into our seats to discover that we had to sit directly behind the fat sheboon. It was sad because her legs were so fat, it elevated her to the height of a sitting seven-foot-tall man, so it made it hard for Jake and myself to see the screen. The theatre seats are predetermined and assigned for each ticket, so we weren't allowed to move spots.

A few minutes later, the theatre lights shut off and the adverts began playing. Most of them consisted of shitty Jewish quote-unquote not for profit organizations asking for donations. I tried my best not to scream out "THE HOLOCAUST DIDN'T HAPPEN" as Dorian Yates had taught me for the dozens of people in the theatre to hear, but I didn't want to get banned from the theatre, so I kept my mouth shut.

The next advert that played was this pregnancy test commercial that promoted some new high-tech pregnancy

test that could tell how much of your baby's genes are composed of what race. In other words, it determines whether your wife cheated on you with a nigger or not; it would have been a very useful device for cucks like Beardson Beardly indeed, as his wife left him for a nigger while taking all of his furniture as well as his car. However, the moment the commercial began featuring this pregnant White woman, the fat sheboon in front of Jake and I began to shake. Annoyed by her sudden movements, I quietly stood up to see what was making her wobble around like a piece of living jello. What I saw next shook me to the core. I saw that the popcorn the nigger bitch had brought with her had faces on them, however the theatre was too dark for me to see exactly what they looked like. All the popcorn pieces were turned towards the screen, with horny faces; they seemed to all be turned on by the pregnant woman on the big screen.

"She mine!" one of them said in a high pitched ebonic voice.

"No she's mah bitch mayne!" another said.

The sheboon who possessed that bag of popcorn just ignored them, as if none of that was going on. I could not for the life of me ignore it, so I said, "Hey nigress! You should tell you nigger popcorn to shut the fuck up."

The sheboon grabbed a handful of the nigger-looking popcorn, put them in her mouth without chewing them, and then turned around and spat them at my face.

I could hear the bundle of nigga popcorn excitedly say, "I can breathe, yipee!" as they finally launched out of the sheboon's mouth.

When they bounced off my face, I recoiled in disgust.

"What the fuck are those?!" Jake pointed out loud.

I now saw what the popcorn looked like, and it horrified me. Each of the popcorn kernels were in the shape of a prominent dead BLM nigger. There was Ahmaud Arbery, Amir Locke, Eric Garner, Michael Brown, Trayvon Martin, and even Martin Looter Kang. The Breonna Taylor popcorn kernel looked especially fat-filled and disgusting, just like Breonna Taylor when she was alive. But worst of all, of course, was the George Floyd popcorn kernel. He was ugly and revolting as fuck, and I felt lightheaded as it touched me because of the fentanyl that was sprinkled over it like salt would be over normal popcorn.

"Ahhh help! The nigger bitch spat popcorn all over me!" I yelled. "It's BLM nigger popcorn! Get it off of me!"

"How dare you call me nigger!" the sheboon said angrily.

The female gorilla then lifted the bag of nigga popcorn into the air, and then poured all of the nigga popcorn on me. Shortly, a bunch of them climbed onto my face and began making their way into my mouth and nose. I attempted to pry them off of me, but the nigga popcorn was covered in extremely sticky molasses. For those of you who don't know, niggers love molasses because it is disgustingly sweet.

Jake tried to help shake them off, but nothing worked. Eventually, so many of them made it inside my mouth and nostrils that I couldn't breathe, so I had no choice but to take a bite to open up my throat. When I took the first bite, I was instantly met with the worst taste in my life. It is a well known fact that the lighter your skin tone, the better taste you have in food, which is why Europeans developed almost all of the tasty food in the world, whether it be tiramisu, cheesecake, butter-basted steak, ice cream, or even hamburgers on brioche buns

with swiss-melted swiss cheese and mush-roasted mushrooms and caramelized onions, which is *hot stuff* that you can get at a number of different places. Niggers on the other hand have terrible taste in food, which is why they eat food that tastes overly sugary, fatty, spicy, or salty. They have no concept of what tastes good and are biologically programmed to eat whatever is the most calorie-dense food, which is why so many niggers are obese.

The popcorn tasted like a combination of feces, urine, and dark chocolate. I quickly vomited, but the puke couldn't leave my mouth with all the fucking nigger popcorn blocking it, forcing the bile back down my throat, suffocating me.

Now that it was impossible for me to breathe, I only had moments before death. I did not want to chew the nigga popcorn anymore as it would further cause me to puke. I felt helpless and prepared for my death. However, my extra elevated adrenaline led me to think of any means necessary to survive, and I got an idea. I thought back to a moment when I was younger when I needed to remove a piece of popcorn kernel that was stuck between my teeth. Squirting a ton of toothpaste into there dissolved the kernel almost instantly—that was exactly what I needed. Because Dorian Yates had told me that a bright, white smile would help the judges look fondly upon me at the bodybuilding competition, I had a tooth brushing kit in my gym bag, which included a good old bottle of mint toothpaste. The mint toothpaste was extra whitening of course, since I wanted to get rid of all the black and brown stains on my teeth. I quickly brought the bottle out and then squirted a large amount of it out, making sure it touched all of the pieces of popcorn in my mouth. Suddenly, I started to feel all the nigger popcorn begin to

shake spastically in my mouth in response to their exposure to the toothpaste.

“Ah fuck, it be so hard to breathe in the toothpaste!” I heard them all scream in unison.

Gradually, my mouth became vacant, and all the nigger popcorn dissolved completely. This happened because niggers are unsanitary as fuck, and are basically allergic to any sort of cleanliness. Jake looked at me weirdly, as if he watched his friend undergo a drug overdose. I guess this whole time, everybody thought I was some mad man, because I quickly realized that everybody including the sheboon had left the auditorium. I was a bit offended that nobody chipped in to attempt to save my life, but with everybody gone, I no longer had to be in the same room as the sheboon and the pajeet family, so there was no need to deal with the smell of shit infested curry and the smell of the fat sheboon’s sweat that soaked her stained t-shirt due to her having to walk around with her seven hundred pound walrus physique.

I am now typing this on my phone as I am enjoying watching *The Invisible Man*. Luckily, because there are now zero blue-haired LGBTQ fags to tattle on me for the no phone movie theatre policy, I could safely state the moral of this story: niggers have terrible taste in food, and if any of it ever gets in your mouth, make sure to cleanse it with extra whitening toothpaste.

Gorilla Floyd

By Gorg Floydson

What I thought was going to be a normal Bigfoot expedition turned into something much worse. Before I begin, here is my introduction. My name is Nill Kiggers, and I am a cryptozoologist working in Northern California. Growing up, my parents were both nigger haters who believed in the superiority of White people. As a young child, I was influenced to think this way and also became a nigger hater. Niggers are useless garbage that make up 13% of the population, yet commit half of all violent crimes. This is how I also got my name, Nill Kiggers.

If you're a retard who doesn't know what cryptozoology is, it is the study of animals whose existence or survival is disputed or unsubstantiated, such as the Wilcock Ness monster, Jersey Devil, the Jewish moth man and, probably the most famous and well known, Bigfoot. If you're a Jew libtard, you probably think cryptozoology is bullshit, and all I have to say to you is this, *no one cares about your opinion nigga*. Anyway, onto the story.

I have recently been interested in Bigfoot, and more specifically the iconic footage of it; the Patterson-Gimlin film which was shot in 1967 in Northern California. For many years, the authenticity of the film has been highly debated. Because of how controversial it is, I thought I would shoot my own footage of Bigfoot. I couldn't go alone as it was too dangerous and I needed someone disposable who could film, so I called up an old work colleague of mine, Ronnie McNutt.

We traveled to bluff creek northwest of Orleans, California where the Patterson-Gimlin film had been shot. It was getting dark, so Ronnie and I decided to stay at a local inn for the night. I was filling out some forms for the two of us at the receptionist, but I noticed that the receptionist was Derek Chauvin. I thought it was impossible as he was sentenced to 22 years in prison for the murder of a nigga monkey named George Floyd. Derek realized that I recognized him and told Ronnie and I to sit down with him at the bar.

"So what are you two doing up here?" Chauvin asked.

"We came here to film Bigfoot sightings," I told him, which made him chuckle.

"I came to this county not long after I was sentenced," Chauvin said. "I just barely managed to escape with the help of some brave young men. They didn't tell me who they were, but all I remember is that they were super jacked and referred to each other as '**based** racist chads'. I'll be the first one to tell ya though, there ain't no Bigfoot up here in these parts. Instead, there is something much, much worse."

Intrigued, I asked him to continue.

"When I first drove out to these parts. It was late at night around 3:00 AM. I was tired as I had just escaped and was driving non stop to get here. That's when I saw something in the road, it was about eight feet tall, with fur the color of the water in India where, you know, they shit in the streets. It had massive hands that looked as if they had been naturally selected for the sole purpose of holding a basketball, and legs built for running and jumping like a kangaroo, only way uglier. But the face was what got me, what made me think that I was going crazy. Those blood-shot, drugged eyes. The nose that was larger

than that of any Jew. Those fat, grotesque lips that looked like the pussy of my jungle gook ex-wife. It was the face of that nigger, George Floyd."

I rolled my eyes when I heard that. "Come on Derek, you know that can't be true. George Floyd is dead. You of all people should know that since you were kneeling his neck as he died of ODing on fentanyl and meth."

Chauvin shook his head. "Nah man, it was Floyd alright. No doubt in my mind."

"Are you s-sure that it w-wasn't because you were super tired? And seeing things?" Ronnie McNutt stuttered, obviously nervous because he was in the presence of racist as powerful and notorious as Derek Chauvin.

"Of-fucking-course not!" Derek Chauvin snapped at Ronnie, making the cuck whimper and hide behind me from the former Minneapolis police officer's cold gaze. "Do you know what being a police officer is like? How we have to stay up from dusk till dawn patrolling the streets to keep y'all safe from those feral, violent vine swingers and dirty, tattooed wetback gangsters? Do you know how much we White officers have sacrificed on your behalf to protect what remains of this crumbling, parasite-infested, kike-run country?"

Derek then stood up, walked up to Ronnie, and bitch-slapped him. "You understand where I'm coming from, you soyboy cuck?"

By now, both Ronnie and I were freaked out and just thought Derek Chauvin was fucked in the head after being traumatized by his experiences in jail, which we both knew was a den of niggers and spics. We decided to head to our room.

"Wow that guy almost blew my mind," Ronnie said.

"Shut up you MAGA-tard cuckservative," I said.

We went back to our room and called it a night. I wasn't able to sleep as Ronnie was live-streaming on Facebook. I saw that he was on a video call with his girlfriend, Equinox Autumn. Just the mere sight of her face made me throw up a bit; she was ugly as fuck.

The next day, the two of us began our way through the trail. We were deep into the woods when I noticed something on the ground. It was bits of white powder which Ronnie, using his experience from being in the military, identified as fentanyl. This was very strange as locals have said that not many people hike this area, in fear that Bigfoot would rape them. I put the powder in a plastic bag and continued to walk.

It was getting dark by now as we had been hiking the whole day, when Ronnie noticed something moving in the bushes. He pulled his shotgun out and said he would open fire if whatever was in there didn't come out of the bushes. The thing on the other side did not listen, so Ronnie opened fire. After unloading many rounds. I went to check on the body. To my surprise, it was a grizzly bear. However, what shocked me the most was that the lower half of the bear appeared to have been bitten off. There was a gaping hole where its belly should have been.

I examined the body and found that it was a female, as females are much smaller than male grizzlies. That doesn't take away from the fact that most animals would not mess with a grizzly, male or female. Ronnie said the bear appeared to be pregnant, judging by how the umbilical cord was hanging out. We were both completely stumped by what happened to this bear. I took some pictures of it and told Ronnie that we should head back.

We decided to go back to the inn that we had stayed in previously. We went up to Derek and showed him the pictures of the bear.

“What could have done this?” I asked.

“Are you fucking retarded? It was that damn Gorilla Floyd creature I told you two about. You two should get out of here as soon as possible,” Chauvin said. “Hell, the only reason why I stay around here is because I know that I’m the only guy capable of stopping that creature if worst comes to worst.”

“Well then you slant-eyed loving race mixer, maybe you could *help us* find it?” I said, wondering why a secret cooperative of **based** racist chads would help a clearly mentally disturbed race mixer like Chauvin, even if he was one of the most powerful racists out there.

“Hey, cut me some slack here on that. At least I didn’t produce an Elliot Rodger,” Chauvin said, then nodded towards Ronnie. “And with every intention of being rude, how can you call me out for fucking a beauty pageant winning Asian lady when you hang out with literal soyboy cuckolds like Ronnie here?”

Frustrated, I threatened to send an anonymous tip stating Derek Chauvin the fugitive was hiding out in this county, afterwhich Derek called me a nigger lover but reluctantly agreed to come with Ronnie and I on the expedition. Now convinced of Gorilla Floyd’s existence, I decided I was going to find out what this creature was. I told Chauvin to sketch the creature he was speaking of, which he was pretty good at because he had drawn the facial composites of thousands of niggers back when he worked on the police force. When I looked at it, I saw that it had dark fur covering its body. It was built exactly like a silverback gorilla, except the creature stood up on its hind legs, which looked as if they had evolved to be efficient at dunking in B-ball. The face, of course, was of the serial criminal simian, George Floyd.

I got up at the crack of dawn. I saw that Ronnie was sleeping on the couch with his laptop open. I walked over to wake him up when I stepped on something sticky. I looked down and I saw that it was cum. I checked Ronnie's computer to see that he had jerked off to pictures of Equinox Autumn and My Hero Academia hentai, which if you don't know is technically pedo art because all the characters in that anime are underage. I threw up all over Ronnie's face at the sight of Equinox Autumn's disgusting face and the thought of the bearded cuck jerking it to minors. As a result, he finally woke up.

"What the fuck?!" he yelled, startled by the rude awakening. He looked up at me and said, "Did you puke on me? You know what, I'm done!"

I smacked him across the face, making him squeal like a girl. "What the actual fuck are you doing? I stepped in the cum you ejaculated last night after jerking off to your girlfriend's fucking revolting nudes and, even worse than that, kiddie porn."

"Come on Nill, those are anime characters. They aren't even real—"

I smacked Ronnie again. "It still doesn't change that its gross as fuck and that you're gonna burn in hell for it."

I showered off the cum and the barf, and then we headed out, with me basically dragging Ronnie along. We met up with Derek outside the bar as planned and we drove to the trail. Chauvin said that this road was the exact spot where he had seen Gorilla Floyd.

We got out of the park and headed deep into the woods. This place was unfamiliar as Ronnie and I were in a much more known and popular area on the first day. We came to a clearing, and what I saw made my heart skip a beat. There was a mountain of animal corpses; doe,

moose, squirrels, and even bears and wolves. Ronnie examined the bodies.

"These were all once pregnant animals who had their bellies ripped out by something!" Ronnie exclaimed. "And some of these are fresh, judging by the blood!"

If you didn't know, blood begins to dry just five minutes after it is spilled. That meant whatever did this was here less than five minutes ago. Ronnie then found a trail of blood leading into the woods. We had to be alert, so I told Chauvin and Ronnie to get their guns out just in case the thing attacked us.

Unfortunately, just as it was starting to get good, it started to rain. The downpour was heavy, so we decided to set up camp to wait it out. Chauvin and I set up our tents while I made Ronnie sit out in the rain for being a degenerate coomer. I scrolled through my phone looking at Ma'khia Bryant memes. For those who don't remember, Ma'khia was the negress who tried to kill a fellow female nigger with a knife, but was shot to death by a **based** White officer named Nicholas Reardon who had recently been acquitted for putting that berserk nigger down for good. I watched a WOMBO lip sync of the obese dead sheboon singing "Baka Mitai" from Yakuza 0, which is where the popular "Dame da nai" meme came from. It was funny as fuck, but the fun was quickly ruined as I noticed fapping noises coming from outside. I glanced out and saw Ronnie was jerking off to pictures of Andi Schell.

"Dude what the fuck," I yelled. "Are you that much of a coomer? Don't you know that Jews are trying to make you release whatever miniscule amount of vril you have left in your corn syrup-filled body by making you jerk off?"

Ronnie yelled, "I'm done!" and threw his laptop out the tent.

I decided to go to sleep after that.

I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of screaming. Ronnie and I got up, and I recognized the scream was Chauvin's. We rushed out of the tent to see that his tent was ripped into pieces and there was a trail of blood and gore leading into the woods. Ronnie got his shotgun and we headed in. We found a note written in excrement pinned to a tree.

The handwriting was like that of a developmentally challenged three-year old, but when I finally deciphered it I was filled with dread. The note read, "OOGA BOOGA gimme yo' air."

My blood ran cold and I could tell that Ronnie was scared shitless as he had pissed his pants. And it was at that exact moment when Gorilla Floyd struck.

It jumped from a tree like the monkey it was and attacked me, screeching a mixture of awful rap lyrics and primate war cries. Ronnie fired a round into its back but it seemed to have no effect, the pellets bouncing off him. He prepared to take another shot, but Gorilla Floyd snatched away his shotgun and fired at Ronnie, who seemed to know that his time had come because he said softly, "Hey guys, I guess that's it."

The blast hit Ronnie square in the face, turning it into a sludge that resembled strawberry jam in color and consistency. Blood and gore splattered all over me, overwhelming me with terror and making me run deeper and deeper into the woods, not knowing where I was headed.

I noticed there was a small building up the hill. I was perplexed as to why it was in the middle of a goddamn forest. I decided to take shelter there and hide from Gorilla Floyd. The inside of the building was pitch black. I looked around the walls to see if there was a light switch. After a bit of searching I hit a switch and the lights

came on. They blinded me for a moment, but soon my eyes adjusted. The room appeared to be a movie set. There was a green screen covered in dust and cobwebs, an old TV, and a VHS player. I noticed something on the ground; it was a piece of paper that read Patterson-Gimlin film 1967, and beside it there was a fursuit. This made me realize that bigfoot was nothing more than a made up story. I picked up the suit and a VHS tape dropped out. It read *Cryptid: Black Gorilla Nigger Man*. I decided to put the VHS in the player.

The film started out with a shot of the woods. A man's voice, who I assumed was holding the camera, could be heard. He sounded like he was in distress.

"I just saw a large gorilla," he said. "But that doesn't make any sense, there are no gorillas on this continent."

There was a loud roar followed by, "OOGA BOOGA gimme yo' air cracka!"

The camera then pointed in the direction where the noise was heard. That's when the cameraman saw it, *Gorilla Floyd*.

"What the fuck is that thing?" he yelled.

The cameraman started to run, and then the film cut. Suddenly, I heard banging from the door. It was *Gorilla Floyd*.

"OOGA BOOGA," it screamed. "Gimme yo' air and yo' EBT! I need 'em from yo' cracka ass since I need dem reparations. A nigga's gots ta pay fo' his child support and sheeit mayne!"

I noticed that the door was beginning to break down, so I ran out the back door. I sprinted deep into the woods. I made it onto the main road and a miracle happened. I saw headlights and immediately realized it was that of a car. Upon closer inspection, it was an Uber. I

waved my hands to get the driver to stop. The driver was wearing a Burger King crown. I told him that I needed help and a road back to town.

Shortly, I noticed the passenger in the back. It was a black woman. I asked the Burger King man to do something about the monkey in his car.

“Sure thing, my Aryan brother. I’ll kick that nigger bitch out of the car!” the Burger King man yelled as he kicked the nigger bitch out.

I hopped in the car and we drove off. As I looked back, I saw that Gorilla Floyd had killed the nigger bitch and was ripping her belly apart. I told the Burger King man to drive faster, and we eventually got away.

It’s been a week since this all happened. Ever since then, I sent off samples of Gorilla Floyd’s hairs that had affixed to my clothes during my encounter with the creature to a secret racist laboratory in Antarctica. Although there are no conclusive results yet, Gorilla Floyd may indeed be an ancestor of modern day Africans, which explains why blacks are such a violent and primitive species. As to how the ancient ancestor of the African race somehow got to the American continent when Sub-Saharan Africans didn’t even travel to nearby islands like Madagascar, I have no idea; but my closest guess is that it has something to do with Jews because they are always behind everything evil.

I have also moved to an undisclosed location to prevent Gorilla Floyd from ever finding me. However, I think it did not work, as just this morning I found notes stuck to my front door. They all read, “OOGA BOOGA,” and “Fentanyl” in that barely legible handwriting I saw in the forest. I believe that I am now a target of Gorilla Floyd. This is because niggers are vengeful, soulless apes who will chase you to the ends of the Earth to murder you

in the most vicious ways imaginable if they think that you wronged them in the slightest ways, such as “scuffing their J’s” or simply looking at them the wrong way.

Please do not make the mistake I made. Do not look for Gorilla Floyd or else he might look for you next.

Gyokko Floyd

By BrokenSunShine1941’s Friend

My name is [**redacted**], but nowadays many usually refer to me as Nate Higgers and I am a member of the Kike Slayer Corps. Now when I refer to the corps, I don't refer to some weeb convention dedicated to that Shonen Trash, but rather the actual thing. This may be all hard to believe, so it would be best for me to explain how I got there in the first place. Two years ago, I was wasting my time vandalizing George Floyd murals or basically anything related to him, since I hate niggers as they contribute absolutely nothing to society besides more crime and violence. Of course, such actions could lead me into serious trouble, but I never thought much about it as I usually got away with it until the following event that scarred me for life.

Basically, it all started when I went shopping and this random black haired Asian American chick in a skimpy weeaboo school girl outfit from some unnamed dingy pottery store randomly decided to hand me some kind of flyer regarding their new product. Normally I would throw this in the trash, but the words, "All dedicated to George Floyd and BLM" made me decide against it. Furthermore, the flyer also displays various

types of pottery with unique designs and seemed to be made out of some kind of crystalline material outside of clay or ceramic. I then reached out to her and ordered at least five of them. This was due to how they were done in the name of George Floyd and I wanted to stream myself on Omegle sitting in it to enrage more faggots.

"That would be five dollars, but I could give you Asian Rites Matter discount if you let me suck your dick," the chink said. I obviously refused, since I refused to lose my virginity to a gook, let alone having her buck teeth leave bite marks all over my cock. After having them all tightly packaged, I drove back home to my apartment, but as I was driving back home, I found it strange how the niggers around me stared at my vehicle menacingly. That was when I realized how I started to feel as if I am high on drugs, making me pass out in an instant.

When I woke up I found myself in a hospital room with some Asian doctor with the name tag "Doctor Ishii" and a Police Officer, who I could easily tell to be Derek Chauvin. "You should be lucky that you once suffered minor injuries on your arm, but I do not know why you had five boxes of pure fentanyl in your backseat?" Doctor Ishii said.

Wait, Fentanyl? I didn't understand what Doctor Ishii was talking about, but that was when Derek Chauvin decided to step in.

"Yes! Fentanyl! Those pots are literally made out of pure fentanyl and I might have to charge you for that as well as the car accident that came after."

I was incredibly puzzled at the time especially how that fucking gook managed to pull something like this off since all of the other pots with the same material did not reek of fentanyl let alone any kind of drug. Suddenly, before any of us could make our next move, Derek

Chauvin got a call from his partner who began to frantically beg him for help.

"Aye bro, this me Beano, I do not know what came to the kid's mind when owning these, but whatever it is, you need to get out of here right now! I am serious man, Oh shi-", Beano's call was cut short, as the other end was filled with the sound of him being ripped to shreds, along with monkey noises, which left all of us puzzled.

Minutes after Derek lost contact with his partner, all of the lights went out, leaving only the emergency lights on along with some announcement and what I heard made my skin turn milk white.

"Attention everyone, this is not a drill, we are being breached by an unidentified hostile entity, We advise everyone in the building to maintain distance between pregnant women and to not walk around the hallways unsupervised until further notice!"

This didn't help since I shared a room with some BBC whore who I knew since grade school. As that one girl who made out with 10 guys per day, I wouldn't be surprised if she was pregnant at this point. Both Derek and Doctor Ishii told me to stay put while heading out to settle this on their own. Unsettled, I slowly walked out and made sure to stay as quiet as possible to prevent myself from alerting whatever was outside. What I saw in the corridors made me tense up, since not only were the walls covered in blood and gore, but the worst part of it was how I saw numerous corpses of pregnant women that appeared to all have been brutally raped to death. I didn't have time to comprehend all of this, since the sound that can best be described as the gurgled screeching of a bonobo started to come from my right.

To my relief all I saw were just more bodies but at a closer glance, I noticed how there seemed to be a dark

ooze sizzling out from somewhere in between. My curiosity got the better of me and as soon as I was close enough, the miniature fountain became a full-on geyser and I was instantly blinded by the black goo that was now all over my face, yet what happened next after the constant barrage of dark liquid came to a halt made me want to blow my face up just like Ronnie McNutt. There stood one of the pots I bought, except now there was a grotesque entity sticking out of it like a genie.

I couldn't believe what I was witnessing, because whatever this was looked like a gorilla centipede made out of nigger body parts such as niglet arms, the thunder thighs of a shaneequah, and the misshapen torso of your average buck black with the Scottish rite tattoo on its chest as its main body, yet none of these were nothing compared to its face. Now it all made perfect sense as to why the pots were stated to be "Dedicated to George Floyd", since it's face clearly share some of his facial traits with the exception being how his eyes were replaced with two fat nigger lips, while two orange glowing orbs were placed vertically with one on the forehead and the other where his mouth should have been. Other than that, there seems to be four more of those niglet arms protruding somewhere from its head, but I didn't have time to further examine this monstrosity, because it began to speak with both of its nigger lips.

"Aye yo mayne, I am Gyokko Floyd and thanks for crashing by at the hospital. Now I can rape all the White women with da damn big bellies and sheet, but I might have ta smoke yo ass for what you was plannin' ta do on Omegle."

What? I could not believe what I just heard, but this thing knew exactly what I had been planning to do, which made dozens of questions circulate in my mind. All of a

sudden, the pot where this nigger demon was sticking out from started to reshape in a flash, which now resembled a tea pot and I didn't want to find out what it was going to do next, as niggers would usually fuck anything that moves. I ran away in the opposite direction as fast as I could and luckily, I was able to outrun it, since it had to hop around as if it was on one of those sack racing competitions. I didn't know where I was heading to, but this relief of mine was short lived when I tripped on something to see it was another one of those pots, which I then found out it was able to pop out from one of those fentanyl pots as if it was Mario with the fucking pipes and the worst part about all of this was when I looked at my surroundings, since there appeared to be more than five of these randomly placed all over the place, meaning that it probably also had the ability to make more just to catch up to me.

"Ooga Booga mayne, you can run but you can't hide. This is what all of you crackas get for trying to use my death for clout, so I think it's best I introduce you to her."

"Who do you mean by her? Either way, I am not interested!" I shouted back.

That was when the nigger demon proceeded to grab another pot out of thin air and open it, releasing the she-boon Breonna Taylor. The fucking land whale landed right on top of me, crushing me underneath her nasty, putrid fat rolls.

"Ha ha niggy, let's see how you feel if you was da one on da ground not being able ta breathe. And as an addition I'll now go and rape yo pale ass while all of dis is happening."

This was it, not only was I gonna end up like George Floyd when Derek kned on him, but I was also

gonna be fucked in the ass. The thought of dying like this was indeed undesirable, as it would mean that I would also be involved in an act of bestiality as having sex with niggers is as bad if not worse than fucking an animal. As I was milliseconds away from being ass raped, a miracle happened when Breonna Taylor was kicked into the air and exploded.

Opening my eyes, I saw Officer Chauvin, except he was now wearing a kimono akin to what those so-called Pillars would wear in that anime for Japanese elementary school kids and teenage weeb edgelords called Demon Slayer, except instead of just their usual insignia, there was a halo with twelve Sieg runes circling around it.

"Dude! Didn't I tell you to stay put? Like what part of that didn't you understand?" I was at a loss of words and didn't know what to answer, so I just stared at him confusingly. Derek sighed and began to help me up.

"After all of this is done, I need a word with you," Chauvin said.

"Ah sheet maine, you be da cracka dat did dis to me," Floyd said.

"Yeah, I did that once and I'll certainly do it again you dumb jungle gorilla!" replied Derek Chauvin right before kicking Gyokko Floyd in the jaw.

Now if my phone was still intact after the car accident, I could've recorded the whole thing, since Derek moved at supersonic speed landing blow after blow on the nigger demon, while Floyd used all sorts of his blood demon nigger art techniques to no avail.

"Please maine, I'm not a bad guy, I'm not a bad guy," cried the dumb nigger, yet with Chauvin's lack of sympathy towards niggers, he just couldn't give two fucks.

Interestingly enough, despite Derek's breakneck speed, I noticed that not only didn't Derek use one of

those Nichirin Blades, which are special katanas used to banish demons like niggers using the power of the sun, but also any kind of weaponry for that matter. In fact Derek mostly used his body, specifically his knees to beat the living shit outta Gyokko Floyd. I wasn't able to really catch up to them due to how that fucking she-boon Breonna Taylor gave me more than just a broken arm and the hospital was like a fucking maze, yet it was good to know that we were most likely at the winning side at the time due to how the battle left a trail of more of those fentanyl pots shattered all over the floor and as much as they start to make me nauseous, it seemed like the low IQ nigger was dumb enough to use fentanyl, because whatever nigger abominations that came out of his pots mostly ended up dead. You see, the media would usually say that George was kned to death by an officer in order to further demonize White people, yet the reality was that George Floyd's death was due to fentanyl overdose. I followed the trail of broken pots, along with the noises of Floyd whenever he screeched like a Bonobo and when I finally caught up to them, Gyokko Floyd appeared to be laying on the ground after being ripped out of his last pot, which was then shattered by Derek Chauvin.

"Nigger, you should've do us a favor and stayed in hell. Whatever nigger shenanigans you will pull out next wouldn't save you this time, as I am going to end you right here right now, Knee Breathing Third Form! Knee of JUSTICE!"

However, in a split second, Gyokko Floyd began his transformation and turned into something more reminiscent of a silverback gorilla with scales made out of pure fentanyl diamonds and this didn't help due to how upon impact Derek's knee made a faint yet audible

crunching noise. Derek fell to the ground and started writhing in pain while holding his now misshapen knee.

"Ha ha White boy, is dat all you gots? Like aren't you gonna stop me from raping all the White women? Derek didn't respond with anything apart from more screaming from his dislocated knee. Derek Chauvin was one of my heroes and seeing him in this state made my blood boil. I started to sprint at Gyokko Floyd in blind rage disregarding all of the pain I had before instantaneously. This was my greatest mistake however, since seconds before I reached Gyokko Floyd, I started coughing up blood, causing me to trip and faceplant on the floor.

"Ha ha White boy, our young generation clearly lost mayne, clearly lost." Floyd cackled.

I really wanted to punch him in the face for mocking me, but even if I wasn't on the floor coughing out blood, my fist might as well end up similarly to Derek's now broken knee. However, something beyond the bounds of expectation happened, as Gyokko Floyd was met with a hailstorm of bullets and in some miracle, not even Floyd's fentanyl plates were able to withstand this hailstorm of bullets, as deep cracks, holes and indentations were now visible in the naked eye. Just then a figure stepped out from my left and I couldn't believe my own eyes, but it was **[Sam Hyde]** which should have been impossible, but there he was holding two chained up semi-automatic rifles, both pointing at Gyokko Floyd.

"Aye yo Cracka! What be in deez bullets maine? Mah fentanyl armour should be able to withstand anything you crackas throw at me." Floyd screeched.

"Yes, I know you dumb jungle jigaboo, that's exactly why I decided to use bullets containing pure Vril."

Holy fuck, all of this was getting better by the minute, regardless of what I had to previously go through.

"Let's get the party started," remarked **[Sam Hyde]** while swinging his chained up semi-automatic rifles in a dramatic fashion. Enraged, Gyokko Floyd started to beat his chest like the gorilla he was and lunged at him, which **[Sam Hyde]** easily dodged and emptied more rounds to break more of Floyd's fentanyl plating. Just as all of this was escalating, I didn't realize Derek Chauvin managed to stand up, along with patting my shoulder to break me from my trance.

"Dude, while **[Sam Hyde]** still has the upper hand, I think it's best that we go somewhere to recover. We both helped each other up as we were White brothers unlike niggers whose greatest enemies even includes other niggers. While Derek and I were starting to head away from the battle, Gyokko Floyd managed to make a huge hole on the wall, revealing an MRI room with three pregnant women huddled together in the corner of the waiting room.

"Foo la la yo damn baby gals I am Big Floyd da Landlord now gimme yo damn big bellies or I'll steal all of yo air."

"Oh no you don't nigger, no one lays a hand on my wives besides me." This caused **[Sam Hyde]** to get on Gyokko Floyd's back Shadow of the Colossus style and wrapped his chained up semi-automatic rifles around the nigger demon's neck which was now exposed, however this wasn't saying much since the chains weren't able to squeeze his neck even without the protective layer. Derek Chauvin saw this as an opportunity, yet the pain from his broken knee prevented him from further aiding **[Sam Hyde]** in combat.

I needed to think of something fast, since Floyd's neck looked as if those fentanyl plates were regenerating, but seeing the MRI unharmed and where both **[Sam Hyde]** and Floyd were at gave me a light bulb moment.

With that being said, I sneaked towards the control panel of the MRI with Chauvin at my back and when we got there, we tried our best to put the device on hyperdrive, however we made a mistake that caused the MRI to overload resulting in an overpowered magnetic field to be created.

When the chains started to be pulled towards the MRI along with Floyd, **[Sam Hyde]** jumped down and ran towards his wives who then began to happily embrace him, while Gyokko Floyd ended up stuck to the MRI begging for air due to how the chains around his neck began to rapidly tighten.

"Oh shit I Can't breathe, I can't breathe, Mama please!"

Right after he said that the MRI collapsed on itself, leading to that dumb nigger in flames and what remains of him to disintegrate into powdered fentanyl.

"I hope that's the last time I'll be dealing with that nigger," remarked Derek Chauvin which we all couldn't agree more. This joy and peace of ours was short-lived, as it was met with an abrupt interruption.

"Oy vey, how dare you bigoted goyim kill more of my upper ranks, let alone George Floyd for the second time."

All six of us faced where that voice was coming from to see it was that fucking gook, who convinced me to buy those fentanyl pots in the first place. However, I couldn't help how there were multiple things that were completely off about her, such as how her voice sounded more masculine and how she now appeared to have red reptilian eyes. Apart from that, she said "Oy vey!" which should be something said typically by jews. Looking back at the others, they all seemed to tense up and not let their guard down, as if whoever this was was a dangerous

threat, but unfortunately for me at the time, I didn't understand the direness within the situation.

"Alright you fucking chink, I do not know who or what the hell you are, but I sure as hell ain't going to ever forgive you for unleashing the nigger demon upon us all." "Dude be careful what you say, since he is the progenitor of the demon race and the leader of the Twelve Kikezuki, Mossad Kikebuji."

I took Derek Chauvin's warning with a grain of salt, but some things didn't add up since Derek Chauvin used the pronoun "he" to refer to that bitch and the name sounds pretty jewish for an Asian American like her. That was when I snapped and started to go after Mossad like a rabid dog, while both Derek Chauvin and **[Sam Hyde]** tried to restrain me. This was all due to my realization that she might as well be a fucking tranny faggot or a femboy, who had revoltingly offered me a discount via a fucking blowjob.

"Ha ha goy, this would be a lot quicker if you allowed me to suck your dick, since one of the Upper ranks could easily frame you for having a sexual intercourse with an Asian Minor, therefore you'll be done for and this could also benefit the Asian Lives Matter agenda even more," Kike-buji said.

"Dude, the boy is not even eighteen yet," said one of **[Sam Hyde]**'s wives standing up for me.

"Yeah, also, aren't you like, um, more than 800 years old?" asked the other.

"Girls, if anything this should be expected, since the LGBTQ community are known to be fucking groomers and let's all not forget that one incident which led to the creation of the ADL," the third said.

Funny enough, as much as **[Sam Hyde]**'s wives all resembled those e-THOTs on Twitch, I would give them

credit where credit is due, because it was an undeniable fact that the ADL was founded as a means to defend Leo Frank the child molesting jew, who was arrested for raping and murdering a little girl by the name of Mary Phagan, who keep in mind was just 13 at the time. Other than that, LGBTQ Faggots being child groomers isn't something that resides outside of the bounds of expectation and a good example of this was the Californian gay choir, since most if not all of those singers were all at one point charged for paedophilia in more ways than one.

Seeing how all of those girls who were once cowering in the corner now daring to talk back to the kike lord like that, pushes my urge to free myself from my restraints even more, only for me to be scolded by **[Sam Hyde]**. "Dude! Even if Jews are physically inferior compared to us Whites, you don't know what kind of tricks he has up his sleeve and heck, for all I know, you might come back as a nigger."

This didn't convince me of anything however since I didn't stop and for some reason, both men could at one point no longer restrain me because they fell over as I was free from their grasp. I dashed towards the damn kike, yet before my fist made contact on Mossad's hooked nose, Doctor Ishii appeared out of thin air and knocked me back around five feet. Unlike before, Doctor Ishii had a huge chunk of her clothing ripped to shreds, revealing her exposed upper body, which was now riddled with bruises and deep cuts, but even with her battered state, she was confident enough to confront the kike demon on her own. "Oy vey, now that you showed up, one way or another I would make all six of you White gentiles pay with my own bare hands, especially you for betraying us the chosen people of God at the end of the Second World War."

“Cut that bullshito out you fucking kike, you very well should know how wong it was to assign me to turn all Japanese men in the early days of the Shoah-era into fucking trannies. Not only would this open Japan to faggotry, but would also rapidly increase the suicide rate by the millionsu.”

“Goy! So what if the suicide rate increased by the millions, your home country wouldn’t suffer from depopulation as open borders, immigration and even diversity would be a viable solution just like how it helped both America and Western Europe.”

All seven of us facepalmed in unison, because that was some of the dumbest things to ever leave a kike’s mouth. While facepalming, I heard the faint sound of tearing flesh and when I looked up, I saw Doctor Ishii who now had elongated sharp nails on her left hand was making a huge gash starting from the wrist of her right arm to somewhere near her right breast.

“Siegu Heilu!” shouted Doctor Ishii while doing the salute as fumes of purple gas started to come out from her opened wound. Whatever this was had no effect on me or any of the others, but this wasn’t the same for the Kike lord himself.

“Oh, shit I am being gassed, Oy Gevalt! OY Gevalt! Not a second one! I can’t breathe!”

“Face it you fucking kike, there couldn’t be a second one if the first one never happened, although in reality, it really should have.”

Despite the fact that Ishii was the only one on our side who was a jap and obviously a demon who used to turn people into more trannies, her cause for her own race and the White race was undoubtedly noble. That was when I finally decided to step closer to the kike lord and trolled him to committing a McNutt.

“Oh yeah one more thing you fucking kike, even if you cut of your penis, you’ll never be a woman, you don’t even have ovaries and you’ll certainly never bare children which by that I mean, I can’t breed!”

Surely enough he began crying like the little bitch he was before blowing up and even if I intended to cause him to do a McNutt, I didn’t expect him to mutate like Tetsuo from Akira in a short time span and actually blow up in flames.

I didn’t know what happened next, but what I knew was that I woke up in the medical wing of some military compound. Despite this being one of those rooms which consisted of numerous beds for wounded soldiers, I didn’t see anyone else besides a Japanese dude who sat right beside my bed.

From what I saw from him, I could tell that he was also a demon judging by the shape of his pupils and elongated fangs which made me freak out. “Calmu downu buddy, my name is Yusneedro Yamamoto, I am Doctor Ishii’s right-hand manu.”

Hearing that allowed me to settle down and regain my composure so I could start asking him some questions, but I hesitated as I had too many to ask at once. Before I could even ask him anything, Yusneedro straight up cut me off and directly got to the point.

“Alright, you know what, let’s start with the good news and then the bad news. I gulped as soon as he mentioned how there was the bad news, because the way he said it indicated that I wasn’t going to like this one bit. Now the good news is that there were no casualties, in fact, all three of **[Sam Hyde]**’s wives gave birth to three healthy Aryan children. Other than that, even if you were the closest one from the blast, our medical staff managed to do a good job, so you wouldn’t end up being crippled or

disabled. However, all of these aren't saying much for what I am gonna say next."

My heart started to beat very rapidly as soon as he said that. "Basically, the reason why you took around seven months to recover was how the blast almost killed you, so me and Doctor Ishii had no other choice but to turn you into a demon. Oh, by the way if you haven't guessed yet, this is one of the many bases of the Kike Slayer corps and we are at the one in Siberia, as the previous incident rendered us black listed from the United States and jobless, due to how the Jew media have successfully portrayed us as anti-Semitic far right terrorists and blamed us for both the explosion and the numerous mutilated corpses, even if such barbaric acts could only be done by feral niggers. Worst of all, our efforts against the Kike lord was probably all for nothing since any of the remaining four upper kikes could easily take his place."

My jaw dropped, as if it was no longer attached to its hinges, because first of all, though Ishii was **based** as fuck for gassing that fucking jew, it didn't help that the typical diet of a demon is most likely human flesh and even if I could play the game of survival of the fittest, I didn't want to imagine the thought of me consuming my Aryan brothers or worse, the flesh of niggers, faggots and jews as doing so would be the exact opposite of drinking holy water. I didn't know how I came to that conclusion, but even if I was wrong on that part, Yusneedro and Ishii existing doesn't hide the fact that the majority of the demon race are probably either subhuman degenerates or satanic jews. In the end, hearing all of that made me realize that I practically belonged nowhere outside of the Kike Slayer corps, not only because of how I lost most likely everything, but I wanted to McNutt more of those

demon things, especially the remaining upper kikes for putting me and the others through this.

Moreover, as soon as I recovered and met up with the others, I then found out how **[Sam Hyde]** was a retired commander this whole time, but had to take action as soon as he found out that his wives were once again in grave danger, so this left a vacant spot for a commander and I was willing to take it since the pay for a commander was extraordinarily high! Afterall, it was a shame that I ended up rejecting Doctor Ishii's offer of being her other assistant, since that meant I would be working with Yusneedro side by side and the longer I got to know him, it turned out he was a low life simp and a coomer, who I caught drawing softcore hentai of Doctor Ishii on multiple occasions.

I am now writing this in case I and any of the others didn't make it out alive on our next mission of defeating the tech demon Mark Zuckerberg, whom I heard numerous rumours about for absorbing some bitch by the name of Heather Wilcox into the Metaverse, leaving her in perpetual agony, which is a fate worse than death. So yeah, fuck niggers, fuck jews, fuck trannies and all of you degenerate kike loving faggots, even if I had no choice but to live my life as a demon, we are all coming to obliterate all of you like it or not!

I was George Floyd's Campaign Manager for his Presidential Campaign

By Hthenwordhater and Thomas Manwise (but mostly the former)

This is the story of the wildest presidential election in the history of the United States. I am currently wanted by the FBI and secret service for leaking our nation's secrets. I've been hiding in a bunker for the past two months and I'm documenting this in case they find me.

It all started in the summer of 2020 when I graduated college and was looking for a job. I majored in political science so I hoped to get one related to politics. Due to the sheer powerfulness of my racism, I couldn't get any job I applied to even though I had graduated at the top of my class. After weeks of searching I saw a listing. "Campaign manager for 2020 Election Candidate needed." When I clicked on it, there wasn't much information available but I sent in my resume regardless. A few days later I got a phone call saying I got the job and they sent me the office address. I was delighted.

The day finally arrived. I walked into the office and saw a tall dark man smoking a crack pipe.

"What's good mayne you is my campaign manager and shieet?" he said.

I didn't know what to say. When I took two steps closer I was shocked. It was George Floyd! The nigger who died earlier that year.

"Didn't you die?" I asked in an anxious voice.

"Naw mayne dem Jews rebooted me. Now I be running for president and shieet. We gots a lotta work ta do mayne," George the gorilla said.

I wanted to walk out of there because I'd rather be dead than work for a stinky nigger monkey who might murder me at any moment due to their violent, psychotic, and animalistic nature. But it was the only job I'd gotten and the pay was great so I reluctantly stayed—something I'd regret for the rest of my life.

"Shiet lemme take you ta see muh running mate nigga. Follow me," the nigger chimped. He took me to another room and introduced me to a man with bandages tied all around his head. "Meet dis cracka Ronnie McNutt nigga. Dis be my running mate and shieet."

I was confused because Ronnie had killed himself on a livestream. *Didn't the soy boy faggot turn his face into a grotesque bloody flower?* I thought to myself, but maybe that explained the bandages.

"Hello. I heard you're our new campaign manager," he said in a soft, whiny voice.

"Weren't you dead too," I asked.

"No I survived and Big Floyd the Landlord here paid for my plastic surgery by robbing pregnant women. I owe him forever," Ronnie said.

The nigger Floyd then walked over and hugged him.

"Shieet baby I'll always love yo bitchass cracka ass face."

I was super confused but I decided not to think of it too much.

Floyd then said that they were running as Republicans. This didn't make any sense to me, since I had been taught in college that the Republicans were supposed to represent human beings, otherwise known as straight White people, and Democrats were supposed to

represent America's parasite population, otherwise known as faggots, niggers and spics.

"Didn't you make all the niggers riot after you died," I asked.

Floyd laughed when he heard that. "Mayne dat cracka Derek Chauvin wasn't racist. He was just doing his job and shiieet. I shouldn't have resisted but I was high on fentanyl. I support dem cops and shieet."

I couldn't believe that a sensible statement emerged from between George Floyd's grotesque, maggot-like lips, but I nodded.

He then handed me a file with mayonnaise and piss stains on it, saying "Mayne dis is da opposition."

I opened it. The Democrat candidate was Jacksepticeye's father, John. His file said that he was a janitor at a high school because his son faked his death for clout and got indoctrinated by White girls and then became a far left communist faggot. And before you get on my case for making fun of the absolute degenerate queer known as Jacksepticeye and his supposedly dead dad, let me just say that Jacksepticeye actually unironically has his pronouns in his Twitter bio and has helped to propagandize tens of millions of his young viewers into supporting BLM, raising over 600K for that Jew-run primate protection program. Yes, he is that much of a faggot and I have my fingers crossed behind my back in the hope that he perishes without passing on his genes because that would have a genuinely eugenic effect on the White race.

Jacksepticeye's dad's running mate was a nigger bitch named Kamala Harris who had been picked by his Jewish handlers because she was half-nigger and half-pajeet. Kamala Harris unlike full-blooded female farm equipment, Kamala looked more like a horse than a

blobfish due to her half-pajeet ancestry. Even when I was just looking at a still image of her I had to forcibly suppress my urge to vomit as I imagined pajeet odors like open sewage, designated shitting streets, and curry mixing together with nigger monkey stench like Newport Menthols, malt liquor, and week-old KFC grease to produce the foulest odor conceivable to man.

Over the following few months, I helped George Floyd campaign for president as a Republican. I did this by telling all the White boomer Republican voters that they could prove that they weren't racist by voting for him. I appealed to the American nigger voters by telling them that I would take away the welfare of the beaners and give all the stimmy checks to the American niggers, then told the beaners that I would take away all the welfare of the niggas and give it all to the beaners. I then of course promised that I would send six gorillion dollars of military aid to Israel if President Floyd were to be elected so that I could get the American-Israeli Political Action Committee, otherwise known as AIPAC on our side. I regret doing all of this since I was working for International Jewry, but I had to because it was my job and I had no other options.

However, the one group that I was unable to get to vote for Floyd were the **based** White Republicans of rural America, who made up most of the voters in those states. Even though the Republican party itself is cucked and run by Jews, many of the voters had enough common sense to refrain from voting for a chimpanzee in a suit. No matter how I tried to appeal to them, whether it was through gun rights or abortion or school prayer, I couldn't get their vote and hence George Floyd suffered as badly as those who identify as LGBTQ will suffer for their crimes against God in the pits of hell.

After what felt like an eternity, the first presidential debate finally arrived. Floyd was dressed in an old shirt with banana stains and a rotten smell to it. He did this weird monkey dance and walked onto the stage. He was followed by John who was wearing a “Muslim Lives Matter” shirt.

Floyd spoke first. “Mayne I’m finna give everyone banana and mayo sandwiches and shiiet.” He was trying to get the black vote. “We is finna spread suicide awareness.” He winked at Ronnie after saying this. George Floyd then tore all of his clothes off, pulled out a gun, and started shooting into the air while screeching like a baboon during mating season.

“Ooga booga gimme dem pregnant White womens and shieet, I need dem pregnant bellies nigga! Aww shieet gaddamn gimme dem please mayne please!”

I facepalmed as security restrained him, cuffing his hands behind his back and leading him away. I knew that a full-blooded nigger wouldn’t be able to stay coherent, let alone civil for anymore than thirty seconds.

John spoke next. He gave a long speech about foreign policy, infrastructure and Black Lives Matter. He spoke about how he wanted to give billions of dollars away for free to everybody who wasn’t White and straight while raising the tax rate on straight White people to 90%, how he wanted all children to become LGBTQ, and how he would send ten gorillion dollars to Israel as well as launch a nuclear strike on Iran. However, because of how George Floyd had chimped out like the monkey he was, I knew that John was going to win.

After the debate was over I looked at the polls. The nigger was doing horribly. I knew he wouldn’t win because there’s no ways the **based** White republican chads in red states would vote for a nigger like him, and

especially after how he had acted on stage. Due to George's prior behavior, all the other debates were canceled. The day of the election finally arrived. As I predicted Jacksepticeye's dad was winning by a landslide. Even niggers, who were predicted to vote for George Floyd simply because he was a nigger, were voting for Jacksepticeye's dad. We were sitting in Floyd's office and watching Fox News. McNutt was nervous and pacing around the room. Floyd seemed unusually calm.

I looked at him and said, "You dumb nigger, why the fuck are you so relaxed you're getting less than 5% of the vote."

He looked at me and said, "Mayne you ain't gotta worry and shieet."

I sighed and walked away. I didn't want this nigger to win but having a queer faggot communist in office was equally bad, so I knew the country was doomed. As I was heading out I saw a man in black robes and a black hat walk in. He had a long beard and unusually long nose. He smelled like rat scat.

"Shalom," he said to Floyd. Floyd looked at me and said, "I told ya ya ain't gotta worry mayne."

The long nosed guy said, "It's almost done. I need you to sign this."

He handed Floyd a legal document. It was very long but to summarize it said that he was a kike from Israel and he'd rig the election. In return the nigger would have to send not only all our tax payer money to Israel, but all of our White women and children as sex slaves.

I said to Floyd, "This is a horrible idea nigger we can't do this."

He stood up and pulled out a Glock-19 from his baggy poop stained underwear.

"Mayne sit yo ass down. I need ta win."

I complied because I didn't wanna die to a nigger. He signed the legal document, the kike snatched it and walked away.

Sure enough the polls drastically changed. The nigger who'd so far won only 650 votes in the entire country suddenly took over and defeated John in a landslide. He did the same monkey dance in celebration.

A few months later he was sworn in. On the first day the retarded nigger signed our country up for war with almost every other nation, accidentally leaked the nuclear codes and sold all our weapons to Iraq to buy fentanyl. I couldn't bear seeing our country in shambles because of this ugly nigger. I had to do something. I was the only person to know about the election being rigged, other than the soy boy McNutt of course. I decided to make what happened known to everyone in the hopes of him being impeached, so I packed my bags and ran away to a place where I could write this document to help expose him.

I'm currently hiding in a place I cannot reveal as I write this. George Floyd is still the president of the United States. My life as I knew it is over and once the nigger and his Jewish handlers find me I know I'm a dead man. My message to anyone that finds this: Please don't vote for Floyd in 2024.

The George Floyd Poop Monster

By Jordan Cleeman

I was in my social studies class during a lecture teaching us about Indian culture. It was part of the diversity education program that unfortunately got accepted into the school board's curriculum which forces us to embrace those shitskin street shitters.

During the class, I was on the verge of flipping my desk and storming out the door, similar to this one youtube video of a school shooter suspect who was bullied by a group of sheboons. We had to learn about the curry that pajeets solely eat, which is what primarily gives them the infamous body odors. Just the thought of it reminded me of that one time I was in a movie theatre watching a film which happens to be popular amongst pajeets. Sadly, I had to pay attention and actually put in effort into that class since the retarded school board made the diversity studies component of the course make up over sixty percent of our overall grade.

My social studies teacher, Mr. McNutt, was no better than the class itself. He was a faggot cuck with purple hair with thick glasses to support his borderline blind eyesight. He has multiple suicide attempts under his belt which contributed to the eye injuries in question. It was no wonder a guy like him would be willing to continue teaching the social studies classes after the diversity studies were passed by the school board. All the **based** Holocaust-denying teachers immediately quit upon hearing the news. Our school became nothing but a breeding ground for blue-haired libtards.

Mr. McNutt said, "Hey guys, we got some spectacular news up and coming. We are having a field trip to New Delhi, India next week!"

The unbiased students all cheered, as if India is some kind of haven free of dirt, being the complete opposite of its reality.

"Best of all," Mr. McNutt continued. "Any student who doesn't attend the field trip will receive an automatic zero on their grade book and therefore would have to repeat the class. Don't be one of them."

I gasped in horror after hearing the second part of Mr. McNutt's announcement. It was a mandatory field trip, which leaves me two choices: having to go to a place where one of the most pathetic races of all time roam, or fail the class. I raised my hand.

"Mr. McNutt, how long will the trip be and what exactly will we be doing during that time?" I asked.

"We will be visiting for seven days, so make sure to bring your sleeping bags," Mr. McNutt said, which made the whole thing even worse for me. "We will explore the Indian culture as a whole, such as trying out their food, watching their forms of entertainment, and even checking out the wildlife."

I had to try my best not to appear too unenthusiastic about the field trip because it would put me at the risk of tanking my marks.

"Okay that's cool," I mumbled.

Mr. McNutt handed all of us a field trip form. I skimmed through it, already dreading what was to come next week. Along with the shitty country literally and figuratively, I am one of those who gets home sick easily. Large scale school field trips such as this were never really my jam in the grand scheme.

Class was shortly dismissed. It was the last period, so I went straight home. I didn't have any friends in the class since sadly, none of my schoolmates are fellow racists and they would likely snitch on me if they discovered my beliefs.

That night, I had my parents sign the field trip form. Sadly for me, they are libtards, so they were willing to do it without hesitation. I looked toward the bottom of the form, which stated the total cost per student for the whole trip to India: \$2,000. My parents weren't willing to pay that fee for me, so I had to use all of my accumulated savings which consisted of birthday money from relatives, earned cash from shovelling driveways of neighbours, and fixing computers. It was going to be both a financially and mentally taxing part of school for me.

The next week, it was time for our flight.

Every student in the class drove to the airport and met up at the front. Everyone showed up early and I saw Mr. McNutt was wearing a shirt that read *I love India*, which made me cringe.

"Oh boy guys, this will be a blast," the cuck teacher said. "Along with you guys, my girlfriend, Equinox Autumn will be joining us!"

Mr. McNutt wrapped his arm around a woman, who had similar glasses. She was ugly as fuck and was the epidome of a landwhale. She was clearly the girlfriend of none other than Mr. McNutt-as far as I knew at the time.

It was a class of thirty, so it was quite a long wait to board into the airplane. It wasn't an entirely bad thing, however, since it meant a decent window of time before I had to bear the putrid stench that occupied the plane. To my horror, the other half of the plane passengers were pajeets who were on their way back to their home country. The curry stench almost killed me, so I had to

pinch my nose. To make things ten times worse, I was unlucky enough to be assigned a seat next to one of the pajeets.

After the flight attendants finished announcing all the safety protocols, the plane took off. The pajeet next to me fished his backpack to fetch a pack of curry chips and annoyingly munched on them loudly using his buck teeth. I resorted to using my airpods to block the noise and went on my phone to browse through gore videos which I downloaded prior to the flight. However, that was not enough to distract me, when one of the pajeet babies began crying, screaming, "I need some curry milk!"

After what felt like billions of years tolerating a combination of the curry stench and just being around the pajeet energy, the plane at last landed at the New Delhi airport. The air was humid, both from the proximity to the ocean and from presumably the high volume of poop vapour that diffuses throughout the air. The class boarded off the plane and we checked out. The first thing we did was explore the streets. It was extremely crowded, both due to the high volume of humans and the high population of goats.

The goats themselves looked depressed, perhaps because too many pajeets raped them. Everyone knows New Delhi has some of the highest rape rates in the world with how many of the pajeets are desperate for bob and vagene pics, so it was no surprise. Equinox Autumn noticed a store in the middle of the street which sells bracelets, so she notified Mr. McNutt that she wanted to go to that place to check out the inventory. Because it was a very small shop, the entire class couldn't fit inside it, so we decided to just wait for Equinox Autumn to visit it herself. However, the moment she was over a one meter distance away from the group, almost all the male pajeets

stopped whatever they were doing and turned to face her. They began to stride towards her as she walked to the bracelet store. In unison, they pulled out their cell phones and crowded around her, taking unsolicited selfies with her, as if she was some kind of class A celebrity. Equinox Autumn stood out to them by being a White woman, which drove them crazy. They touched her aggressively, leaving poop finger prints staining her clothes.

“Um, you do realize they’re harassing your girlfriend?” I asked Mr. McNutt, who was watching the pajeets groping Equinox Autumn.

“I am happy as long as they are!” Mr. McNutt said, as if there was nothing wrong.

My teacher was even more cucked than how he looks, so I figured there was no bargaining him out of this. Eventually, it escalated to the point where the group of male pajeets kidnapped Equinox Autumn, disappearing into a dark alley. Knowing exactly what they were going to do with her, I told Mr. McNutt once again to do something about it.

“You lovely Indians have fun with her!” Mr. McNutt yelled out, ignoring me.

From that point on, we never saw Equinox Autumn ever again. The trip just went on, without Mr. McNutt mentioning anything about his missing girlfriend. Regardless, I felt no sympathy for him, since it was on him to make the decision of bringing her along the trip and he let those pajeets kidnap her even with ample time.

Throughout the week, we explored the city, filling out worksheets related to our experiences. It was super boring to me and I felt like blowing my brains with a shotgun. Eventually, the trip came to an end and we were scheduled to fly back to Canada at the end of the last day.

It was particularly noisy when we arrived at the New Delhi airport, specifically when we neared the waiting room next to the aircraft. It was a mix of a weird deep farting noise and mush plopping to the ground.

"What the hell is that noise coming from?" I said.

"I don't know, I hope there isn't a malfunction going on," Mr. McNutt said.

Suddenly, the airport's intercom went on. A voice in an unbearable accent began to speak.

"It has come to our attention that our aircraft's motors are filled with feces, so we regret to announce that flights will be canceled while we clean them all out. This will take approximately three days."

Drats, I thought. *Fucking pajeets*. Compared to everybody else, I was unphased by the news; of course it had to be the street-shitters. We had to extend our hotel booking, and therefore, increased the field trip fees for each student in the form of accounts payable. My hatred towards pajeets increased even more.

After the wait was done, we were notified that the aircraft were fixed and we finally boarded onto the jet for our way home. Thankfully, we landed an aircraft that wasn't so infested with pajeets.

"Fuck we forgot about Equinox Autumn!" Mr. McNutt panicked.

"It was your loss for letting the pajeets fuck her," I said.

"I am going to commit a 911 suicide plane crash," Mr. McNutt sobbed, as he began heading to the front of the plane.

"Woah woah where do you think you're going," the flight attendant stopped our cuck teacher. "This zone is off limits. Only pilots are allowed."

Mr. McNutt went back to his seat as the flight attendant eyeballed him like a vulture.

"Alright folks, we are going to prepare for takeoff," one of the pilots at the front announced.

The jets turned on, and the plane began driving forward. As the motors worked, I noticed they sounded a bit odd this time, as if the maintenance team that cleaned the aircraft didn't do their job well. To describe it, imagine scratching a chalkboard with dry playdough. I tried to look into the window to see what was going on with the motors but couldn't since a fat land whale who sat at the window side blocked the view. The aircraft took off and the strange sound got more prominent. The flight attendants and the pilots didn't seem to notice it yet, which didn't surprise me as they were curry pilots and as we all know, pajeets don't give a damn about their services as long as they get the money.

The speed of the jet wasn't particularly slow, but boy, the sound bothered me. I looked around, to see almost all my classmates wearing their headphones. *What was going on?*

The fat land whale who annoyed the shit out of me by taking up too much room pissed me off so much, I decided to go to the washroom to have some breathing time away from the walrus. However, when I stood up, I saw the flight attendant and one of the pilots making their way into the washroom, beating me to it. I sat back down, wondering why both of them would go to the washroom at the same time. I hoped they weren't pajeet fags who were going to have sex in the washroom. I could imagine them being into gay scat porn. My thoughts were interrupted, when I heard an abrupt voice shout from the washroom.

"What the hell is that!" the flight attendant cried out.

"Get rid of it now!" the pilot demanded.

I heard multiple gunshots through the walls of the washroom. Whatever they were trying to get rid of was definitely more than an exotic insect. My heart pounded as fast as a sprinting nigger being chased by a lion.

"Ouch MHMHMM!" one of them choked.

I shortly heard what sounded like organs being crushed. After that, the washroom went dead silent, as if nobody was there any longer.

"What happened there?" I said aloud.

"I don't know," one of my classmates said.

"Anybody care to investigate?"

Of course, nobody volunteered. The sounds were grotesque enough. Even I, a gore enthusiast, was quite hesitant.

"I'll give whoever investigates the washroom a thousand dollars," one of my rich classmates offered.

I needed the money, mainly because of the additional field trip fees that were incurred due to the trip extension, so I volunteered.

"I'll take it," I said.

"Go there first and I will give you the cash after," he said.

I obliged and slowly crept towards the washroom door. It was sealed shut; an unknown mystery awaited me. The prospective surprise actually pulled me in as I got closer. I stepped near the dreaded door and turned the knobs. When I entered the washroom, I was immediately met with a smell which was a blend of blood and feces. I looked to the floor and observed a sight which still haunts me to this day. There, I saw two corpses lying dead. I knew they were the bodies of the pilot and the flight attendant, but they were unrecognizable. Their faces were completely mutilated, covered in poop stains. It looked

like the two pajeets died during a gay scat session. *Perhaps it was due to the ingestion of e coli*, I thought. However, I began to question my initial assumption when I heard a rumbling coming from the toilet. The toilet seat was sealed, so I couldn't tell what was in it. Growing even more curious, I lifted the toilet seat.

Instantly, I saw one of the biggest pieces of poop I have ever seen. Now, the toilet was massive, especially for an airplane toilet, since Indian aircraft tend to be larger than normal in order to accommodate the high curry-filled shit demands of pajeets. The shit log that was right in front of my eyes was far too big to float in the water. It straight up filled the entirety of the bowl, barely leaving room for the water. Not only was its size intriguing, but so was its shape. It had four stubby, yet, scrawny tube-shaped extensions; two of them stemming from both of its sides, and the other two stemming from its bottom. If that wasn't weird enough, I noticed a pattern on the upper front of the poop, which is characterized by a mushroom-shaped nose and lips which resemble those of Nikki Minaj. The pattern was so similar to a nigger face. Suddenly, the extensions of the poop started to move by themselves, and then the poop went into a position similar to a frog that is about to jump, with its face-like pattern turned towards me. It was then, I realized it was actually a face. Specifically, it was the face of George Floyd.

"Ayo main, it was so nice breathing all dat airplane motor air," it said. "You down to try some?"

"Um no?" I stammered, extremely confused.

The George Floyd Poop lunged its body at me, which I managed to dodge successfully, due to my powerful reflexes towards anything that remotely resembles niggers. The George Floyd Poop landed itself

across the washroom on its bottom extensions, which I now recognized to be frog-like legs.

"What the fuck was that for?" I asked.

"Because I no longer have any access to that motor air," The George Floyd Poop said, "I must steal some from yo organs by stuffing myself into yo lungs and letting all mah e coli cells do all dah air stealing foe me, hehehe."

"I have no idea what that means, but I am not going to let you do that."

"Hehehe, bet," The George Floyd Poop said confidently, then lunged at me again.

It barely missed me, but lightly brushed the side of my neck, which gave off a burning sensation since The George Floyd Poop was as warm as a shit that just came out of a person's ass. I looked around the washroom to look for anything that I could use to my advantage. I spotted a poop knife on the sink counter, and I grabbed it.

"I am not afraid to use this on you," I said, pointing the knife towards The George Floyd Poop.

"Go ahead main, I dare you," the disgusting shit golem said.

I ran at it, and then used the poop knife to slice The George Floyd Poop in half. At first, I thought I had gotten rid of it. However, when I looked at the living nigga poop again, I realized I made things a whole lot worse. The slash didn't damage The George Floyd Poop at all; it was as if the knife phased through it like objects in video games glitching through each other.

"Hehehe, I am indestructible main!" The George Floyd Poop cackled.

Thinking that killing it must be impossible, I gave up and dipped. I exited the washroom and then slammed

the door behind me, making sure it was locked. While walking back to my seat, everyone stared at me weirdly.

"What was going on in there?" Mr. McNutt asked me.

"There was a giant monster made out of poop," I said. "It tried to attack me by attempting to jump into my lungs, but I survived. It killed both the pilot and the flight attendant.

"No way that happened, I doubt it bro, I doubt it," Mr. McNutt said in his southern accent.

I was about to open the washroom door to show everyone the crazy shit I witnessed, but refrained myself from doing so as I realized how much chaos would unfold.

"I'll give you the one thousand dollars if you prove it," the rich kid who dared me to investigate in the first place said.

Reminded of the good money I could possibly receive, I went over to the washroom door and then opened it. I regret doing that to this day. The George Floyd Poop stormed out, revealing itself to every passenger in the aircraft. It did a funny-looking hula-hoop-like dance and began to speak.

"Yooohoo fresh air at last," it boomed. "It was so goddamn stanky in the washroom, so I can finally breathe more easily. But I must check out the air quality at the very front!"

We watched as The George Floyd Poop skipped towards the off limits zone, and entered the front control panel which was being controlled by the now only pilot.

"Dang I guess I shall get out of here to breathe in the natural air," the nigger shit said, as he hopped onto the control panel and to everyone's horror, broke the front window. The moment the glass shattered, everything started to be sucked in that window's direction. The pilot

was the first to fly out of the aircraft, leaving the jet with nobody to control it. While everybody was being held in solely by their seatbelts, the airplane soon lost control and a crash was bound to happen. We all braced for impact, as the airplane was falling towards a small island in the middle of the ocean. The George Floyd Poop already began struggling to breathe as the altitude was too high for it to handle.

"Sheeit mayne I shouldn't have done that!" the nigger turd cried out.

"No kidding nigga poop!" I said.

Due to the velocity at which we were falling, I closed my eyes, awaiting the crash.

After a few minutes or so, I opened my eyes, to see we landed at a body of water very close to the shore of the island. The ocean is one of, if not, the safest area for planes to crash in, so my whole class was okay. I looked at Mr. McNutt, who was slightly disappointed at not dying in the crash.

The plane was cut in half, forming an easy exit for both sides. We unbuckled and then swam to shore. I took a quick glance around, and it appeared we were on an island that is nowhere close to any other bodies of land. Everyone began to chatter, panicking at the idea that we were now stranded. Some of us pulled out our cellphones, which all had no service. There was no way we could communicate with any source to request rescue. To make things worse, the sound of somebody swimming could be heard from behind us. We turned to face the ocean, to see a familiar face. It was The George Floyd Poop, who was now significantly darker due to being stained by the ocean water. I was surprised to see it make it to the shoreline, considering it would have easily drowned in the ocean.

We made a run for it. The sand made it quite difficult to sprint in. Sadly, that rule didn't quite apply to The George Floyd Poop. It skipped as if it was traversing in solid cement, leaving gobs of shit on the sand. It managed to catch up to the land whales first, forcing its way into their mouths and then into their lungs. Each time it attacked my classmates, its insertion into their internal organs were followed by liters of blood pouring out of their mouths. The George Floyd Poop would then use its poop matter to absorb all of the organ air bubbles via its e coli bacteria slaves.

I ran in the same direction as Mr. McNutt after we witnessed the extremely grotesque deaths of my classmates. We ran through the jungle, dodging every tree that went in our way. I never looked back, and neither did Mr. McNutt. We just focused on getting as far away from the living nigga poop as possible.

We eventually ran out of stamina, and we at last stopped to catch our breaths.

"What the fuck is that thing?" Mr. McNutt said, while breathing heavily.

"I already told you guys back in the airplane, a living god damn nigger poop," I said. "A reincarnated form of George Floyd apparently."

"How is a piece of turd alive?" Mr. McNutt questioned me.

"That, I have no idea. I just found it sitting in the toilet when I investigated the washroom. This is not important though, what matters now is our survival. I think we are the only survivors here."

"Ah fuck I ain't dealing with this crap," Mr. McNutt said.

I knew exactly what he had in mind. Knowing he was on the verge of suicide now, I did my best to keep him calm.

"Look on the bright side, at least you don't have to deal with your shitty family for the time being," I reassured him.

A major part of Mr. McNutt's high propensity to blow his brains is how shitty his family treats him. Frequently, he'd vent to the class about his terrible experiences at his family gatherings after each holiday. For example, he told us about a time when his own mother threatened to fuck one of his online gaming friends. It surely warped his perception towards the concept of cuckiness, which contributes to how much of a cuck Mr. McNutt was.

"Okay thank you for that," Mr. McNutt thanked me.

We shifted our focus to our physical well-being, and started to search for the most important resource at the time: food. Very unlucky for us, the island seemed to be quite limited in terms of wildlife, which meant an absence of nutrition. On our search, Mr. McNutt and I would find the occasional berry, which he would hoard before I could get a chance to eat it, since Mr. McNutt is a skinny fat manlet who needs to lose bad weight. We kept our ears open to make sure we didn't run into The George Floyd Poop. Thankfully, The George Floyd Poop lets out an unmistakable plopping noise whenever it walks, so we'd know immediately when to run.

Night eventually arrived, and the temperature went from warm to cold. We had only found a few dozen small berries up to this point and the low temperature alone felt like it was going to starve us overnight. Knowing The George Floyd Poop had to still be out there, we ventured

through the jungle to find leaves big enough to completely cover us while we slept.

While we lay down trying to sleep in the cold, Mr. McNutt constantly whispered to himself whilst shivering. He'd keep trying to convince himself that our current situation is better than committing suicide. It made it even harder for me to fall asleep and I would have really needed a pair of headphones or earbuds but those were long gone inside the airplane, which probably sank a few hundred feet into the ocean by now.

I thought about how long we'd really stay on this island if we ever get rescued by some miracle. I planned some scenarios out as I closed my eyes. We could scream the phrase "fuck niggers" all over again until some **based** pilot flying by notices fellow racists needing to be rescued; or we could possibly swim in the ocean until we reach land. I highly doubt The George Floyd Poop would be able to swim as long as Mr. McNutt and I as niggers are one of the worst races at swimming, and that is saying something when Mr. McNutt is an unathletic soyboy. Soon enough, I managed to fall asleep.

The next morning, I woke up, still under the leaves thankfully. I checked Mr. McNutt's side of the giant leaf blanket and he was still here as well. I was filled with relief when I acknowledged that both of us were still alive. There was no time to waste though; sleep is good and all for our wellbeing, but what was more important now was solving the core problem, getting our asses out. I shook Mr. McNutt until he finally woke up from his deep sleep.

"What are you doing? I wanna go back to sleep!" Mr. McNutt whined.

"Are you out of your mind? We can't just rest on this unforgiving island!" I said.

"Oh wait what?" Mr. McNutt said, confused, looking back and forth. "Oh I see, I forgot we were here."

Because Mr. McNutt is such a low testosterone beta, he lacks the ability to acknowledge that he is in a deadly situation that could get him killed at any time. Finally realizing this, he got up and cooperated.

We decided to start the day by looking for breakfast. However, I noticed that each time we'd find a berry, they'd be covered by a dirty brown substance.

"What the shit is this!" Mr. McNutt wheezed after taking the first bite of one of the berries. "Oh god I think it's poop!"

"Why did you eat that dirty berry in the first place?" I asked Mr. McNutt.

My retarded teacher rubbed his bloated stomach.

"I was hungry," he moaned.

We continued our search for food. As time passed, I'd notice something very peculiar about Mr. McNutt—specifically, his head. It weirdly expanded in size gradually, while becoming red in color. When it got apparent enough, I stopped our hike for a brief moment.

"Mr. McNutt, what is going on with your head?" I asked him.

"Well, um nothing," he said. "I am not going crazy, am I?"

"No, I mean your literal head! It is almost twice as big now and your face is as red as a tomato!"

Mr. McNutt touched his head with both of his hands to grasp its size.

"Holy fuck what is happening to me!" he panicked.

"I don't know, it must be due to the dirty berry you ate an hour ago," I said.

As Mr. McNutt's blood pressure escalated, it further made his strange symptom even worse.

“Ah damn my head is going to explode!” Mr. McNutt screamed.

“Calm down man, you're making it worse!” I suggested.

Mr teacher was unable to keep his cool and his head accelerated in size even more, now the circumference of a volleyball. I slowly walked away from him, anticipating his fate. When the time came, his head exploded. Brain matter was launched all over the place, some getting on me, making me gag. My addiction to gore videos thankfully helped me bear the sight. Mr. McNutt fell dead, with half of his head gone. Me being the gore fan I was, I inspected the cross section of his brain, fascinated. Something was off though. There was a brown substance covering parts of his brain that looked similar to the weird mush that covered the berry he ate earlier. The substance bubbled, sucking in air bubbles that roamed Mr. McNutt's bloodstream.

After some quick analysis, my blood ran cold as I figured out what this was all about. The brown substance, which covered both the fruit and Mr. McNutt's brain insides, is actually feces. The George Floyd Poop must have laced every form of food on the island with its residual poop matter. When Mr. McNutt ingested a sample of it, it's e coli bacteria attacked his internal organ's oxygen supply, which explained the bubbling chemical reaction that went on in Mr. McNutt's brain. What really unsettled me though, was how close The George Floyd Poop wandered to Mr. McNutt and I while we slept.

My mind began to spiral trying to process the nasty shit that I conjured in my head. For the first time in a long time, I kneeled down and vomited. The afflictions Mr. McNutt died to were beyond my imagination,

overwhelming my resistance to watching gore. After I collected my thoughts, my desire to get out of the island alive grew stronger and I decided to do anything necessary to achieve this. I ran out of the jungle into the shore of the beach and began drawing out the cries for help on the sand. I wrote giant messages such as “save our souls or be a nigger lover.” I repeated this on every side of the island to increase the possibility of a pilot noticing me.

Later that day, I heard the sound of propellers. Startled, I looked around to get an idea of where it was coming from. I followed the noise, until I saw a helicopter landing on the side of the island with the written message “There’s a nigger in this island trying to kill me, so save me.”

The helicopter deployed its rope ladder down, for me to grapple onto. The moment I began climbing it, I heard a voice coming from below.

“Sheeit main, I need to breathe in all that helicopter propeller air!” it said.

I looked down to see The George Floyd Poop already only a few feet below me, climbing up the rope ladder as well. I hurried up as fast as I could; I can’t let that nigga poop be brought along.

Once I reached the top of the ladder, I jumped into the helicopter. My heart skipped a beat as I looked back to see The George Floyd Poop make it into the helicopter as well. The man who operated the chopper, who was armed with an assault rifle, began shooting at the giant turd. Hundreds of bullets pierced The George Floyd Poop, forming massive holes on it. The George Floyd Poop was able to regenerate quick enough to mitigate the bullet holes for a good bit, but was eventually overwhelmed and flattened like a pancake due to the force of all the bullets

combined. The moment the helicopter stopped shooting, The George Floyd Poop curved itself into a large circular balloon-like form, and then formed one very small hole on one of its sides to inflate itself with air, becoming a giant poop bubble.

"Hehehe, I am now The George Floyd Bubble," it cackled. "I told you I cannot be stopped!"

The George Floyd Bubble then floated out of the helicopter.

"Holy hell that was weird," the helicopter operator said in both amazement and disgust.

"Yeah I have a lot of explaining to do, don't I?" I laughed.

For the next hour, I retold the events that I experienced regarding The George Floyd Poop, starting from when I first saw it in the pajeet airplane's washroom, to now.

The rest of the flight was awkward silence, mostly because the helicopter operator was too busy processing the story that I told.

The chopper landed at my city's main launch pad at dawn, and it was about time I was supposed to head to school. I didn't sleep at all throughout the helicopter flight, but the events that transpired were enough to keep me wide awake. Once I arrived at school, I remembered that my entire social studies class literally died, including Mr. McNutt, so the first thing I did was notify the principal.

I told the principal everything to the finest detail, about how this George Floyd turd monster terrorized the whole airplane trip, killing every student when we were stranded on the island, and how Mr. McNutt ingested a bit of The George Floyd Poop, which infected him with fatal air-stealing e coli.

"Hmm, do you really expect me to believe this?" the principal said.

"Well, this all actually happened, so yeah," I replied.

"What kind of a person are you? To murder your entire class?"

"Wait, what do you mean?" I said.

"You really just made up the most stupid and racist excuse possible to cover up your murder," he accused me. "You will suffer serious consequences for this."

The next few days, I found myself in court because of that libtard principal. I knew that no authority would believe there is such a thing as a living poop, let alone it being a George Floyd reincarnate, so I didn't bother fighting it. I was sentenced to twenty years in prison as a result. I didn't look forward to being near niggers for that amount of time; niggers make up over fifty percent of prison populations.

Now you may be wondering, *how is this story spread when I am supposedly still in prison?* Well, I actually managed to break out and it is not in a manner in which you'd expect. In fact, the way I escaped prison is connected with The George Floyd Poop.

I sat in my cell, lonely and depressed. Every bit of my energy was invested in a powerful hatred towards my school. *It was what got me here in the first place. The field trip was what ultimately led to the death of my social studies class, not me. If only that retarded diversity studies program were never a thing, I would be a free man.*

I never bothered interacting with my inmates. Almost all of them were degenerates who either earned their place here by being fentanyl apes or engaging in nigger activity. My lack of social interaction led me to go

insane. At times, I questioned whether The George Floyd Poop incident really happened in the first place and I even began striding towards believing that I really was responsible for my classmates' deaths. As days went by, I contemplated suicide, even relating to Mr. McNutt a bit. Those thoughts came to a pause when I began noticing things.

It started off as seeing dark circles in the corner of my eyes for a split second, or hearing ebonics even though nobody is near me. I kept brushing it off to my mind going nuts, but it got harder and harder to deny those so-called hallucinations. The next thing, inmates started dying. The causes were unknown, at least from what I've been hearing. The breaking point came when I was in the shower room, rinsing myself after busting a nut for the forty ninth time that day.

Despite having just washed myself with soap, I smelled a very familiar stench. It was like poop, but with a hint of digested KFC and curry. I looked around, expecting a fellow inmate, but didn't see anybody. I went on with my shower, shrugging it off to *deja vu*. I then heard it; a familiar voice accompanying the familiar odor.

"Yo yo main, I am back niggie," it said.

The tone and ebonics brought me back to traumatizing times, which led me to suddenly look behind me; my nigger reflexes were escalating. There I saw The George Floyd Bubble, staring right back at me. I turned the rest of my body toward it.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded it.

"Hehehe I told you I cannot die," The George Floyd Bubble laughed. "Now I will steal all yo organ air once and for all."

I was in disbelief that it managed to follow me all the way here, in addition to staying hidden for such a long

time. In a panic, I started to scream at the top of my lungs, hoping to get the attention of any prison security guards or inmates.

"Main, I already stole da air of those niggies, nobody be there to help you," The George Floyd Bubble said, as if it read my mind.

The brown bubble slowly hovered closer and closer, laughing evilly. There was a shower wall right behind me, so there was nowhere for me to run. I flashed back to the brutal ways in which it killed its victims, then imagined those scenarios on me. The only thing I could do was at least try to fight it. *At least it would be better than doing nothing*, I thought.

I grabbed the shower hose that happened to be next to me and aimed it at The George Floyd Bubble.

"Hehehe main, do you think that would possibly hurt me?" it cackled.

It had a point. I wasn't expecting to be some kind of lucky Super Man at the time, but I persevered. I switched on the hose and jabbed it into The George Floyd Bubble. It successfully penetrated through.

"Ouch main, dat hurt," the nigger bubble said.

Water was being sprayed from within the bubble. I further turned the nozzle, increasing the strength of the stream. The increased volume of water filled The George Floyd Bubble faster, which led the pre-existing air in it to move around. The pressure caused by the water became so strong, it forced the internal air to blow a hole in its skin.

"Ah fuck dat be painful and sheeit!" I heard it said. "Ah shit I am now losing air through that hole! I can't breathe!"

I knew my plan was working, so I turned the tap water setting to max, which caused The George Floyd

Bubble to pop. The explosion sent me into the air, slamming me into the opposite wall. I got up, to see the impact was powerful enough to destroy the shower wall, which happened to be the way out of the prison. I used it as an opportunity to escape, so I ran out through it, never looking back.

Because my parents believe that I was rightfully sentenced to prison, they locked me out of the house, so I am now typing this on a public library computer. Moral of the story, do not go to New Delhi, India. It is full of pajeets who will ruin your vacation experience.

Do Not Eat Banana and Mayonnaise Sandwiches at 3 AM

By Pepe McNutt

This is the story of the worst mistake I have ever made. I was 15 in 2020, when this story takes place.

I had seen the court testimony of George Floyd's nigger brother about his inability to cook or boil water and had thought it was the funniest nigger monkey moment I had seen in a while. I decided to try banana and mayonnaise sandwiches for the memes after seeing a Ronnie McNutt banana mayo sandwich edit where his head turned into one after he shot it.

I called my friend Nurn Biggers over to my house to help me make the sandwich with the right amount of fentanyl. I did not know what this was at the time, but I had heard about it in very early George Floyd creepypastas and thought it was some kind of seasoning.

We waited for 3 AM since we were cringy teenagers and 3 AM was spooky time. I now know that 3 AM is when nigger spirits walk the streets, smoking crack and waiting for an opportunity to possess someone.

Nurn and I ate 14 sandwiches each, and immediately after finishing the last one, I felt an intense urge to rape a pregnant woman and shoot her in the belly. I turned to Nurn to tell him what was happening, but all that came out was "Ooga booga I needs dem pregnant belly pics an shieet, where da wyte wimins at nigga."

Nurn looked at me in surprise and responded, "Why yous be soundin like a nigga an shieet."

"Ah shieet nigga," I said, "I bes thinkin dem fentanyl sandwiches be turnin our minds into niggas an sheeit, nah meen muffguh?"

"Oh my got," Nurn said, "I bes hatin niggas an shieet. I caint be livin like dis, I jus caint."

I decided to call my parents, who were out of town for the week on a business trip.

When my dad answered, I tried to tell him what was happening, but all that came out was "Where dem pregnant wyte wimins an sheeit. I bes needin da stimmie checks nigga."

"Who are you and why do you have my son's phone?" my dad asked.

"I bes yo son an shieet." I said, "Me an mah nigga made dem fentanyl sandwiches an sheeit, special recipe from big Floyd hisself nigga, crip nigga."

"Where is my son, nigger." my dad said.

"I bes right here an sheeit." I said.

click My dad hung up the phone.

I felt an unexplainable rage course through my veins at this and threw my phone, stomping it into the ground.

"Nigga why you do dat sheit. Yo parents gon be pissed fer real fer real." Nurn said.

"Nigga do it look like I fuggin care?" I asked.

"Look at yo behavior an shieet nigga," Nurn said, "We don't be needin dis activitation righ nah. We needa be lookin fo answeres as to what happenin to us. I caint be stuck in dis state of mine nigga, my dad will kill me an sheeit."

"OK nigga," I said, "Lets go to da library." Just then, a pounding came from the front door. "Police, open up."

I instinctively started walking towards the door but Nurn grabbed my arm.

"Dem niggas heard us talkin an shieet. If they are worth anything as human beins, they'll be shootin us jus based on our voices nigga."

"You're right," I said, "We needa bes sneakin out da back an shieet."

We went to the back door, which was located down the hall from the front door, in the laundry room. We ran through the back yard and hopped the fence bordering the neighbor's property. I noticed that the jump was easier than when I had done it before, and I seemed taller than usual. That's when I realized that I not only had on a black tank top, but that my skin had taken on a darker tone. It wasn't black, but it was a deep tan and it was worsening by the minute.

I looked at Nurn and saw that his hair had turned black and was tightly curling on top of his head.

His skin had also darkened to the point where he almost looked like the nigger Ahmaud Arbery.

"Nigga, you bes lookin like you was an innocent unarmed black mayne that got shotted for joggin an shieet." I said.

"Nigga you bes lookin like you had trouble breethin an sheeit." Nurn said.

Rage once again filled my brain and I turned towards Nurn, giving him a look over my nose, which I noticed had grown to a size that hasn't been seen before, even on a jew.

"Ooga booga nigga, I shared mah fentanyl an dis be how I bes repaid?" I said.

I noticed my voice had deepened and had taken on a northern nigger's accent. I spoke fast and deep, like I was rapping.

"Nigga, something ain't bes right here." Nurn said, "I ain't know if dat fentanyl had some PCP or some in it but I ain't jus be lookin like a nigga, I bes feelin like one."

We jumped over the neighbor's back fence into an alleyway. Immediately, a familiar smell filled my massive nostrils. The smell of watermelon kool aid, fried chicken and cheap nigger weed which would have usually disgusted me, strangely seemed comforting, like I was home.

"Ayo Big Floyd," a voice said from behind me,
"Wassup nigga. We didn't thing you'd be comin' tonight."

"Ayo mayne, whatchu mean I ain't bes comin an shieet? You know I needa see da homies an shieet." I said automatically.

I didn't even know what was happening, but apparently people recognized me.

I walked farther down the alley, and every nigger I passed stood up to offer me a blunt or a piece of KFC chicken. I grabbed Nurn, who was on some porch steps smoking out of a plastic 2 litre bottle, and walked him down the alley to the street.

"We bes forgettin da mission an shieet." I said.

All of a sudden Nurn's eyes went glassy and he started rasping "I can'tbreeve nigga I can'tbreeve."

"Let me see your hands, nigger. Show me your hands right now before I blow your black head off." a man in a police uniform said.

"Nigga I ain't even do nuffin I ain't dat type of guy mayne I ain't dat type of guy." I said.

I pulled out a 9mm Hi point pistol held together by duct tape and wood glue and fired it at the officer as I ran away.

I turned around for a split second before running down the street to see Nurn had turned back into the 15 year old White boy he was, but he was fatally shot and was lying dead on the ground.

I ran and ran until I came to a convenience store called Cup Foods. I walked inside and picked up a banana. I went to the register and the store attendant scanned the banana and said, "Dat sheit gon be 20 dollahs nigga."

"OK" I said as I pulled a 20 dollar bill out of my pocket. I handed it to the store attendant who immediately said, "Ayo nigga why you be givin me da fake money an shieet? Imma call da cops."

Before I left the store, I had an idea. I ran to the monster energy section of the store, rummaging through the drinks to find the Zero Ultra Monster Energy. I found one and popped it open. I drained the entire can and felt momentary relief when a wave of focus came over my brain.

I tried to tell the attendant I was sorry for the 20 dollar bill but all that came out, once again was "Nigga suck my dick. Imma be doin yo momma tonight an shieet."

Just then, a police car parked outside of Cup Foods and I watched as the niggers surrounding the store ran all different ways. The officer, who was clearly in his 40s with graying hair and a racist chad physique, walked towards the store.

My weak, but still present, nigga monkey instinct told me to run, so I did. I was losing speed and was slowly returning to my normal size, but I was still in a serious predicament.

"Freeze nigger," the officer said.

I stopped and the police officer shoved me into a wall and put handcuffs on me.

In the back of the police car, I started to lose my breath.

"Officer, I can't breathe nigga." I said, "I can't breathe mayne help me an' shieet."

The officer, whose name tag said "D. Chauvin", pulled me out of the car and onto the ground, where he knelt on my neck, where I promptly passed out.

A few hours later, I awoke in a hospital. I looked around to see my family, who were smiling down at me.

"Am I still a nigger?" I asked.

"No, you're just a normal White boy," said my mother with tears streaming down her face.

Officer Chauvin walked into the room.

"Sorry about the rough treatment kid," he said, "I thought you were a violent nigger monkey."

"No worries officer," I said, "At least I didn't have to stay a nigger for the rest of my life."

3 weeks later I left the hospital. The doctors had done a myriad of tests and could find no explanation to what had happened to me.

However, a few days ago I read online about a kid who had turned into Breonna Taylor and had eaten buildings in her town. The local exorcists believe that nigger spirits are worse than demons because they can cause widespread destruction when they possess you.

I am writing this in the car on the way home from the hospital. My warning to you is: never try the banana and mayonnaise sandwich, no matter how much clout it will get you online. It isn't worth it.

I am a Minneapolis Police Officer: We Hunted the George Floyd Zombie (Remake)

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Norman Turtle and I am a Minneapolis police officer. As a cop who is secretly a nigger hater, it is my job to arrest the apes all over Minneapolis who commit a disproportionate amount of crimes. Minneapolis is a place I wish to convert to a no nigger zone.

My on duty shifts are usually super busy, with me arresting over ten niggers per day at the very least, so I consider myself what amounts to a superhero within the bounds of Minneapolis. That being said, while my line of profession is dangerous and has a shit pay, I actually enjoy it a lot; it contributes to society a lot more than niggers and Only Fans whores.

The Minneapolis police department has been in the news a lot lately, because of our major officers, Derek Chauvin, was accused of murdering a nigger named George Floyd. For those of you who are simple-minded *consoomers*, despite what the mainstream media tries to tell the masses, George Floyd actually killed himself via a fentanyl overdose. Derek's knee was only placed on his neck gently in order to prevent the feral drugged-up ape from going crazy and attacking civilians.

On the bright side, Derek was released on a one million dollar bail. Within the circles that know how Floyd truly died, this was uplifting news. The only downside is, Derek was permanently banned from working at the Minneapolis police department.

Even though Derek is a race-mixer, I felt quite bad for him for losing his job. I decided one day to buy him a George Floyd toy as some sort of a gag gift to cheer him up. I spent the remaining fifty dollars in my savings account on it, and then waited for it to ship. Once the George Floyd toy arrived in the mail, pulled up to Derek's home with it in hand. Derek answered the door and greeted me. I presented the George Floyd doll to him, and he laughed.

Derek invited me in for a coffee, which I gladly accepted. Upon entering his home, I saw a lot of interesting posters hung around the walls, most of them being George Floyd hate propaganda. I didn't blame him; it would have driven me just as mad if I were to lose my hard-earned career over a random criminal chimp who never amounted to anything in life.

After Derek brought us the coffee tray, we caught up on each other's life.

"So Derek," I began. "How is life nowadays? Have you gotten a new job?"

Judging by the energy Derek's home interior gave off, I could tell he wasn't a sane man.

"Everything's been tough lately," Derek replied. "My wife dumped me for all the shit that happened, and I am still looking for a job with a decent pay as I've been constantly rejected by companies because they are under the belief that I killed George Floyd."

I was about to celebrate regarding the first part, as that meant Derek left a woman outside of his race, but stifled myself to respect the bad news.

"I am sorry to hear that," I said. "It really sucks that you have little control over the situation."

"Yes," Derek sighed. "However, I am going to let you in on something. Follow me."

He motioned me to follow him, and so I did. He led me from his living room, to his kitchen, and then down a set of stairs which leads to his basement. Initially, I wondered why he was acting so vague before uncovering what was to be shown to me.

Once we entered his basement, I was presented with a very futuristic-looking room, full of lab equipment that looked like they come from science fiction movies taking place thousands of years from now.

"Allow me to introduce you to my arsenal," Derek said. "All of these fancy gadgets are innovations of mine, which I developed ever since I lost my position as a police officer."

"And what exactly do you plan on achieving with this machinery?" I asked.

"You see, I developed a powerful hatred towards niggers ever since the George Floyd incident. I invested the majority of my time and financial resources into building weaponry designed to get rid of black people."

"Woah holy shit that's **based!**" I said in amazement. "So how do your weapons work?"

"Using the intricate concept of machine learning, I developed an artificial intelligence that is capable of telling the difference between bright colours and dark colours, which causes it to react strongly to high contrast patterns. In addition, I implemented a component which can differentiate biological matter from non-living matter. For example, it will scan environments, looking for objects that emit enough heat to qualify as living. Putting both of those together, I have gadgets that can pinpoint the precise position of niggers. With that useful tool, I derived powerful weapons that are more potent to niggers."

"Derek, I think you are going a bit crazy. Now way that shit is possible," I said.

“Allow me to demonstrate,” Derek said, as he walked to the storage room at the far end of the basement, to retrieve two life-sized portraits, one depicting the normal George Floyd nigger head and the other was the head of a heavily edited White George Floyd variant.

“As you can see here, I have White George and black George,” Derek explained. “For demonstration’s sake, I am using the two opposite race variants of the same person, George Floyd being the controlled variable.”

Derek went to one of the lab benches to grab a large turret that was about the height of a human-size George Floyd toy. Supporting the gun was a base which was labelled *Nigger Turret*.

Derek placed the nigger turret onto the floor and turned it on. It took a few seconds for the power to run through the entire machine. Its nozzle emitted a red laser light, and then the turret began to rotate by itself. It scanned around the room, until the red laser light aligned with the black George Floyd portrait. It remained focused on it, not even acknowledging the White George Floyd portrait at all.

“Of course, because those portraits aren’t alive, there is no reason for the turret to shoot the black George Floyd portrait down,” Derek said. “Now are you convinced?”

That in itself was mind blowing to me, so I nodded.

“Okay now for the juicy details,” Derek said. “The one thing I want to use my technology on is the George Floyd Zombie.”

“Holy shit, you mean zombies are real?” I exclaimed.

“Yes they do in fact exist. George Floyd may have been quote-unquote killed at the end of May, but what

many people don't realize is zombies coexist very deep underground."

"So what are you going to do? Dig your way underground and find the George Floyd zombie?"

"No, I came up with a plan on accessing him more easily. This is something that only dedicated zombie-ologists know, but in order to get a zombie to rise out of their grave, you need to attract them using their favorite food in rotten form. Good thing I thought of this long ago, because I have a fridge full of rotten KFC chicken in my refrigerator. I will definitely be using those."

Derek pointed at a mini fridge that was next to the storage room and went over to it. He opened it, to reveal a ton of hanging KFC chicken drumsticks that were covered in brownish-green mold, along with maggots that were as fat as George Floyd's lips. It smelled so bad, I used my shirt to cover my nose.

"Yo close that shit, that smells like a trannies mutilated genitals!" I said in disgust.

"Sorry," Derek said as he shut the minifridge. "I grew used to the odor as the meat has been around for months. "Now that you know what I am up to these days, I invite you to help me exterminate the George Floyd zombie."

"Holy shit I am down for that!" I exclaimed. "I wanna witness the second death of nigger Floyd!"

"Alright bet, meet me at the Minneapolis graveyard this midnight and I will give you the details on what we have to do then."

We exchanged goodbyes and I headed home to take a nap. The incredible stuff that Derek showed me worked my mind up to the point where I got tired. Besides, nothing wrong with a bit of rest before going on a mission to kill a real life zombie in the middle of the night.

Even though Derek said he will cover all the necessary equipment to hunt down the George Floyd zombie, I looked through my garage and kitchen for backup equipment in case things go wrong. I put a knife and pistol in my backpack. This was mostly for the purpose of defending ourselves against Black Lives Matter faggots if they try attacking us for fighting the George Floyd zombie.

At 11:00 pm, I began driving to the Minneapolis graveyard. I have to admit, I was a bit nervous, as I have never seen a zombie in person before. I imagined what the George Floyd zombie could possibly look like. I can't imagine a being that could be any uglier than him, so how ugly would a zombie variant of George Floyd be?

Once I arrived at the graveyard, I already saw Derek standing nearby George Floyd's tombstone. He had a plastic bag in his hands which contained what I could make out to be the rotten KFC chicken drumsticks. On his other hand was a round handheld device. I ran up to him, greeting him.

"Hello Norman, good to see you making it here," Derek said. "This machine right here is the Black "Person" Executor. It is much more powerful and mobile than the turret I showed you earlier. It has a 360 degree motion capturing system which scans a one hundred meter radius, searching for niggers whether they are undead or alive."

Derek pushed the main button on Black "Person" Executor. It produced a high pitch frequency, which I assumed acted as a nigger sonar. The frequency was so intense that I could see the sound waves vibrating in the air. Derek rested the black person executed on the ground, and then revealed the plastic bag of rotten KFC chicken drumsticks.

"Alright Norman," Derek said. "I am going to place the drumsticks right in front of George Floyd's tombstone and then we will run behind that tree so that the George Floyd Zombie doesn't see us. And from there, the Black "Person" Executor should do the dirty work. Understand?"

"Yes sir," I said in agreement.

I tried not to breathe through my nostrils as Derek took the smelly chicken meat out of the plastic bag and then tossed them into the grass, almost touching the George Floyd tombstone. Derek and I then ran behind the large tree he pointed at. Even from a good distance, I was able to smell the rotten KFC drumsticks, so I continued to breathe through my mouth. We waited, until the piece of terrain in front of the George Floyd tombstone began to move, shifting upward like a mini mountain forming, until the dirt started to crack. A dark brown hand protruded and grabbed one of the KFC drumsticks. It held the piece of chicken vertically, reminiscent of the Black Lives Matter hand logo. The hand then reached further up, and then the body which was attached to the arm moved itself higher, until the full zombie was visible.

The George Floyd zombie was even taller than its living counterpart, with its chest flash ripped off, revealing its insanely small lungs. It gobbled up the rotten drumstick in one chomp and then growled, "Must eat air! I need to consume some brain air!"

"The Black "Person" Executor should destroy the George Floyd zombie any second now," Derek whispered.

We waited for a few seconds, then a minute. The whole time, we watched the George Floyd zombie wander around his tombstone, growling for brain air.

"Shit something isn't right," Derek said. "It shouldn't take this long for the Black "Person" Executor to detect and eliminate niggers."

Eventually, too much time passed, because the George Floyd zombie grew bored and began to dig itself back underground.

"Fuck," Derek said. "Why didn't it work?"

After the George Floyd zombie was completely submerged in the ground, we decided it was safe to stop hiding, and so we went back to the George Floyd tombstone to retrieve the Black "Person" Executor. Upon seeing it, it appeared to still be on, not showing any sign of malfunction.

"Oh I see," Derek realized. "Okay Norman, so there is a flaw to my inventions. You see, because it is midnight, it is so dark that the machine is unable to tell the difference between nigger skin and the night sky. We are going to have to execute this in another way."

I unhooked my backpack off my shoulders and then retrieved the pistol and the knife I had brought with me.

"Will these be sufficient to slay the George Floyd zombie?" I asked Derek.

"Unfortunately, primitive weapons such as those will not cut it for zombies," Derek explained. "Real life zombies are much more powerful than the ones you see in the movies. The undead need more than just physical injuries to truly die."

"Alright, so what do you think we should do?" I asked.

"So here is what I have in mind now. If the night sky interferes with the function of the Black "Person" Executor so much, we should build a makeshift cage around here and carefully lure the George Floyd zombie into it. We will then leave it there until sunrise, which is when it is bright enough for the Black "Person" Executor to tell the difference between the color of George Floyd's skin and the sky."

"Okay, sounds like a plan," I agreed.

"I am going to head home now, I need to get some sleep," Derek waved. "I will set up the makeshift trap during the day and we should meet up again tomorrow at midnight."

The next night, Derek and I met up and he showed me the small trap he built. It was a relatively large, essentially a four-meter-wide box that is tall enough so that anything that falls into it cannot escape. On each side is a ramp that runs up the walls of the box and into the pit.

I walked up one of the ramps, to see a pile of the rotten fried chicken, sitting right in the middle of the trap.

"The way we will capture the George Floyd zombie is one of us will stand next to the trap and offer it our brain air, then bait it to run at you," Derek said. "You must dive away just before it touches you, and the dumb nigga zombie should fall into the box."

"I'll be the one to do that then," I volunteered.

"Alright then, let's do this."

Derek put yet another sample of rotten KFC beside the George Floyd tombstone and then I prepared by standing right at the edge of the trap's ramp. I looked at my watch, which read *11:58 PM*. Only a couple more minutes until the George Floyd zombie awakens.

When the time came, the George Floyd zombie arose from the ground, and roared.

"Hey nigger, do you need some brain air?" I shouted at the undead nigger.

"Must eat air, must eat air and fentanyl, must eat air!" the George Floyd zombie groaned in excitement.

It then began to run at me. When it stepped into the ramp, I dived out of its way, for it to fall into the wooden

box, trapped. The moment it noticed the pile of rotten KFC, it drooled and gobbled the entire mass of chicken in seconds.

"Must eat air," it repeated.

"Good job Norman!" Derek congratulated me. "Now it is only a matter of waiting for the sun to rise. Until then, we wait and keep an eye on it."

It had only been five minutes since the George Floyd zombie left its underground home, so that meant a wait of at least five hours. In the meantime, I decided to have a little fun with the trapped nigger zombie. I powered on my phone and went onto a website called basedmeetups.com, which is a site where **based** racists can connect and hook up for in real life meetups. I posted a listing called *George Floyd Zombie Zoo exhibit at the Minneapolis Graveyard*, and then waited for some epic trolling to unfold. Within minutes, I saw dozens of cars pull up and fellow racists joined in.

"Bro is that a real nigger zombie?!" one of them said.

"Yes indeed, a George Floyd one that is," Derek said.

The large group circled around the trapped George Floyd zombie and stared at it in amazement. One of them even stepped too close to the pit and almost fell in, which scared me for a moment.

Some of the guys did crazy things to the George Floyd zombie, such as busting a nut on it which got it to growl, "Ah fuck I can't breathe in the raining cum!"

After six hours of us messing around with the George Floyd zombie, the sun at last came into view and it was about time we finally slayed it. Derek had the Black "Person" Executor in hand and then tossed it into the pit.

Unlike yesterday, the Black "Person" Executor played an audio clip, which was a robotic female voice saying, "Nigger detected," and then generated a flashbang which temporarily blinded every person who was nearby.

While none of us could see anything, the George Floyd Zombie grunted in pain.

"Ah shit, I can't see and I can't breathe!" it cried.

After the flashbang faded away and I regained my vision, I looked down at the pit, to see the George Floyd zombie lying in there, dead. All of its undead organs, including its lungs, were now detached and mutilated from its body completely,

"Hooray!" Everybody cheered.

Once the crowd cleared and it was only Derek and me left, we decided that we needed to clean up the scene as soon as possible. I knew that even though we defeated a zombie, my police badge would be revoked because the authorities wouldn't care whether the nigger we got rid of is an evil monster or a so-called human being. Derek quickly disassembled the wooden trap, while I used my knife to cut the George Floyd zombie corpse into small pieces and then bury them. Each time I cut a piece of flesh, the smell of rotten matter exploded into my nose. If you have ever been in a half meter radius of a nigger, you'd get the gist of how it smelled.

I am now typing this, to inform you about two things. For one, zombies are not a complete work of fiction, but are actually real and they roam underground. If you ever see one above the surface, specifically the zombie of a nigger, contact Derek Chauvin immediately before it eats people's air. It is impossible to kill zombies without the use of technologically advanced weaponry which he built. Secondly, I can never overemphasize that

George Floyd (in his “human” form) was killed by Derek Chauvin. While untrue, it IS a fact that Derek Chauvin played a role in the death of his zombie form.

Minecraft Has Fentanyl Witches

By Jordan Cleeman

Playing Minecraft has been a passion of mine, ever since the beta was released. Ever since two thousand and ten, there were very few days when I played less than an hour. Throughout the past decade, most of that play time was spent on my own survival or creative worlds. Playing on public servers was never my thing. Because of my solo playstyle, I am willing to say that I am highly experienced at the vanilla side of the game. I know, mods exist, but I am an old school type of person.

That being said, it would make sense that there is little to no content that I've yet to explore. However, I've recently experienced something in Minecraft that makes me question this. Before I begin telling this terrifying video game tale, I need to provide some context. Firstly, I have never used addons before. Like I said earlier, I like to play the game in an old school way. Never have I ever installed mods, nor applied any texture packs. Secondly, I do not have any friends who play the game. So there is no way anyone can join my world, without having a lan party.

Given these conditions, I am pretty sure there is no external essence that could have led me to discover, whatever I've just witnessed in game. Now that you know I haven't skewed the game in any way, I may begin.

I was going about my normal day, playing on my main survival world. Killing mobs, exploring new caves, breeding animals, and much much more. I could do this all day. That day, I wanted to try something new. I've come to realize that exploring high in the skies was never a thing I've done before. Obviously, It is easy to overlook that component of minecraft worlds, because of its vacant nature. But I figured that because I've been playing this game so long, I decided, why the fuck not?

I know, it is very easy to simply fly around on creative mode to do this, but I wanted the personal achievement of venturing the skies in survival mode. Of course, it won't be an easy task as there aren't any items that allow free flying in survival, but from my years of playing in this very same survival world, I've accumulated hundreds of thousands of cobblestone blocks. With these building materials, I can definitely cover a huge distance by using them to build sky bridges. This was the time to put these ugly blocks to good use.

I first created a super tall cobblestone pillar. I added height to it, until I was just about to reach the world's ceiling. I then began the skybridge. The way I set it up was by simply placing a block in front constantly. I knew that traveling adjacent was not a realistic goal, so I just kept going straight. Really, it was quite a repetitive process.

After a couple hours of doing this nonstop, both of my hands started to feel exhausted. It was time for a break. I went downstairs and made myself a cup of coffee. I sat on my kitchen table and daydreamed as I sipped my coffee. It was quite refreshing to rest my hands on the table, after doing such a mundane task.

After I was done with my coffee, I went back upstairs to continue working on the skybridge. As I slipped my hands onto the keyboard and mouse, I had this sense of tiredness. I really did not want to spend the rest of my day doing this. As a man going into his thirties, I really don't want to develop arthritis.

That was when I came up with the idea of using an auto clicker and macro to assist me. The scheme was to program the macro to control the game, setting it up so that it left clicks every time it walks my character a certain distance. It was not a complex script to program at all, so I only had to do some copy and paste work to get it to function at an acceptable level.

I ran the script and it worked perfectly as intended. I monitored it for about thirty minutes, to make sure it could sustain without eventually desynchronizing and causing my character to fall off the sky bridge, if a block is misplaced. Sure enough, everything went as intended.

I have a backup gaming laptop, so that was what I used for doing other things. I then left my main desktop PC running the sky bridge macro. I made sure to turn off

my monitor so that it doesn't overheat for being on for so long. The plan was to only turn it on each day to check on the sky exploration progress.

It had been around seven days when I turned on my monitor, to discover that my character was stifled by what looked like a block of quartz. I stopped the sky bridge macro, and took a step back to try to see what exactly was in front of me. To my surprise, it was a gigantic floating island made of what I thought was quartz. However, it did not quite have the exact textures that a block of quartz would exhibit. I placed dirt blocks below me, to make my way to the top of the island. Once I made it atop, I saw a witch's hut. There appeared to be nobody in the outer yard.

At the time though, I was mostly curious on what the White quartz like blocks actually were. I equipped my diamond pickaxe and mine the block below me. It took a surprisingly short amount of time to break it.

Upon destruction, I picked the block up. When I opened my inventory and hovered my cursor over the block, it read *Block of fentanyl*. This alarmed me. I have never seen a block of this type in my entire Minecraft career.

Not even in creative mode. I wondered about its potential uses, other than being placed. Right after I exited my inventory, I heard the sound of a door opening. I looked at the witch's hut, to see a dark skinned witch running right at me. When it came close enough, I noticed that its face was much much different from the standard witch, but still had the usual giant nose. It had the face of George Floyd.

It was a couple blocks away from me when they stopped running. Shortly after, a chat message popped up. It read, "How dare you mine our precious block of

fentanyl. You must repay by trading us nine fentanyl ore and an air block.”

The message came from a name called the George Floyd witch. I was awestruck. There was no way this was happening.

The George Floyd witch sent another chat message which read, “If you don’t trade me nine fentanyl ore and one air block by the next day, I will corrupt your world.”

That statement alarmed me. Three years were invested into this Minecraft world. For it to be corrupted would destroy countless precious memories. I needed to heed its threat. I right clicked the George Floyd witch, to open the trading interface. Sure enough, it showed that I had to exchange both nine blocks of fentanyl and a block of air, for nothing.

The real question was, where the hell do I find these? I’ve never come across fentanyl ore, therefore I would not know where to find it. Also, the block of air is unobtainable, without using world editors or mods. I thought this was just a joke easter egg, so I just punched the George Floyd witch for laughs. But when I did, it pointed a gun to the stomach of my character. It then sent me another chat message. “If you punch me again, I will shoot your belly and corrupt your world.” That made me begin to think this was not a joke after all, because guns never existed in Minecraft.

I opened up my internet browser, and tried googling key terms, such as George Floyd witch, or fentanyl block. However, I did not see any results that were related to those. I really didn’t want my world to get corrupted by these nigger en pee sees, so I decided that I needed to figure out how to obtain the fentanyl ore, since there wasn’t an option to trade the block of fentanyl back.

I also needed to obtain one block of air. That was the easy part though.

As much as I hate using mods and cheats, I would rather not have my world corrupted. I installed Minecraft world edit on my PC, and opened it. With ease, I added a block of air into my character's inventory. Upon doing this, I had the thought that I may as well delete the George Floyd witch, or give myself fentanyl ore with the world edit mod. However, it did not show any options which have anything to do with those. I was disappointed, as I realized the world edit mod isn't updated to be compatible with George Floyd witch content.

I returned to my world, and sure enough confirmed the block of air was now in my inventory. I right clicked the George Floyd witch to open the trading interface and give it the air block. It then sent the chat message, "Thank you for the block of air! Now I can breathe! Now please give me nine fentanyl ore in a day, or else this world will be corrupted!"

A minecraft day only lasts for twenty minutes, so I essentially only had that many minutes to mine and retrieve nine fentanyl ore. I did not know what to do. Twenty minutes is nowhere near a reasonable timeframe for me to find one, let alone nine, because I have no idea where they exist. There was no way I could directly kill the George Floyd witch before it could corrupt my world, because none of my weapons can compete with his gun.

That being said, the only way to stop the George Floyd witch, was to come up with a way to indirectly kill it. For the next few minutes, I brainstormed possible courses of action. A lightbulb clicked, as I came up with the idea to place two gravel blocks above its head, to suffocate it. I climbed down the sky bridge, to try to find gravel. After some digging, I managed to find a chunk of

them. I quickly dug them, and returned to the George Floyd witch. Quickly, I vertically placed three blocks beside it, and then placed the two gravel blocks above the George Floyd witch's head.

When the gravel landed on it, it began to take suffocation damage.

"Ah shit, gravel is my worst enemy! I CAN'T BREATHE!" an in-game chat message said.

It shortly died due to asphyxiation. Upon death, it dropped a bunch of items that I've never seen before. One of the items was a potion with a white liquid in it. I picked it up and it was labeled, potion of fentanyl. The remaining items were counterfeit bills. I then received an achievement pop up. It said, *Achievement unlocked! Kill a nigger!*

I was extremely relieved for two reasons. For one, my world hasn't been corrupt, since the George Floyd witch was slain. I was also relieved by the fact that the developers of Minecraft are **based** nigger haters after all, especially Notch.

I am now going to post this in numerous Minecraft community forums. Please, if you come across the George Floyd witch, suffocate it with gravel. Do not bother finding the fentanyl ore, since nobody knows where to find it yet.

I Know Why Looting and War Crimes are Happening in Ukraine

By Pepe McNutt

In 2022, Russia invaded the former Soviet state of Ukraine. I was deployed to Kharkiv at the time of the invasion. The Russian forces surprised the Ukrainians early in the morning with artillery and missiles. They rendered the Ukrainian navy unusable and landed an army in Odessa. They invaded from the Belarussian border in the north, the Crimean peninsula in the south, and across the Russo-Ukrainian border into Kharkiv and Mariupol. The Russian forces were met with fierce resistance from Ukrainian civilians, who had been issued AK12 and AK74M rifles.

I was once again assigned to investigate Floyd involvement in the war, as I had been when I was sent back in time to investigate Soviet involvement in Vietnam.

I was sent to Kyiv, Ukraine, where I was assigned a squad who would escort me to Kharkiv, where reports of looting and rioting similar to what had happened in the cities in america that were overrun by niggers. The FIS (Floyd Investigation Service) had received these reports through trusted Ukrainian correspondents that they had found in almost every Ukrainian city or town. While I was in Kyiv, I found a new M4A1, a rifle with a reputation of being the best ever built, only second to the AK47. I had orders from the F.I.S. to find and destroy the nigger-like presence in Kharkiv, and I would need the best firepower to do it.

I arrived in Kharkiv at 3:00 PM on March first, 2022, and my escort squad immediately started back

towards Kyiv. I would be alone for this escapade. I had been given instructions to go to the headquarters of the Ukrainian resistance in Kharkiv, which was in a rather large store room underneath a sprawling department store, to receive a Russian military uniform, which I would use to infiltrate the Russian army. I arrived at the department store about two hours after I had arrived. The city of Kharkiv was a massive war zone, with soldiers on every street and tanks rolling the main highways.

I saw that the Ukrainian resistance had bombed important bridges and had places small charges along railways, presumably waiting for Russian supply trains to roll through to blow the tracks.

What I saw on the way to the department store was horrifying but also strangely inspiring. The Ukrainians, outnumbered and forsaken by their own leaders, were successfully holding off a huge world power without any training with weapons or tactical experience.

When I arrived at the department store, I was blindfolded by Ukrainian soldiers and taken to the basement entrance. I was asked to hand over any weaponry I had. I handed over my M4, but just to ease my own nerves, kept the .380 Makarov pistol I had in my boot.

I was frisked as I came into the room, but my pants and boots were thick enough to conceal the small pistol.

I was taken to a corner of the store room which had been sectioned off with plywood walls. Inside, the commander of the Kharkiv resistance, a rather short, thin man, welcomed me.

"I am sorry I cannot offer you a drink, but we are already running short on supplies and I do not have that luxury," he said.

"Don't worry about me," I said, pulling out my hip flask, "I came prepared."

"Excellent." the commander said, pulling two glasses from his desk drawer.

"So, I heard you boys are having trouble with some sort of rioting problem." I said while pouring vodka into the glasses.

"Something like that." the commander said, "Russian soldiers smashing in store windows and taking cigarettes, bananas and mayonnaise. They don't take anything else, but they do burn the shops down, hence the supply shortage."

"Sounds like classic nigger behavior." I said, "What about cognac? Is any of that missing?"

"Well, the alcohol in the buildings exploded during the fire, so we cannot be sure, but there seems to be an absence of cognac labels in the buildings afterwards." the commander said.

"Maybe another incarnation of George Floyd?" I asked.

"Could be, but it doesn't seem likely. George Floyd has been killed so many times, all of us here have just assumed he's gone in hopes that he won't come here. We couldn't handle him if he did. We are barely handling the current situation even though the Russians aren't holding any land they take," he said.

Right then a soldier came in with my uniform.

"Sir, a truck is ready for you, painted green with a white N on it." the soldier said.

I shook the commander's hand and said, "If you ever need anything you make sure to call for me. Given I survive this mission, that is."

"Of course, friend," he said.

I walked outside to the waiting truck, a small, boxlike automobile with almost 10 feet of blind spot. It looked like a retarded African nigger child had built it.

"What is this?" I asked the soldier who had brought my uniform.

"The Russians implemented affirmative action in the military and now all of their equipment is built by niggers." the soldier said, "That's a big reason why we have held them off so easily."

I got into the truck and drove towards the front line. I noticed that artillery fire had started and I could see the shells veering to the left and right of the city as if a nigger was in charge of range-finding. This was a more likely case in my mind, as I knew the Russian army had integrated. It had been announced by FIS intelligence a week before the invasion started. The Russians thought they had strengthened their army by allowing more people to join, but had quickly realized their mistake. They couldn't do anything about it, however, because they didn't want to be known as "racist" by the rest of the world.

I laughed to myself at the thought of two niggers wrestling the artillery pieces into their howitzer and firing without ear protection, which niggers despise because it ruins their ugly hair.

I drove on, listening to the artillery fire and trying to get a radio station to work on the stereo, which was most likely stolen and looked like it shouldn't even be in a car. I finally found a station which was playing Johnny Rebel songs. I listened to it for the rest of the 45 minute ride to the outskirts of Kharkiv.

I arrived at the front line 30 minutes later and saw that the shallow trenches had been deserted and Ukrainian soldiers were lying dead everywhere. The

soldiers were covered head to toe in a white powder which smelled like chemical death. I bent over one of the soldiers, taking some of the powder between my fingers and bringing it to eye level. I saw small light brown specks of chicken breeding mixed into the powder.

"This is fentanyl." I said to myself, "What is this doing in Ukraine?"

I knew that niggers were probably present here, but I hadn't expected to see their drug all over the ground and on people. There had been reports of this in Chicago and Baltimore, during riots in 2020, but that had been when the United States was manufacturing it in Afghanistan. Now that the Taliban had conquered Afghanistan fentanyl was mostly made in China, and the Chinese charged a much higher price for the fentanyl as their economy was struggling, so there was no way niggers would be using it as a weapon of mass destruction unless they had a way to make it for a lower price.

While I was bent over, I heard whispering from a building to my right in Russian or Ukrainian, neither of which I can speak or discern even now. I didn't look at the building, but I stood up, turning towards my truck and started sprinting. A spurt of automatic fire hit the ground behind me and I ran faster. I reached my truck, jumping into the window and shattering it. I flipped myself into the driver seat and keyed the engine. The truck roared to life and lurched forward.

I floored the gas pedal, slamming into the building where the fire was coming from.

I was thrown through the truck's windshield and did a midair somersault, landing on my feet inside the building and running a few steps forward involuntarily before falling.

I stood up immediately, already feeling the wiry, electric but also tired feeling of car wreck adrenaline.

I spotted my M4 hopelessly smashed on the ground in front of the truck and pulled the .380 Makarov from my boot. I checked the chamber before walking further into the building, which I could now see were the ruins of a law firm.

The desks were all turned sideways facing the door and formed a semicircle at the far end of the main room. I pulled my flashlight and called out for anyone in the room to show themselves.

"Show yourself, I won't hurt you." I called, "I'm an American."

"You're an American?" asked a heavily accented voice from behind a desk.

"Yes. I am here as an investigative journalist. I found this uniform deserted in the street." I said.

Three heads popped up from one of the desks. The men they belonged to stood up fully, showing Ukrainian uniforms.

"Welcome to Ukraine." one of them said.

"Thanks." I said, rolling my eyes, "Where are the rest of you?"

"Outside on the ground." one of the soldiers said, "Some nigger killed all of them. Looked kind of like that George guy from Minneapolis."

"Excuse me?" I said.

"That nigger monkey that got his neck stood on." the soldier said again.

"You mean George Floyd? Impossible. He hasn't been seen in months." I said.

"Yes, George Floyd. Except he-" the soldier was interrupted when the wall behind him was blown into him and his comrades. I aimed my pistol, waiting for a tank or

large truck to come into the building, but all that came in was a large nigger wearing dirty jeans and a black tank top with a Russian flag patch sewn to the middle of the chest. His massive lips had blown the wall away. His face was forty percent lips and fifty percent nose, with two beady eyes glaring at me. He seemed to be at least 9 feet tall and he had white powder all over his face. I was looking at the face of George Floyd.

"Ayo nigga, imma steal yo air an shieet," he said.

I fired my pistol at him but the bullets deflected off of his skin, which was black as night.

He started to make a loud, almost windlike, sound and a cloud of white dust started to snake its way toward me. As it approached me, I turned away but I could taste the fentanyl dust, which tasted like tires.

"Ooga booga an sheeit imma steal yo air nigga bix nood." Floyd said.

At that moment I heard stomping from the hole I had made with the truck.

I turned to see a man with a beard and plastic framed glasses in a Ukrainian uniform holding a shotgun. It was Ronnie McNutt in an Azov battalion uniform.

"You fucking jungle monkey piece of shit nigger took my girlfriend!" he yelled, shooting the shotgun into Floyd several times.

I noticed that the shotgun was not shooting regular buckshot. I identified the blasts as those of anti nigger IQ test shells made by the FIS.

"Ah shit mayne, I can't breathe." Floyd said, "Momma I caint breeve I can't breeve."

"Shut up nigger, shut up nigger, shut up nigger." Ronnie McNutt said every time he pulled the shotgun's trigger. Eventually the shotgun just clicked over and over and Ronnie calmed down.

However, the battle was not over. Floyd's body had been shattered into a billion little pieces of fentanyl, but I then saw the pieces melt into a puddle on the ground, then evaporate into a peculiar White gas.

It was too late before I realized what was about to happen. The cloud of fentanyl gas rose into the air and was blown by the air all across Ukraine. Although I was lucky enough to have a gas mask on me which prevented me from dying, Ronnie McNutt and the civilians of Ukraine were not so lucky.

"Oh God, it hurts so much! I can't stand this. I guess that's it." Ronnie McNutt said as blood flowed from his sockets and his face began to grow pale. He brought his shotgun to his face and blew his face off.

I am writing this in the aftermath of the chemical weapons attack. While NATO propaganda outlets in the West are blaming this on Russia and the Russia outlets on Azov, the truth is that the chemical weapons attacks and all other war crimes in Ukraine were caused by the criminal nigger, George Floyd, probably because he knows that he will be able to get more White people to kill each other since this war is a war of Whites against Whites.

Beware—he is still out there.

Do Not Drink George Floyd's G Fuel Flavour

By Gorg Floydson

Hello, my name is Sneed and I am a professional gamer and currently the biggest racist content creator with over 1 million subscribers on Jewtube. I am typing this to inform my dear viewers about my scary encounter with George Floyd and to not buy George Floyd's G fuel flavour, but before I begin, I must provide context.

One day, I was streaming on Twitch trolling this femboy when I got a call from Gamma Labs. If you didn't know, Gamma Labs is the company that makes G Fuel, an energy formula that is supposedly healthier than your average energy drink.

"Hello Mister Sneed, I am a representative of Gamma Labs and we would like to sponsor you, we are trying to expand our products to reach a larger group of people rather than just overweight gamers who can't do a single push up if their life depended on it."

"We've noticed that the majority of your audience are **based** far-right White nationalists who would seem like the type to be very interested in our new line of products marketed to the alt-right," the man said.

"And what are these new products?" I asked.

"We've recently announced a new G fuel flavour inspired by an alt-right content creator who goes by Big Floyd the Landlord."

"I've never heard of this Big Floyd the Landlord but I am interested in the sponsorship if it means I get free products, particularly the Pewdiepie G fuel tubs and cans as that's the only flavour I drink because the man who

[redacted] up that one mosque in **[a town in New Zealand]** recommended it," I said.

"We are happy to send you a sample tub of the new flavour Breathless Fentanyl as well as some Pewdiepie tubs," the man said.

After some back and forth, I ended the call and continued on with my usual routine. Eat dinner, study, chill and finally bully shitlibs online. A few days later, I received a package from Gamma Labs. When I opened it, I was greeted by 3 tubs of Pewdiepie's lingonberry and yuzu flavours along with a flavour I had never seen before. The tub was crystal white, it had what appeared to be a picture of a gorilla on the top. The tub read Breathless Fentanyl inspired by Big Floyd. This must be that new flavour by that alt-right content creator, I thought. However it was strange for an alt-right content creator to make a flavour with fentanyl in its name as it is a drug used by buck niggers. I opened the lid and caught a whiff which immediately made it hard for me to breathe.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" I yelled at the top of my lungs which alerted my neighbour.

I was on the verge of passing out when my neighbour Ronnie opened my door. I blacked out afterwards and woke up in the hospital.

"You're quite the lucky man, you could have died if that man didn't get you to the hospital in time," the hot nurse said.

"What happened to me?"

"Somehow, you got fentanyl into your system which could have killed you unless you were a braindead buck nigger," the **based** hot nurse said.

The doctor was able to treat me in time so I was fine but before I was discharged, I asked for the nurse's number. I then called up my good friend and fellow

YouTuber Pewdiepie to ask him about the G fuel incident as he is a sponsor.

"Hey Felix, this is Sneed, can we meet up at my place? I need to ask you about something."

"Sure thing, but first I have to finish recording my new video of me playing black lives splatter ark edition," Felix said.

Two hours later, and a Porsche 911 parked in my driveway blasting Bitch Lasagna. Once Felix came into my house, I immediately showed him the Breathless Fentanyl G fuel tub.

"So this is what almost killed you?" Felix asked.

"I've never heard of Big Floyd either however that's not a picture of a gorilla on the tub, that's a nigger!" Felix said.

I took a closer look at the top and sure enough, the picture was actually that of a nigger with a big fat nose and large lips.

"But I can't blame you since niggers and gorillas look almost identical," Felix said.

"We need to get to the bottom of this, these tubs are dangerous and could potentially kill millions," Felix said.

"We need to go to G fuel headquarters in New York to find out what's happening," I said.

Felix and I booked two first class flights to New York with George Floyd airlines. While on the plane, a fat sheboon kicked a man in a Burger King crown.

"Kick that nigger bitch off the plane!" The Burger King crown man demanded.

The sheboon caused a scene running around the plane making monkey noises while the flight attendants and copilot tried to catch her. Luckily Felix was able to catch the sheboon by using his racist magical powers by

chanting fuck T-series. Felix then kicked the sheboon off the plane, doing what the Burger King crown man asked. We arrived at the airport 3 hours later. We were greeted by the smell of cheap weed and there were niggers rioting everywhere as well as some bug nigger pooping in a mop bucket.

"What a shithole," I remarked.

"This place is 10 times worse than back home," Felix said.

We arrived at Gamma Labs where a well dressed man greeted us. The man was instantly starstruck upon glancing at Felix and that's when I knew he was a Pewdiepie fanboy.

"Hey um, I'm um oh I'm Clifford Morgan, founder and chief executive of Gamma enterprises; it's nice to meet you Pewdiepie erm I mean Felix and you must be Sneed," the man stuttered.

"We're here to file a complaint; your fentanyl G fuel nearly killed me," I said angrily.

"Yeah it's not safe selling that kind of shit," Felix chimed in.

"Erm oh well, I'm sorry but Floyd and Tyler will rape my pregnant wife if I don't do what they say," Clifford Morgan said.

"Floyd and Tyler? Who are you talking about?" I asked.

"Um I'm sorry guys but I can't speak with you any longer," Clifford said before heading back into the building.

"How do we get into the building?" I asked Felix.

"We'll disguise ourselves as employees, we'll wait out here and ambush any Gamma Labs employees who show up," Felix said.

Not even a second later, two people wearing G fuel shirts walked by us. Felix immediately incapacitated them with his ninja like karate moves that he learned while in Japan. We stripped the two men and put on their clothes as well as their name tags. Felix's name tag read Andi Schell while mine read Ronnie McNutt. We headed inside the building and made our way to the factory where all the G fuel is made. Felix and I saw hundreds of Mexicans as well as jungle asians making the G fuel.

"Holy shit that's fucking foul, if I knew G fuel was being made by those subhumans then I wouldn't have agreed to the sponsorship, hell I wouldn't even be drinking it," Felix said.

We walked past the disgusting wetbacks and made our way to a door near the end of the room. The door read "Office." I opened the door and was greeted by something forever burned into my mind.

"Ah shit, you too thick n' shit, yo weight be making it hard fo me to breathe n' shiet, "A subhuman, ape-like voice said.

There was a large nigger fucking a White woman while a man with light blue hair was playing Fortnite on the desk besides the bed.

"Ah shit, who gave you permission to enter ma office n' shit?" The nigger said.

It was the criminal nigger George Floyd.

"Nigger how the fuck are you still alive?" Felix asked.

"More importantly, you're the one behind all of this, why the fuck are you calling yourself an alt-right YouTuber and selling fentanyl laced G fuel to people?" I said.

"Cuz I need dat bread mayne, niggas gotta find a way to make da dough n' shiet, I'm tired of give me dats and stimmy checks nigga."

"Plus you racist ass crackas always be interfering with ma plans n' shit so I partnered with G fuel to sell a fentanyl G fuel to racist crackas hehehe," George Floyd said.

"I've heard enough," Felix said as he charged up to face Floyd.

But George Floyd was a cowardly nigga monkey so he called for his backup.

"Ayo Tyler n' Casey, kill these two ma fuggin racists or else I'll rape yo moms," George Floyd commanded.

The blue haired man jumped out of his seat revealing himself as Tyler Blevins otherwise known as "Ninja" while another man walked out of the closet, it was Casey Neistat the jew YouTuber.

"Sneed, I'll take care of the Fortnite fag, you take care of the Jew and Floyd," Felix said.

Since Casey Neistat is a reform jew, I had no trouble taking him out with some Zyklon-B while saying the holocaust was fake and 6 million was an improbable number.

"Oy vey oy gevalt, you are gassing me!" Casey Neistat yelled before he died of the Zyklon-B.

Felix on the other hand was struggling against Tyler "Ninja" Blevins who was cranking 90s while shooting him with a 200 damage legendary pump shotgun.

"Stop building like a pussy, you blue haired femboy."

"Your wife gets fucked by a nigga monkey while you play that shitty ass video game," Felix said.

This greatly angered Tyler "Ninja" Blevins.

"The fuck did you say to me you little shit?!"

Tyler “Ninja” Blevins jumped off the structure he had built, taking some fall damage. Felix then took the opportunity to call upon the Saints, using all of his Vril to conjure a giant bro fist which crushed Tyler “Ninja” Blevins into a pile of gore resembling Ronnie McNutt’s suicide.

“Ok Sneed, I’m done here, let’s find that nigger and get to the bottom of this,” Felix said.

We both knew that niggers are fast as fuck and since George Floyd was more nigger like than any other nigger on the planet, it probably meant he was long gone having more speed than the nigger Usain Bolt. However George Floyd was also a horny nigger who definitely couldn’t resist the urge to rape pregnant women so Felix and I got to work on a pregnant woman and KFC trap to lure the nigger out. I grabbed Tyler “Ninja” Blevins coal burning wife who was passed out on the bed while Felix got a 10 piece bucket of original recipe KFC and clothes to stuff under Ninja’s wife to give her the appearance of a pregnant woman. We set the trap outside the entrance to Gamma Labs and waited. I decided to pass the time by playing some Black Lives Splatter Among Us edition while Felix kept watch of the trap.

“Sneed, I think that’s him!” Felix exclaimed while tapping me on the back.

I turned to where Felix was looking at and sure enough a tall nigger in a dark hoodie and jeans came into view.

“Ah shit, is dat KFC I be smelling mayne and ah shit there be a pregnant bitch right next to it n’ shit, it be ma lucky day mayne!” The nigger said as he waltzed over to the KFC.

“Haheya hey, dis shit be bussin mayne but it be 10 times better if there were sum fentanyl and purple drank

if you know what I'm saying OOGA BOOGA," George Floyd said to himself.

At that moment, while George Floyd was distracted by the KFC, eating it like a starving African who hadn't eaten in over 2 weeks; Felix and I jumped the nigger. Felix summoned another giant bro fist and slammed it on top of Floyd expecting to take him out the same way he had killed "Ninja", however George Floyd had what I could only call superhuman-like reflexes and dodged the bro fist.

"I knew dis shit were too good to be true, why you crackas always interfering with ma plans, why won't you let me eat fried chicken while I rape yo women?" Floyd asked.

Felix and I ignored Floyd's dumbass question and continued to attack him, however he pulled out a strange device which looked like a shotgun, there was a piece of tape on the side that had writing, it read Fentanyl Sprayer 3000. George Floyd pointed the shotgun at Felix and shot him in the arm. I watched in horror as Felix's left arm turned into a whitish, stone-like appearance.

"I get it now," Felix said, flinching in pain as his left arm broke down and turned into white powder.

"That fentanyl shotgun turns vril into fentanyl, that's why there's such a large surplus of his fentanyl G fuel, he must have turned a lot of our people into fentanyl, even if they were manufacturing fentanyl even before the G fuel was made, there's no way they'd have that much," Felix explained.

"You be right n' shit cracka, dis here fentanyl sprayer 3000 uses the life force of racist crackas like you and breaks it down into pure fentanyl but I don't know how it work exactly since yo racist ass education system never taught a niggie geology."

"That's chemistry, you dumb fucking ape," I said.

"However Floyd, you made a crucial mistake, you didn't turn me into fentanyl in one go!" Felix said as his left arm began to regenerate.

"What, who da fuck be you again nigga?" George Floyd asked.

I noticed the nigger began sweating and tears began to form in his ape like eyes.

"I have the blessings of the Saints meaning I can replenish my life force therefore I can convert extra nonessential and redundant energy to restore and regenerate my body," Felix said.

Felix then summoned a giant knee, it wasn't any ordinary knee, it was the knee of Derek Chauvin who has the ability to restrict a nigger's diaphragm, preventing them from sucking in air therefore preventing them from breathing.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe mayne!" George Floyd yelled as the knee of Derek Chauvin knelt on Floyd's neck.

In only a matter of seconds, George Floyd was dead. Felix then conjured a fire which burned down G fuel headquarters destroying all of the fentanyl G fuel and killing all the faggot and spic employees.

"Well that was a fun adventure Sneed, I'm glad you called me to tag along," Felix said.

"Yeah no problem and besides you did most of the work anyways, I hardly did anything and that nigger would have turned me into fentanyl if you weren't here," I said.

Moral of the story, there is no such thing as an alternative healthy energy drink, G fuel is just like any other energy drink company-the only way they attract customers is by getting sponsorships with famous people. Stick to Monster Energy.

About the authors

Jordan Cleeman is a passionate Floydologist who started the idea of George Floyd Creepypastas.

Thomas Manwise is a schizophrenic manifestation in your mind. He doesn't exist. The text you are reading is an illusion. You are actually in a mental asylum and will be injected with anti-hallucinogenic drugs at any moment. It's time to wake up, bud.

Gorg Floydson is an avid Floydologist and Ronnie McNutt expert. Before becoming a Creepypasta artist, Gorg was known on Instagram for trolling the pages @Blacklivesmatter and @feminist. Gorg became a Floydologist in early June right after the death of George Floyd. Gorg's breakthrough Creepypasta was *Ronniezilla Vs Floyd Kong* which kicked off the George Floyd Monsterverse. He lives in Minneapolis.

BuckFlackPeople has a PHD in nigga-ology. His doctoral thesis at Harvard University explained the link between black people and Dodge Chargers. He runs a popular iFunny account under the same name that you should definitely subscribe to.

Pepe McNutt is the product of medical experimentation. After the famous suicide attempt by Ronnie McNutt, doctors saved his life by transplanting a frog's head in place of Ronnie's real head. Thus, Pepe McNutt was born. He is a malevolent being who was tamed by the art of writing. He joined the George Floyd Creepypasta team during the production of volume 3.

Fortnite Balls wrote *Do Not Touch the George Floyd Fly*. KatBoxAssassin wrote *The Black Wizard: A D&D Adventure*. Fentanyl Man wrote *Beware of the George Floyd Volatile*. BrokenSunShine1941's Friend wrote *Gyokko Floyd*. Hthenwordhater wrote *I was George Floyd's Campaign Manager for his Presidential Campaign*.

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And thank YOU reader for supporting George Floyd Creepypastas.

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